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By  
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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.



**T**HE name of the author of this volume needs no introduction to those who read attentively the French correspondence addressed to American newspapers during the Franco-Prussian war and the period of the Commune. No letters of that description were so clear and satisfactory, on the whole, as those written by "E. K." to the *Boston Journal*; and it was the reputation thus gained which led to his selection as author of this volume. Mr. King is now in Paris, where all these pages have been written; and this fact has given him the means of securing great accuracy of statement, with the latest light that can be thrown, in that ever-changing country, upon the character and career of each person described. The result may safely be claimed as a work of great interest and practical value, especially for Americans. I know of no existing book, in any language, which comes so near to comprising just the information needed among us in regard to the present political leaders of France.

T. W. H.

NEWPORT, R. I.,  
Feb. 1, 1876.





## INTRODUCTION.

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**I**N this little volume the author has endeavored to give the outline history of some of the prominent men in France, bringing into limits, convenient to the general reader, the main facts of their lives, and offering glimpses of their characters. He has not pretended to analyze critically either these men or their motives, but rather to furnish data which will enable one to form a definite idea of them. All the persons described in this book are contemporaries; most of them are in the political field to-day. Some have been members of all the great parliamentary bodies assembled in France on different occasions since 1830; some are equally distinguished in literature and in politics; all played important parts in the terrible drama enacted in France after the fall of the Empire. Among them will be found the principal representatives of all the parties now struggling for power in that country.

He would be a bold man indeed who should attempt at present to explain the relations of the various factions in France to each other, or even to give an absolutely correct notion of the composition of the two Legislative Chambers soon to be inaugurated at Versailles. The terms generally used in describing the divisions of the present

Assembly, and which will probably be retained many years, may be roughly described, however, in a few words.

The "Right" of the Assembly comprises three divisions. The first is composed of the Legitimists, who adhere to the fallen fortunes of that elder branch of the Bourbon family, long since expelled from France, and now represented by the Comte de Chambord, who calls himself "Henri the Fifth." The pure Legitimists believe in a king by right divine, and are stumbling blocks in the path of progress and reform. In the second division are the Orleanists, who believe in Constitutional Monarchy, and in a restoration of the younger branch of the Bourbon dynasty, whose rule finished with the abdication of Louis Philippe, and which is now represented by the Comte de Paris, and the Duc d'Aumale. The third class is made up of Imperialists, who constitute a small party about thirty in number, sometimes characterized as the group of the "Appeal to the People." The more moderate of the Monarchists are grouped together in a subdivision known as the "Right Centre," and the "Extreme Right" is the retreat from which the "pure Legitimists" only emerge when they fancy that they can inflict an injury on one of their enemies by co-operating with another. The "Left" is frankly republican in the highest sense. It is subdivided into the "Centre Left," made up of moderate and conservative republicans, willing to sacrifice much in order that they may gain time to educate the people, and bring the peasant class up to the level of its opportunities, and the "Extreme Left," which is radical, dissatisfied with the new constitution, and distrustful of the moderates of its own party. These elements will be conspicuous in the new Chambers, but between them there will not be the unyielding and unprofitable strife that constantly raged in the Assembly which came into power in 1871. The clerical party, never more aggressive in France than now, and represented



by such giants as Archbishop Dupanloup, is included in the Right, and lends its mighty influence to the efforts made by that body to turn the tide of events.

The upheaval which followed the fall of the Second Empire and the war, brought to the surface and into the political arena all the representatives of the old intolerant parties,—men who had been slumbering during the period of corruption and inaction, and who came to the responsibilities suddenly bestowed upon them, much as owls come into the sunshine. That was a somber satirist who called the members of the Assembly of 1871, “the ghosts of 1848.” The Frenchmen of the new régime, who had been gaining prominence and power in the declining days of the Empire; who demanded emancipation from old and dead formulas; and who recognized that the time had come for a final and sustained experiment in national freedom, were astonished to find themselves treated as radicals, as revolutionists, as dreamers, almost as madmen by the fossil politicians who had been handed down, a baleful legacy, to the new and progressive generation. They tried to reason, but reason was of no avail; they found themselves confronted at every turn with an unbending barrier of prejudice, and by skillful politicians toiling to form alliances which should prevent the legal establishment of the Republic.

“In this Assembly,” says a recent French writer, “modern France found all her adversaries gradually gathering into a redoubtable coalition, excited by their unexpected success; fancying that everything must give way before them, and impatient to crush democracy. All that composes our society, from its secular character even to the political equality guaranteed by universal suffrage, was harshly menaced; one can hardly imagine the number of plots in preparation against all the liberties conquered by the nation since '89. The whole country demanded, in the anguish of suspense,

when the final encounter between the 'Modern Spirit,' and the combination of all the disappointed monarchists would take place?"

The varying passions, the violent prejudices, and the intense intolerance which sometimes seems almost a national characteristic, have made of the National Assembly since 1871 the scene of frequent chaos. But this has not been without good effect, for it has given the Republicans a powerful advantage over their enemies of the Right. It prevented, it rendered absolutely impossible the monarchical coalition which was at one time so greatly feared; and by preventing this, it opened the door to the Republic. The Frenchman who said that the new Republic had been founded by its adversaries uttered a profound truth.

After the resignation of M. Thiers, in May, 1873, Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, was elected president of the French Republic by the Assembly. On the 19th of November of the same year, the continuation of his powers for seven years was accorded by a majority of sixty-eight votes. This action bound the Marshal-President to the preservation of order, and to the virtual maintenance of a truce between all parties while the discussion, adoption, and preliminary operation of the constitutional laws were in progress. This seven years of armed neutrality is generally designated as the "Septennate," at the end of which time the revision of the Constitution will be demanded by many radicals and some monarchists. But it is confidently expected by the friends of liberty that by 1880 the most of the French people will have plainly and unmistakably declared in favor of Republican government; that the Imperialists will have become discouraged, and will no longer seek to go before the people, with their "*plebiscite*," asking them to choose directly between Empire and Republic, and that those classes who now fancy that they see in Republicanism a forerunner

of anarchy and destruction of "moral order" will be reassured, and, at least partially, willing to work at upbuilding the edifice of national liberty.

The members of the Cabinet play a much more active public part in France than in the United States. As in England, the "premier" sustains his own measures face to face with the legislators who are battling to prevent their adoption. From the "tribune," the species of pulpit in which every orator is required to stand when addressing the Assembly, the premier and his colleagues daily hurl defiance at their enemies. The personalities of the ministers thus become much more interesting than in America, where the secretaries' voices are never heard in Congress. In France it is the Government which takes the initiative, and the ministers who introduce and defend the projects which, of course, meet with no favor from the opposition. All important bills and amendments are identified with persons, are even named after those who present them. Each ministry receives a *sobriquet* because of some salient point in its policy.

It is believed that in a few weeks the "National Assembly" will have ceased to exist. But many of the "Political Leaders" who have been so conspicuous in its stormiest sessions for nearly five years will, doubtless, re-appear in the new chambers, where they will engage in fresh battles over the questions constantly arising before the French in their march toward freedom and self-government.

One of the recent acts of the Assembly illustrates with much force the manner in which the internal dissensions of the monarchical party are of direct profit to the cause of the Republic. The Assembly was compelled, by a provision of the new Constitution, to choose seventy-five "senators for life," to occupy seats in the Senate. In the struggle which ensued, the Legitimists and Bonapartists

voted with the Republicans in order that they might succeed in completely crushing the Orleanists, who were decidedly overwhelmed. So long as the enemies of the Republic are thus divided against themselves, there is hope for liberty in France.

PARIS, December, 1875.

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## VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

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“**A**T the beginning of this century,” writes Victor Hugo, in the preface to the first volume of his “Deeds and Words”—a work which forms a substantial history of his career,—“in the most desolate quarter of Paris, a child lived in a great mansion, which a huge garden surrounded and isolated. That mansion was called, before the Revolution, the Convent des Feuillantines. The child lived there with his mother, his two brothers, and a venerable priest, an old Oratorian, still trembling at the recollections of '93,—an old man, long since persecuted, but indulgent then, who was their clement preceptor, who taught them much Latin, a little Greek, and no history at all. At one end of the garden there were some very large trees, which concealed an old, half-ruined chapel. To-day those trees, the chapel, and the mansion have disappeared. The improvements which have so rigorously intrenched on the garden of the Luxembourg have extended even to the Val de Grâce, and have destroyed that humble oasis. A wide street, which

serves no purpose, passes over the site. Nothing now remains of the Feuillantines but a little grass and a fragment of decrepit wall, seen between two tall, new blocks. . . . It was in this house that the three brothers grew up under the first Empire."

"For the youngest of those three brothers the old mansion of the Feuillantines is to-day a cherished and religious souvenir. It appears to him, in his musings, covered with a kind of savage shade. It is there that, amid sunbeams and roses, the mysterious unfolding of his spirit took place within him. Nothing could have been more tranquil than that high, florid ruin, long ago a convent, then a solitude, always an asylum. Nevertheless, the Imperial tumult now and then resounded there. From time to time, in those vast abbey chambers, in those crumbling monastic halls, beneath the vaults of the dismantled cloister, the child saw come and go between two wars, whose echoes he heard,—coming from the army, and going back to the army—a young general, who was his father, and a young colonel, who was his uncle. This charming paternal invasion dazzled him for a moment; then, at the sound of a trumpet, those visions of plumes and sabers vanished, and everything became peaceful and silent in that ruin where there was a dawn."

Victor Hugo was born in Besançon, on the 26th of February, 1802. His family was noble, and had been so since 1531. It was one of the most sterling and renowned families of Lorraine. There were many valiant soldiers among the ancestors of the first of modern French poets. Hugo's father was a volunteer soldier under the Republic; and, after the advent of the Empire, became,



at once, a general and a governor of some of the most important provinces in Spain. His mother was a lady of rare character and refinement. She shared, when she could, the adventurous existence of her soldier-husband, and generally took her children with her. It is even said that she had herself been personally engaged in the terrible struggle in the Vendée, under the Republic. In Hugo's earlier poems, many allusions to his romantic youth are to be found. As a child, he followed the imperial armies with his mother, and when hardly old enough to speak plainly, was taken to Italy, and thence to his father, who, at that time Governor of the province of Avellino, in Calabria, was campaigning against the celebrated bandit, "Fra Diavolo." Hugo had been on the banks of the Arno, the Tiber, and Naples Bay, before he was seven years of age.

One evening, when young Hugo was playing in the garden of the convent of the Feuillantines, whose shadows were from time to time lit up by the reflection of the colossal fireworks with which Paris was celebrating some new imperial victory, he saw come out from the ruined chapel a man whom he had never seen before. This man was a proscribed gentleman, who had been concealed by Hugo's father, after a price had been set upon his head. Victor Hugo thus describes him :

"Victor Fanneau de Lahorie was a Breton gentleman who had given his faith to the Republic. He was the friend of Moreau, also a Breton. Lahorie had, in the Vendée, known my father, who was younger than he by a quarter of a century. Later, he was his companion in the army of the Rhine. There sprang up between them one of

those soldier fraternities which enable one man to give his life for another. In 1801 Lahorie was implicated in the conspiracy of Moreau against Bonaparte. He was proscribed; a price was set upon his head; he had no asylum; my father opened his house to him. The old chapel of the Feuillantines, a ruin, served to protect that other ruin, a conquered man. Lahorie accepted the asylum as it had been offered to him, simply, and he lived concealed in the shade."

On the occasion when young Victor saw him first, the proscribed man had the imprudence to come out from his hiding-place, to speak to three generals, comrades of Hugo's father, who had come to bring the wife news of the absent husband. These generals were friendly to Lahorie and did not betray him. During the conversation the proscribed said to the child: "Remember,—liberty above all." Hugo learned later that this unfortunate gentleman was his godfather. Lahorie had said to the father, "Hugo is a northern name, you must soften it by joining it to a southern word, and complete the German by the Roman." So the friends decided to call the child Victor, after Lahorie.

Young Victor saw much of the proscribed man after he had once found out his refuge. Behind the altar in the old chapel there was a camp-bedstead, over which hung some pistols; and in that nook, into which the rain would now and then patter, Victor Lahorie and Victor Hugo read Tacitus together; while the old priest, who had no thought of betraying Lahorie's hiding-place, looked approvingly on. One day Lahorie disappeared, and young Victor's mother would not tell him where the outlaw had gone.

Three years later, as Victor was walking with his mother one evening, he saw a placard posted on a column at a church portal. It ran as follows :

“ *Empire Français*—By and according to sentence of the First Court Martial, were shot yesterday, in the plain of Grenelle, for the crime of conspiracy against the Empire and the Emperor, the three ex-generals, Malet, Guidal, and Lahorie.”

“ Lahorie ! ” said Victor’s mother. “ Remember that name. He was thy godfather.”

Hugo was, in his early youth, constantly surrounded by people who made the Republic a by-word and a reproach. His father, fighting desperately for Joseph Bonaparte’s tottering throne against the never-yielding Spaniards, had little time to watch over his development. Madame Hugo finally went to Madrid to live at the Court of Joseph. With her young children she had a long and dangerous journey through the Spanish mountains. Victor was, although of tender years, wonderfully impressed with Spain, with Spanish architecture, and the people ; this is very perceptible in both his earlier and later poems. He was at school for a time in the somber and disagreeable “seminary of the nobles,” where he was half starved, and consoled himself by writing verses, although he was but ten years old. In 1812, events in Europe compelled the departure of the majority of the French from Spain. Hugo returned with his mother and his brothers to the Convent of the Feuillantines. After another period of dreamy and poetic existence there, he was sent, with his brother Eugene, to a school where they were to prepare for the Polytechnic, as their father intended to make soldiers of them. The father frowned on Victor’s poetical aspirations, and

urged him to plunge into the study of the higher mathematics.

Victor acquiesced ruefully in the parental judgment. He studied mathematics, but he also wrote verses. At fourteen he had already written a tragedy, called "Irtamène," and two lyrics, which had in them the true ring of genius—"Rich and Poor," and "The Canadian Girl." In 1817 he wrote so well on the subject assigned for competition by the Academy ("The Advantages of Study") that he received an honorable mention, and would have had the prize, had not the Academicians refused to believe that he was but fifteen years of age. A few years later, from 1819 to 1822, he obtained, three times in succession, the chief prize from the Toulouse Academy of Floral Sports, for three poems entitled "The Virgins of Verdun," "The Re-establishment of Henry Fourth's Statue," and "Moses on the Nile." These three odes, really among the best which he has ever written, made him temporarily quite famous. He had already published many poems, and a romance called "Bug-Jargal," which he contributed to a review named "The Literary Conservative," founded by one of his brothers. In these youthful days he was like his mother—ultra-royalist. Chateaubriand became much attached to the astonishing youth, whose precocity bore such savory fruit, complimented him highly, and endeavored to make him a place in the Berlin embassy, to which he himself had been appointed. But Victor declined, having little taste for diplomacy.

In the mid-summer of 1821 his mother died. It was a great sorrow for Victor, who was for many weeks almost inconsolable.

Although the young Hugos were by no means unsuccessful in literature, their father, the General, informed them that he could not bestow an allowance upon them unless they would consent to take "regular" professions. Victor refused to desert letters, and found himself thrown on his own resources, with a capital of only eight hundred francs, which he had earned for himself. He had long sincerely loved a charming and accomplished young girl, Mademoiselle Foucher, the daughter of worthy parents, who felt that they could smile upon the match if they could hear their prospective son-in-law declare that his expectations were good. The appearance of his first volume of poesy, "Odes and Ballads," and the manner in which his name was mentioned, did much to weaken the objections of the parents, and they at last decided to give their daughter to the writer whom Chateaubriand had called "sublime." Hugo was, besides, at this time much in favor with the government. Louis XVIII. was anxious to bestow honors upon him. Although Hugo was well known as a royalist, he had written a letter to an enemy of royalty, offering him an asylum in his house, and this trait of character was said so to have delighted Louis, that he said, when the letter was brought to him :

"The writer is a noble young man ; I will give him the first vacant pension."

Victor began "Hans of Iceland," an impassioned and impossible romance, in the dark days when he was struggling to make a livelihood, and was lamenting the cruel circumstances which separated him from his love. He was gloomy, discouraged, and angry ; he found a rude pleasure in portraying the savage grandeur of the icy North and the

horrible ferocity of the legendary giant in "Hans of Iceland." He even went to the Church for consolation in his trouble ; and hastened to seek Lamennais, then in the full flush of his fame. He found the priest installed at the Convent of the Feuillantines, the old Hugo home. The flood of painful souvenirs which rushed upon him as he entered the walls of the old cloister made him still more forlorn. Lamennais found, however, that Hugo had little to confess ; and so, after a brief conversation, sent him away comforted.

After his marriage Victor maintained an artificial gloom until he had completed "Hans of Iceland," which he sold to a publisher for a thousand francs. At the same time a second edition of the "Odes and Ballads" increased his slender income. As he had already begun, in "Hans of Iceland," to neglect the classical, and to prefer the romantic style, his romance was severely handled by the critics. Hugo's mind and style were undergoing a vast change at the same time. He was becoming liberal, and was preparing for these audacious efforts which resulted, after so many severe battles, in the complete success of the new school, whose virtual chief he was and is. He clung to his royalist opinions in his verses, however ; and was so firm in the manner of sustaining his views that the celebrated Armand Carrel once determined to challenge him, but was prevented by friends. In 1826, Victor Hugo published the second series of "Odes and Ballads," and in these poems were found incontestable proofs that he had become, as his enemies of the time phrased it, "infected with powerful liberalism." He had been very much annoyed on learning that his pension, accorded by the king, was

due entirely to a trick which he considered unworthy of the representatives of power. When he discovered that the letter which he had written to offer the conspirator shelter, had been opened, read, and carried to Louis XVIII. by spies, his indignation knew no bounds, and he was almost resolved to refuse the sum which the king had given as a token of his admiration of the young poet's generous sentiments. The Cénacle, or club, which he gradually formed around him, was semi-revolutionary in character, and was enlivened by such brilliant spirits as Sainte-Beuve, Deschamps, and Boulanger. In his lyric poems, Hugo, day by day, showed increasing contempt for the classical school; and the daring splendors of his antithesis, and his continual combinations of the grotesque and the sublime, dazzled and pained the old-fashioned critics, who did not hesitate to proclaim him an upstart.

When Hugo saw the assassin of the Duc de Berri taken to the scaffold in 1820, his blood ran cold in his veins, and his whole spirit revolted against the horror and the unfor-giving severity of capital punishment. He was, in those days, still ultra-royalist at heart, and found the assassin's work hideous and inexcusable in every sense; but he could not believe in "a life for a life." Some years after-ward he was walking in the square in front of the Hôtel de Ville one evening, when he saw the executioner practicing with the guillotine for an execution to take place on the morrow. The crowd surrounded the brutal officer, who, while he greased the grooves in which the fatal knife was to fall, recounted the terrors of the unhappy prisoner and the details of his crime; young Hugo, sick at heart, went home shuddering. The next day he began to write "The

Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner" (*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*), and finished it in three weeks. It was published early in 1829, and created a profound sensation. As a psychological study it is exceedingly powerful; so strong, indeed, that thousands refused to believe, on reading it for the first time, that it was the work of one who had never been under sentence of death. The horrors, the despairs, the paralysis, the fantastical dreams and rude awakenings of the convict were depicted with a force, yet delicacy, which captivated even those who saw in the book an odious attempt to derogate from the majesty of the law. There was never a more eloquent protest against capital punishment.

Victor Hugo has all his life been true to his early beliefs on this subject. In 1832, he added to "the Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner" a preface, in which he eloquently advanced powerful reasons for clemency in all capital cases. In 1854 he published "Claude Gueux," another appeal for mercy to criminals in general, although too late to serve in the case of the real Claude, who had been executed two years previously for a crime, to commit which he had been incited by hunger. Hugo was one of those who petitioned for this criminal's pardon, and who cared tenderly for him while he was in prison.

In May of 1839, the insurrection in which Blanqui and Barbès were prominent figures was promptly suppressed. On the evening after its suppression, Hugo was at the opera, when an act of the "Esmeralda," taken from his "Notre Dame" was performed. A peer of France sat down beside the poet, whom he recognized, saying:



“ We have just completed a very sad task ; we have condemned a man to death.”

“ Is Barbès condemned ? ” said Hugo.

“ Yes, and he will be executed, because the ministers insist upon it.”

“ When ? ”

“ To-morrow, probably ; you know that there is no appeal from the decision of the Chamber of Peers.”

Hugo left the peer, went into one of the private offices at the opera, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following verse :

“ Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu’une colombe !  
 Par ce royal enfant, doux et frêle roseau !  
 Grâce encore une fois ! grace au nom de la tombe !  
 Grâce au nom du berceau.”\*

He placed the paper in a common envelope, sealed it, wrote his name on it, addressed it, and carried it himself to the Tuileries. The porter said that the King would not get the letter until the next day. But when Hugo explained that a man’s life depended on the instant delivery of the missive, the porter carried it to the aide-de-camp. In twenty minutes he returned.

“ The King has read your letter,” he said, “ and that shows that you were wise to write your name on the envelope. It seems that M. d’Houdetôt, who is the aide-de-

\* In this little verse, in which Hugo so touchingly asked for the pardon of Barbès in the name of the tomb and the cradle, the poet alluded to the death of Marie d’Orleans, one of Louis Philippe’s children—which occurred in 1839,—and to the recent birth of the Comte de Paris:

camp on duty, knows you ; he was just about to throw your letter on the table, when he saw your name. Then he carried your letter in at once, and the usher saw the King reading it, for he looked through the glass door."

Next morning the generous Victor learned that Barbès still lived. Louis Philippe had been deeply touched by the poetic appeal, and had resisted his ministers. He sent to Hugo the following answer : " His pardon is granted, it only remains for me to obtain it,"—which was a delicate allusion to the difficulty he experienced in contradicting the wishes of the ministry. In 1862 Barbès wrote to thank Hugo for his timely intercession.

In 1848 Victor Hugo made an eloquent address in the Constituent Assembly against capital punishment, voting for its abolition. In 1849 he asked for the pardon of one of the persons inculpated in the Bréa affair, but it was not granted. In 1851 his eldest son was brought up for trial at the Paris Assizes, charged with having protested, in an article in the *Événement*, a city journal, against the horrible details of a certain execution. Hugo asked, and received permission himself to conduct his son's case. He did so, making one of the most eloquent and thrilling speeches against " the penalty of death " ever uttered in a civilized country. " As for this law of blood for blood, gentlemen of the jury," he cried—" I have fought it all my life. All my life—and so long as there remains a particle of breath in my body—I will fight against it with all my power as writer, with all my deeds and all my votes as a legislator. I declare it"—here he extended his arm and pointed to the Christ on the crucifix above the Judge's Bench—" I declare it before that victim

of the punishment of death who is there—who sees us, and who hears us! I swear it before that gibbet, to which nearly two thousand years ago, for an eternal lesson to the generations, human law nailed divine law!”

Despite the eloquence of the father, the son was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

In 1854, when Victor Hugo was in exile in Guernsey, he eloquently interfered several times in behalf of unfortunate culprits about to be hanged; and, on one occasion, wrote a letter to Lord Palmerston, in favor of the abolition of all “legal murder”—which echoed throughout Europe. In 1859 he raised his voice in indignant protest against the execution of John Brown, asserting that “all notions of justice and injustice would be confounded on the day when the world should see deliverance assassinated by liberty.” A year or two later, a Belgian jury's decisions having brought nine sentences of death before the public attention, some one published a poem filled with passionate invective, to which he affixed the name of Victor Hugo. The poet at once wrote to repudiate the forgery, but, at the same time, he added, “When it is an affair of saving heads, I am willing that my name should be used and even abused.” And he united his cries for pardon with those of the unknown person who had forged his signature. He appealed to the Belgians to “push back finally into the night that monstrous punishment by death, whose principal glory is that it raised on earth two gibbets, that of Jesus Christ in the old world, and that of John Brown in the new.” In 1862, the poet's efforts to exclude a law allowing capital punishment from the new constitution of Geneva were of great avail in directing the public attention toward the

important question of mercy, and in securing great reforms in criminal legislation. All his life long the great and good man has fought for humanity, and one of the kindly deeds of his old age is the appeal for clemency which he recently made with success in the case of an unfortunate French soldier condemned to death for a grave military offense. His heart bled when the terrible massacres of the insurrectionists of 1871 occurred, and he has a hundred times demanded pardon for the exiled, the crushed, and forlorn who have been sent to the shades of Nouméa and the gloomy horrors of a penal colony.

One day, when M. Taylor was the royal commissioner at the Comédie Française, he asked Hugo why he did not write for the theater.

“I am thinking of it,” answered the poet. “I have just begun a drama with Cromwell for its subject.”

“Well, finish it and give it to me. Cromwell, written by you, can be played by Talma only.”

A short time thereafter, the courteous Taylor brought Talma and Hugo together at a dinner party. Talma was then sixty-five years old, he was worn out with fatigue; indeed, he died a few months afterward. But he was enthusiastic over Hugo's project, said that he had always desired to appear as Cromwell; and applauded the scenes which the young author repeated to him.

“Use all possible speed in writing your play; I am impatient to see it,” said Talma. Hugo obeyed, but relinquished his project when he heard of Talma's death. After a long delay, he resumed the work, and, in December of 1827, a huge volume containing the piece, and a preface of massive proportions, made its appearance. Both play

and preface created a profound sensation. The latter, into which the author had worked his ideas on the relative values of the classical and romantic schools, was a veritable declaration of war, and provoked great numbers of hostile criticisms. The journalists laughed the youthful iconoclast to scorn ; advised him not to talk about Shakespeare until he had learned to spell the name ; and endeavored to give him such a crushing defeat that he would at once retreat from the field. No attempt was made to place the drama on the stage.

Hugo's next experience of the critics occurred while he was still overwhelmed with grief at the sudden death of his father, who succumbed in the winter of 1828 to a stroke of apoplexy. The poet had, some years before, written, in conjunction with another poor and struggling literary man, a piece called "Amy Robsart," the story of which was of course taken from "Kenilworth." When Hugo became famous, his brother-in-law urged him to publish or to produce at the theater this play of "Amy Robsart ;" but Hugo refused, saying, that he did not consider it as his work, so great had been the change in his methods since the time that it was written. He gave the piece, however, to his brother-in-law, because of very earnest solicitation, and was not a little surprised when he learned that it was to be played at the Odéon, and that the name of the author was not announced. His brother-in-law had fancied that he was doing him a kindness ; but the piece was violently hissed. Hugo, with characteristic frankness, wrote to the press that the passages objected to by the audiences were nearly all from his pen. This at once gave the piece a fresh interest ; the partisans of the new school rallied to

the support of "Amy Robsart." But the hisses were redoubled, and the agitation became so great, that the government suppressed the play.

This was but the beginning of the disturbances destined to mark the poet's dramatic career, and to crown his triumphs. After the publication of the volume of poems called "Les Orientales," which, although by no means one of the best proofs of Hugo's genius, gained a popular verdict of favor such as few poems ever receive—and after the eventful issue of "The Last Day of the Condemned," elsewhere recounted—Hugo devoted himself earnestly to the creation of a great dramatic work. A hundred subjects suggested themselves to his fertile brain; but he finally hesitated only between the stories of "Marion Delorme,"—which was at first called "A Duel under Richelieu," and "Hernani." He at last decided in favor of "Marion Delorme;" and began to work upon it, in a kind of frenzy, on the 1st of June, 1829. On the 20th of the same month, the fourth act of the piece was begun just at dawn. The poet, haggard, weary, and overwhelmed by the torrent of thought pouring through his brain, worked furiously, banishing himself from his family and his friends; and in four days more, the play was finished. His friends begged him to read it in public. The idea of such an exhibition of what so many people were pleased to term his eccentricities, was repugnant to him; but he finally consented, and one July evening, he read the drama before a numerous invited audience. Balzac, De Musset, Delacroix, Dumas, De Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Soulié, Taylor, and many other celebrities were present. Every one agreed that the play would be sure to receive the plaudits of the public.

The next day, M. Hugo, the tabooed romanticist, was besieged by directors of the Paris theaters. M. Taylor of the Comédie Française was among the first. Hugo agreed to give him his piece, and the great Mars was to appear in the rôle of *Marion*. The anger and chagrin of the other directors, when they found that the clever Taylor had forestalled them, can be better imagined than described. One enthusiastic manager entered Hugo's humble home, and wrote upon his play the following receipt: "Received at the Odéon Theater, July 14, 1829."

Hugo was obliged to feign serious anger before he could compel the enterprising manager to relinquish his prey. When the time came for the reading of "*Marion Delorme*" before the company of the Comédie Française, the author learned that the actors did not intend, as usual, to vote upon the reception of the play. "Hugo does not present us his piece," said the manager; "on the contrary, we have asked him for it."

The subject and the treatment of the drama naturally procured its interdiction at the hands of the censors of that time. Hugo had painted Louis XIII. as a ridiculous nonentity governed by a priest; and the censors therefore supposed that he had intended to strike at Charles X., then king of France. M. Hugo appealed from the censors to the ministry; and finally demanded an audience of the king himself. Charles received him graciously enough at Saint-Cloud.

"I hear that you have maltreated my poor ancestor Louis XIII.," said the king. "M. de Martignac, the minister, tells me that there is a terrible act in your play."

Upon this, Hugo boldly produced the fourth act of "Marion Delorme," and invited his majesty to read it at his leisure. The king was delighted. He took the act, and read it. Some days afterwards, Hugo received notice that the representation could not be authorized. A little later, as he was one day conversing with Sainte-Beuve, a messenger brought him a letter announcing that the king granted him a new pension of four thousand francs. Hugo at once wrote an answer, declining the pension, and showed it to Sainte-Beuve, who approved his resolution. The journals highly applauded this worthy conduct, whose praises Sainte-Beuve did not fail to sing abroad.

In October of the same year, Hugo read "Hernani" before the actors of the Comédie Française. The piece was at once received, and Mars was in the cast. This great actress, then past her fiftieth year, was hostile to the new dramatic movement, and the romantic school. She had simply accepted a rôle in Hugo's piece, so that no other actress should be able to make a sensation in it. As soon as the rehearsals began, Mars plainly showed her hostility; she endeavored to frighten Hugo into toning and changing his phrases to suit her ideas; but finding him firm as a rock, she became impertinent. The author lost his temper.

"Madame," he said, "I will trouble you to give up your rôle."

Mars turned pale. It was the first time in her life that a part once assigned had been taken away from her. She made a gigantic effort, swallowed her pride, and apologized.

The curiosity and excitement caused by the news that



“Hernani” was in rehearsal were very great. Authors, actors, and journalists made astonishing efforts to discover the plot. The minor theaters employed agents to find out the leading secrets of some of the acts, and parodied them. Meantime, the piece remained in the office of the censors, undergoing microscopic examination. But Hugo had been taught by experience; little was found in “Hernani” to which they were inclined to object. Benjamin Constant, Mérimée, Thiers, and a host of other celebrities begged the author for tickets for the first representation, as they had not succeeded in getting them at the theater.

As it was expected that there would be a great battle over the production of “Hernani,” elaborate preparations for defense were made. The author was asked how many professional *claqueurs*, or paid applauders, he would have. “I will have none,” he answered. But he rallied to his support all the youth from the schools of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture; all the writers who swore by the romantic school; all the broad-hatted and flashily dressed sons of Bohemia, who were the terror of the classicists; and he distributed among them tickets which assured him of friends in every portion of the theater on the terrible “first night.” Four hours before the ordinary time for opening the door of the theater, the passers-by were astonished at the spectacle of an immense crowd of young men, clad in every fashion except the prevailing one, singing student songs, discussing philosophical questions, and indulging in passionate harangues on their pet theories. At a given signal, these young men were admitted to the theater before the hour for the arrival of the regular public, and took the places assigned them. Inside, they organized

a kind of picnic, as they would otherwise have been compelled to go hungry ; and in the evening, when the haughty and refined patrons of the Comédie Française arrived, they found bits of sausage in the seats, a trifling perfume of garlic lingering in the corridors, and the odor of tobacco everywhere. While the house was filling up, the manager came to Victor Hugo.

“Your play is dead,” he said, “and it is your friends who have killed it.”

Mars was furious at the advent of the Bohemians. She heaped impertinences upon the author. But, on this occasion, Hugo kept his temper. He looked into the auditorium, and saw there two dark masses standing out in bold relief against the splendor of the toilettes, the jewels, and the flowers of the “classical” audience. He smiled confidently. The dark masses were his bands of Bohemian friends. He knew that they would fight his battle.

The success of the piece on this first evening was gratifying. At the end of the fourth act every one applauded. Between the fourth and fifth acts Hugo concluded a bargain with a publisher, who was anxious to bring out “Hernani” at once. “I offer you six thousand francs for the manuscript now,” said the publisher, “because I fear that if I wait until after the fifth I shall offer ten thousand.”

They went out and signed the contract in a cigar store. Hugo received the six thousand francs then and there. It was time that he should secure something, for in the family treasury there were but fifty francs left.

The fifth act succeeded so well that even Mars was pleased, and offered her frosty cheek to Hugo in token of

amity. Every one went home dazzled and satisfied. The representation occurred on Saturday evening. On Monday the criticisms appeared. Nearly all were hostile; and Hugo and his band of literary and artistic banditti were held up to reprobation. The classicists rallied; the cockneys, always fond of a quarrel, poured into the theater at the second performance of "Hernani," and the actors were constantly interrupted by the sneers and laughter of one clique, and the cheers and hurrahs of the other. The third evening was stormier than the second, but "Hernani" was kept upon the stage for forty-five nights, at the end of which time Mademoiselle Mars had other engagements. The excitement and the partisanship were so intense, at times, that riots were feared. People wrote threatening letters to Hugo, promising to do him injury if he did not withdraw the piece. Duels were fought over the merits of the verses. The author was vilified in the journals of his enemies, and was given the most exalted praises in those of his friends.

Several years after these events, two gentlemen were one evening witnessing the performance of "Hernani" at the Comédie Française, when reference was made by one of them to the strife caused by its original representation.

"Oh, Hugo has changed all the lines since then," said the other.

"You are mistaken," was the answer. "It is not the play that has changed: it is the public."

"Hernani" was revived during the last days of the Second Empire, and was the cause of so many tumults that the imperialists deemed it wise to suppress it. Napo-

leon III. did not like to hear that the public had frantically applauded such lines as these :

*“ Ne te rappelles tu pas, futur César Romain,  
Que je t’ai là chetif et petit, dans ma main;  
Et que si je serrais cette main trop loyale,  
J’écraserais dans l’œuf ton aigle Imperiale ? ”*

After the July Revolution there was no longer any objection to the production of “Marion Delorme.” It was successful at the Porte St. Martin theater, where Madame Dorval was great in the character of Marion.

Hugo wrote that terribly pathetic drama “Le Roi s’amuse” during the insurrection. The first act was written in four days. As he lived near the Tuileries garden, he was accustomed to walk there under the trees, and to compose his verses as he walked. One day, when hard at work on a monologue, he was interrupted by a riot, whose angry waves penetrated almost to his peaceful retreat, and compelled him to take refuge in a neighboring arcade. The tide of battle followed him; and the poet, forgetting his verses, had to get behind some columns to protect himself from musket balls.

After “Le Roi s’amuse,” M. Hugo wrote “Lucrece Borgia,” which he at first called “A Supper at Ferrara.” The first play was given to the Comédie Française, where it renewed the scenes which greeted the advent of “Hernani.” The ministry watched the effect of the piece carefully, as in the portrait which the author had drawn of Francis I. they fancied that they saw correct allusions to Louis Philippe. The drama was not greeted with acclamations. The morning after its first performance the author was

informed that the ministry had ordered its suspension on the pretext of immorality. On the same day the ministers held a council, and decided to suppress the play altogether.

Hugo brought the matter before the courts, claiming that because of the charter which had abolished censure and confiscation, a minister had no right to suppress "Le Roi s'amuse." Odillon Barrot was the author's counselor, but Hugo spoke also. The next day Paris had discovered that the poet and dramatist was also a wily orator. But the orator lost his case, as when he defended his son. The drama remained under the ministerial ban. The author then wrote to the ministry to relinquish the pensions still accorded him. The ministers refused to withdraw them; but Hugo never drew them again.

"*Lucrece Borgia*" was produced at the Porte St. Martin, and was successful. Hugo narrowly escaped a duel with the director of this theater, who appears to have been rather exacting. Some high words led M. Hugo to inform the director that "he awaited his orders," whereupon the manager sent him a challenge; but came a few hours afterwards to withdraw it, to apologize, and to own that he had been very silly.

"*Marie Tudor*" followed with moderate success at the Porte St. Martin; and in 1834, Hugo read "*Angelo*" to Mademoiselle Mars. This play of "*Angelo*" brought upon the stage at once and in strong contrast to each other, the splendid talents of those two women of genius, Dorval and Mars.

Thanks to the good offices of M. Guizot who was minister in 1837, Hugo succeeded in securing a theater of

which he was himself virtually the director, although it was conducted under another name. For this theater the author wrote in 1838 "Ruy Blas," the last act of which was written in a single day; Frederick Lemaître created the principal rôle. It was one of the most splendid productions of his surprising genius, and gave to Hugo's valet-hero a significance and value which even the poet did not suppose that it possessed. The critics, wonderful to relate, were satisfied; there were occasional hisses during the representations; but these were noted as the last expiring efforts of the opposition to the now triumphant romantic school.

Immediately after the appearance of "Ruy Blas," M. Hugo made a contract with a Paris publisher, agreeing to give him all his works and the profits resulting from complete editions of them for eleven years, for the sum of two hundred and forty thousand francs.

"The Burgraves" was the last piece which Victor Hugo wrote for the theater. He had previously completed one called "The Twins," which he never presented. "The Burgraves" was severely attacked by the press; it was produced in 1842-3 with questionable success. The characters in it were too epic and colossal for the stage.

In 1849, when Victor Hugo was a member of the Constituent Assembly, he made an eloquent speech on the "liberty of the theater" which closed with the following words: "I sum up my opinion in a sentence which I address to governments and legislators; by according liberty you place the licenses and excesses of the theater under the censure of the public; by the governmental censure you place them under its protection. Choose!" He also delivered numerous eloquent addresses on

this subject before the committee of the Council of State, created for the purpose of preparing a law regulating the theaters.

When Victor Hugo became a member of the French Academy, in June of 1841, he had won distinguished honors and lasting fame as poet, as novelist, as essayist, and as dramatist. The history of that wonderful and touching romance, "Nôtre Dame de Paris," is very curious. At the time that Hugo furnished the manuscript of "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner" to a publisher, he had also agreed to furnish for him, before the close of April, 1829, a romance. He was so absorbed in his dramas, and the battles which he was compelled to fight for their success, that he was a year behind time when the publisher, who had taken offense at Hugo for some trivial matter, suddenly demanded the fulfillment of the contract. As it was impossible to deliver a romance which was not begun the publisher claimed damages. But the affair was finally arranged on the following basis: Hugo was to have five months in which to write the story. If he was not ready on the 1st of December, he was to pay one thousand francs for each week of delay. He began to write on the 27th of July, 1830; the next day, the Champs Elysées presented the appearance of a bivouac; the insurrection shook Paris to its center. But the writer was hindered in his work only once. That was when, walking out for an hour's exercise, he found that some soldiers had bound a youth of fourteen or fifteen years to a tree, and were about to shoot him.

"What! kill him!" said Hugo, "Why! he is but a child!"

“That doesn't matter,” answered a soldier, “he dropped our captain from his horse, and he must suffer for it.”

But, by pleading long enough and by appealing to a general who was passing, Hugo obtained the youth's pardon.

During these exciting days, Hugo kept a voluminous diary of all the facts which interested him ; and published them, later, under the title of the “Journal of a Revolutionist of 1830.” They form a part of the collection called “Literary and Philosophical *Mélanges*.”

Meantime, he continued his romance, always inspired by the fear of a second breach of contract. But he had the misfortune to lose a number of note-books, in a sudden removal from one house to another at the time of the insurrection, and he was reluctantly compelled to ask a new delay. The publisher agreed to wait until the following February. Hugo purchased a huge bottle of ink, wrapped himself in a warm woolen dressing-gown, locked up all his other clothes, that he might not be tempted to go out; and only left his writing-table at meal times, and when it was necessary to sleep. As he progressed with the work, his enthusiasm knew no bounds ; he was frantic with joy at his own conceptions, he worked in bitter December weather with his windows wide open ; he ostracized himself from his family and his friends.

On the 14th of January, 1831, the romance was finished, and so was the bottle of ink. His first thought was to call the story “What there is in an Ink-bottle,” but, on second thought, he was convinced that a picture of the morals and manners of Paris in the fifteenth century deserved a different title, and he called it “*Nôtre Dame de Paris*.” In the description which he gave of it to the



publisher, he wrote, "The book makes no historical pretensions, unless, perhaps, to paint, with a little conscience and some science, the condition of manners, beliefs, laws, arts, and, in short, civilization in the fifteenth century. If it has any merit, it is that of being the work of imagination, caprice, and fantasy."

The book appeared a few days after its completion. It was a grand success. The tragical figure of the priest who was goaded to his ruin by fatality; the grotesque, yet tender and exquisite, portrait of Quasimodo, the hunchback; the masterly conception of Esmeralda, and the detailed drawing which brought Louis XI. before the eyes of modern Parisians, "in his habit as he lived," at once stamped their author with the seal of greatness. In "Nôtre Dame," the reader found, too, for the first time, the full expression of the exaggerated affection which Hugo has possessed since childhood for quaint, massive, and gloomy architecture. He embalmed the fame and memory of Nôtre Dame, in his immortal prose; he taught Europe the true magnificence of the cathedral. He had contemplated two other volumes as sequels to "Nôtre Dame," the last of which was to have been called "The Hunchback's Son," but he relinquished these projects, as he became more and more engrossed in his dramatic efforts.

A good critic has said that he can forgive the numerous faults in Hugo's works, because of "the dreamy grace of the thought, and the harmonious richness of the form in his verse." The qualities mentioned in this critical sentence are to be found in the majority of the poems which M. Hugo published from 1831 until 1845. Every great event, the advent of any supreme misfortune, the gusty pas-

sage of some national passion across the country's horizon, awoke a profound echo in his heart. He wrote incessantly, his fiery intellect found daily expression in verse ; but it was not until after he had been awakened by suffering and the decree of exile to a passionate indignation that he gave the best evidences of his lyric genius. "The Orientales," "The Autumn Leaves" published in 1831, "The Songs of Dawn" (1835), the "Inward Voices" (1837), and the "Lights and Shades" (1840), were by no means all in the vein of solemn reverie, but it was evident that the poet was most at his ease when in the contemplative mood. His voice became a trumpet blast only after exile.

Much of the best poetry which Victor Hugo wrote in the earlier half of his career is to be found in his dramas. Whenever they are to-day produced upon the Parisian stage, their unique beauty, and the richness of the expression which Hugo bestows upon each character, startle the modern theater-goers. If the claim of Hugo's friends, that he is the greatest Continental poet of the nineteenth century, holds good, it will be because it is largely based upon the evidence of genius displayed in his dramas. Each one of the persons in these plays is drawn with that magnificent profusion of gifts which characterizes the work of Shakespeare. "Marion Delorme" stands as a type of her class, and thousands through her utter their sorrow and despair. The story in each drama is always so striking, that it brings the poetry into much stronger relief than if the incidents were less dramatic, or the interest were less thrilling. In "Marion Delorme," the courtesan who longs to repent, who seeks an honest love, only to find it torn from her by force and circumstance ; in "Hernani," the

superb contrast of king and proscribed subject, and the grand monologue of Don Carlos before the tomb of Charlemagne ; in "Ruy Blas," the triumphant lackey who, inspired by the love of a queen, conducts an empire, and reproves the avarice and dishonesty of ministers ; in "Le Roi s'amuse," the terrible figure of the jester, who panders to the vices of Francis I., and then is crushed under the vengeance of Heaven, which leads him to sacrifice, unwittingly, his own daughter to the debauched monarch ; in describing each and all of these the story marches with majestic step to the inspiring music of the grandest poetry. In "Angelo" we get a glimpse of gloomy Padua, when the agents of the Venetian Republic were perpetrating their vilest tyrannies there. Although this drama and "Marie Tudor," with its masterly portrait of the "damned Italian who hath bewitched the queen," and its thrilling scenes beside the somber Thames and in the heart of ancient London, are written in prose, there is a poetic flavor in both, and the rhythm is often so complete that one does not miss the rhyme. "Cromwell" and "The Burgraves" are filled with colossal figures, which only the lofty imagination of a great poet could conjure from the past. "Lucrezia Borgia," despite the repulsive nature of the story, is pathetic and affecting, considered as a poem.

Hugo presented himself as a candidate for the honors of the Academy in 1836, in 1839, and in 1840, without success. When he was received in 1841, his introductory discourse was political rather than literary ; and was filled with characteristically audacious suggestions. He acquitted himself admirably, in 1845, of the formidable task assigned him—that of the reception, with the usual honorary address,

of his adversary, M. Saint-Marc Girardin. In the same year, he also welcomed to the Academy M. Sainte-Beuve, always one of his dearest friends and most cordial advisers.

Crowned with laurels and heaped with honors, the poet next devoted himself to travel, and visited numerous European countries. He was suddenly recalled from Spain in 1843 by the tragical death, by drowning, of his daughter and her husband, Charles Vacquerie. This serious affliction cast a shadow over his life, and colored nearly all the poems in the volume called "Contemplations" with a profound melancholy.

The doors of the Chamber of Peers were opened by Louis Philippe to Hugo in 1845. The author had long had a political ambition, which this promotion in a certain manner gratified. But the revolution of 1848 gave him unexpected opportunities for increasing his fame and his power. He was sent to the Constituent Assembly by the city of Paris, at the close of that partial June election which brought Proudhon, Changarnier, Fould, Lagrange, Hugo, and Louis Napoleon into public notice, as politicians, together. Although he was no longer royalist at heart, he was still conservative in a general sense. He willingly voted with the democratic party on humane questions; but he was firm in his support of the "Right" on party measures. Up to the date of the dissolution of the "Constituante," he voted pretty regularly with the "party of order," as it was then called.

There were plenty of orators and writers ready to call him an apostate when, elected to the Legislative Assembly from the Department of the Seine, a little later, he went over to the Left, and became one of the leading orators and chief lights of the republican party. He spoke with

brilliance and passion on the Roman question, on projects for instruction, on electoral reform, on the press laws, on the limitations of universal suffrage, the revision of the Constitution, and many other important issues. He fought a three years' battle in the Tribune with M. de Montalembert, who was a formidable adversary. The disputes of these two renowned men on Catholic questions have not yet been forgotten in France. Naturally, as Hugo's language was vehement and denunciatory, and as he endeavored to unmask the "President of the Republic," whose future turpitude he had already suspected, he was furiously attacked in turn by all his adversaries, who called him a "trimmer," a "demagogue," and endeavored to bring upon him the imputation of insincerity before the people. His new associates were even prevailed upon to look at him with some little suspicion. But he has, since 1849, been an earnest, ardent republican. "They called me an apostate, me who thought myself an apostle," he has somewhere written. And in his "Deeds and Words," speaking of himself, he says :

"The man who to-day publishes this collection, and who throws open the doors of his life to his contemporaries, in these volumes, has passed through many errors. He means, if God gives him time enough, to recite them under the title of 'The History of the Internal Revolutions of an Honest Conscience.' Every man who is sincere can retrace his route over that road to Damascus which is so different for different minds. This man, as he has somewhere told you, is the son of a Vendéan lady, the friend of Madame de La Rochejaquelein ; and of a soldier of the Revolution and the Empire, the friend of Desaix, of Jourdan, and Jo-

seph Bonaparte; and he has suffered from the consequences of a complex and solitary education given him by a proscribed republican and a proscribed priest. But the patriot was always strong in him, beneath the Vendéan; he was for Napoleon in 1813, for the Bourbons in 1814; like nearly all the men born at the beginning of this century, he has been everything that the age has been; illogical and honest, Legitimist and Voltairian, a literary Christian, a liberal Bonapartist, a socialist groping away from royalty; shades of opinion curiously real—surprising to-day. He has always acted in perfect good faith. . . . He declares here that never, in all that he has written, even in his youthful books, will any one find a line against liberty. There was a battle in his soul between the royalty which the Catholic priest imposed upon him, and the liberty which the republican soldier recommended to him; liberty conquered!

“In 1848 he had not made up his mind as to the definite social form to be adopted. Singularly enough, one might almost say, that at that time liberty hid the Republic from his vision. In 1848 the country was not far from an Eighteenth of Fructidor.\* The Insurrection of June was fatal—fatal for those who lighted it—fatal for those who extinguished it. He” (Hugo still speaks of himself in the third person) “fought against this insurrection; he was one of the sixty representatives sent by the Assembly to the barricades. But, after the victory, he was compelled

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\* The Eighteenth of Fructidor (August–September) have this unpleasant feature, that they give the model and the pretext for Eighteenth of Brumaire (October–November), and that they make the Republic itself give Liberty cruel wounds.

to separate himself from the conquerors. To conquer, and then to offer your hand to the conquered ; such is the law of his life. But his associates did otherwise.

“ One day at the Assembly, the representative Lagrange, a brave man, came to him and said, ‘ With whom are you in sympathy here ? ’ He answered, ‘ with Liberty. ’ ‘ And what are you doing ? ’ continued Lagrange. He answered, ‘ I am waiting. ’

“ After June 1848, he did wait ; but after June 1849, he waited no longer.

“ The light which sprang out of the events of the period, entered into his spirit. . . . When he saw Rome bound and gagged in the name of France, when he saw the majority, up to that time hypocritical, suddenly throw aside the mask through whose lips it had shouted, *Vive la Republique !* seventeen times, on the 4th of May, 1848 ; when he saw, after the 13th of June, the triumph of all the coalitions which were the enemies of progress ; when he noted their cynical joy, he was sad ; he understood, and at the moment when the hands of all the conquerors were held out to him to drag him into their ranks, he felt that he was one of the conquered. There was a corpse on the field ; every one cried, ‘ It is the Republic ! ’ He went to it, and found that it was Liberty. . . . Then he saw before him a fall, defeat, ruin, affront, proscription, and he said : ‘ It is well. ’

“ Suddenly, on the 15th of June, he went into the Assembly, and protested. From that day forward, the union in his soul of the Republic with Liberty was complete. From that day forward, without truce, without relaxation, obstinately, foot by foot, he fought for those great calum-

niated ones." Finally, on the second of December, 1851, he received what he expected : twenty years of exile.

"This is the story of what has been called his apostasy."

Hugo the "apostate" not only battled against the "republic without liberty" with his tongue in the Assembly, but he founded a journal and wrote vigorously in its columns. This paper, the *Événement*, which first appeared in 1848, was pursued and suppressed, times innumerable.

The *coup d'état* found M. Hugo in a prominent and dangerous position. He was one of the first to counsel an appeal to arms, and was also one of three appointed by the Assembly to make an effort to secure the aid of the legions of the National Guard. Crowds surrounded him in the streets, and inquired what it was the duty of the people to do. He urged them to rebel against the *coup d'état*. A shop-keeper, who heard him haranguing the people, came to him and said :

"Speak lower ; if they should hear you talking like that you would be shot."

"Well," answered Hugo, "you would bear my body through the town, and my death would be a good thing, if it should lead to the application of God's justice."

The excitement at one time was so great that Hugo was tempted himself to head a movement of the people, and to attack the army which supported Bonaparte. But he was stayed in this mad project. He dictated the famous proclamation, in which he declared Louis Napoleon a traitor, an outlaw, and a violator of the Constitution ; and a little later edited the proclamation of the Committee of Resistance. Despite all his eloquence, despite his cour-



age, which in those dangerous days was always unflinching; despite his heroic desire to sacrifice himself, he was finally thrust into exile. The first list of "enemies of the dominant power destined to be removed from France," bore Hugo's name upon it.

The poet left his country on the 11th of December, 1851. He would gladly have remained and suffered imprisonment, but his friends urged him not to do so. The Empire was all-powerful; was, strangely enough, winning praise and sympathy from countries freer and happier than France. M. Hugo was doomed to see Napoleon hailed as the Saviour, rather than the destroyer of his nation.

The Committee of Resistance, to which Hugo belonged, changed its place of meeting twenty-seven times, before the agents of the Empire succeeded in driving it out. At last, Hugo, in imminent danger, was prevailed upon to go to Brussels. He went there, and sent back to the frontier eloquent protests against the tyrannies consummated at home. In Brussels he wrote a "History of the Second of December," still unpublished; and "Napoleon the Little." This latter volume was a magnificent invective. Despite the vigilance of the police, it was circulated from time to time in France. In it the author pilloried the tyrant; and perhaps, also, immortalized him. "Napoleon the Little" will live long after many other works of contemporary authors on the same subject have been forgotten, even by librarians and book-hunters.

The invisible but powerful influence of the Empire procured Hugo's expulsion from Belgium. On the 1st of August, 1852, the poet embarked at Antwerp for England, and before leaving Belgian soil, made a speech in

favor of freedom, which echoed throughout Europe. He passed a few days in England, and then betook himself to the Island of Jersey, in the English Channel.

Hugo's position, when he first found himself in exile, was far from pleasant. Of all that he had possessed there remained to him but seven thousand five hundred francs, annual income. His career as a dramatist was at an end, if the Empire remained in power; and with the close of this career the exile had lost an income of sixty thousand francs per year. The hasty sale of his furniture had brought but thirteen thousand francs. He had a family of nine persons to support, and was compelled to go at once to work. He rented a modest house on the Marine Terrace, in Jersey, for fifteen hundred francs per annum, and labored night and day. His first Belgian publishers treated him badly, some of them printing his works without rendering him any account. That remarkable volume of poems "Les Châtiments," in which he scourged the men of the Second of December with the full force of his talent, not only brought him nothing originally, but actually cost him twenty-five hundred francs. The total profits of the editions of the "Châtiments" for eighteen years, were taken by foreign publishers.

In 1855 the French Empire prevailed upon the English Government to expel Victor Hugo from Jersey. On the 27th of October, 1855, in the morning, a gentleman presented himself at Marine Terrace.

"I am the constable of St. Clement," he said. "I am charged by His Excellency, the Governor of Jersey, to tell you that by virtue of a decision of the Crown, you can no longer reside on this island, and that you are required

to leave it by the second of next November. The motive of this measure taken with regard to you, is your signature to a 'declaration' posted in the streets of Saint Hélier, and published in the Journal *L'Homme*."

"Very well, sir," was Hugo's answer.

He had, in fact, signed a declaration disapproving the expulsion of some other refugees whose expression of opinion had given offense to the English Government, urged to its action by Bonapartist agents. He made a protest, but quitted Jersey on the stipulated second of November, and went to Guernsey. Indignation meetings, expressing the contempt of the British people for the action of the Government, were held in London and Glasgow. Hugo had the pleasure, five years after his expulsion, of addressing an immense audience in Saint Hélier, in favor of Garibaldi's projects. An address, signed by five hundred of the principal inhabitants of the island, begging him to come among them, is in his possession.

In Guernsey he was allowed to enjoy repose after persecution. He was among French-speaking folk, yet out of the reach of French law. The somber beauties of the stormy Channel, the rugged coasts, the mysterious dawns and twilights by the sea, the superstitions of the rude populations, and the hundreds of legends hovering about the towns, furnished him with new inspirations, and with rich additions to his literary capital.

The story of "Hauteville House," the modest mansion in which Hugo lived in Guernsey during the long period of his exile, and which he still leases and occasionally inhabits, is familiar to most general readers. There the

poet wrote many of his famous works ; there he taught his sons the lesson of conscience and liberty ; there he busied himself with works of charity ; thence he sent out letters, pamphlets, addresses, on every great event in Europe and America. He scorned and spurned the amnesty which the Empire offered him and his fellow exiles in 1859. He laughed at the idea of reconciliation with "M. Bonaparte," and in an open letter concerning that potentate, he once wrote :

"M. Bonaparte is right ; there is, in fact, a personal quarrel between him and myself ; the old personal quarrel of the judge on his bench and the accused in the dock."

It was from Hauteville House that the protest against John Brown's execution went out ; it was there that the poet wrote *Pro Christus sicut Christus* as John Brown's epitaph. It was there that the "Legend of the Ages," of which a second series is now in preparation—was written in 1859. When this poem was first issued, Hugo announced that it was but the first part of a trilogy. Perhaps he intends now to complete it.

The publication of "Les Misérables" was perhaps the crowning literary event of Hugo's exile. This astonishing work, translated into many different languages, and taking hold of the hearts of all peoples by its marvelous delineation of human sufferings and passions, brought the author new fame and much-needed money. The towering figure of Valjean, the exquisite delineation of the loves of Marius and Cosette, the wraith of Fantine, the immortal conceptions of Gavroche, the girl Thénadier and the good archbishop, thrilled every reader. The author's dramatic power had matured since he wrote "Marion Delorme"

and "Angelo;" and became almost startling in its intense effect in the descriptions of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, and of the street-fighting in Revolution time in Paris.

After the appearance of "Les Misérables," great numbers of Frenchmen consulted together as to the proper means of doing honor to the exiled poet and romancer. His publishers at Brussels organized a huge banquet at which M. Hugo was invited to preside. When the poet came to the table he found there Louis Blanc, Eugene Pelletan and a host of eminent journalists of all countries. Champfleury saluted Hugo in the name of the writers of prose, and Theodore de Bauville in behalf of the poets. This brilliant reception, which reflected so much credit upon the Belgian publishers and public, echoed loudly throughout France, and even the supporters of the Empire would have been glad to have shared in according literary honors to one of the greatest of living Frenchmen.

Hugo returned to Guernsey, and planned new romances. He was now universally recognized as the chief of the romantic school; he had abolished the tame and stiff classical rules, and put life and movement into French literature. Whatever the most conservative and prosaic of his countrymen might be inclined to think of the passionate headlong way in which he flung himself upon the solution of all leading and difficult questions of the time, they admired the splendor of his descriptions, the mingled majesty and tenderness of his pathos, and the vigor and vivacity of his character-sketches. The hates which his leading rôle in one of the great revolutions in French literature had

engendered, were nearly all dead when "Les Misérables" appeared.

The poet amused himself simply at Guernsey. He took long walks among the rocks and cliffs ; he gave dinners to poor children every week ; on Christmas eves he raised the gift-tree on his hospitable hearth, and gathered the orphans and the poor about it. "There are," he has said, "two manners of building churches. You may build them with stone, or with flesh and blood. A poor wretch whose sufferings you have solaced is a church which you have built, from which prayer and gratitude are continually offered up to God."\*

"The Toilers of the Sea" and "The Man who Laughs" were received in Europe with the same favor accorded "Les Misérables." They showed clearly the influence which a long sojourn among the natural wonders of the Channel Islands, and a familiarity with the English and French coasts, had exerted upon the poet. The figure of Gilliatt in "The Toilers of the Sea," is almost epic in its simple grandeur. In this strange book, too, through whose descriptions one can always hear the solemn roar of the ocean, Hugo manifested a strong sense of the humorous, which he had perhaps gained from much association with people of partially English habits of mind. In his early dramas, and even in his first romances, his wit, his satire always had in them gleams of ferocity ; the desire to wound with the sharp arrow always prevailed. He has

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\* Hugo's Guernsey dinner to poor children suggested a similar charity in London, which finally brought weekly sunshine to six thousand little ones.

been accused of a too complete worship of the grotesque in "The Toilers of the Sea," but only by those who cannot, and never could possess the faculty of seeing nature with the poet's eyes. "The Toilers of the Sea" should have been written in verse. As it is, however, the prose has a strange quality, an actual flavor of the wildness of the scenes, and the half-savage simplicity of the people is described. It loses much by translation.

No one but Hugo could have imagined the quaint conceit of the companionship of Ursus the man, and Homo the wolf in "The Man who Laughs;" none but he the sad and tender picture of the infant bridal—the unconscious betrothal of the deformed boy and the blind girl-babe. None but he could have pictured, with such terrible and withal truthful force, the shipwreck of the motley vagabonds and pirates in the same romance; none but he would have dreamed of making them recite the Lord's prayer in their different languages as the frail bark sinks beneath them into the remorseless waves. There are occasional bits of over-writing; segments of exaggerated color; fantastic patch-works which excite smiles, in this remarkable book; but none which, on the whole, detract from the power and fullness of the verdict which must inevitably be rendered in favor of Hugo's genius.

The years passed rapidly for the poet, for his life was terribly active. The memorable date of 1869, epoch when the Empire showed the most decided evidences of weakness, found him battling valiantly as of old, appealing to America in behalf of Crete; writing words of encouragement to the persecuted founders of the *Rappel* in Paris; acting as president of the "Congress of the Friends of Peace" at

Lausanne in Switzerland, and there grandiloquently saluting "the future revolution," which, as it happened, was only twelve months away. Late in 1869 and early in 1870, he repeatedly testified his profound admiration for and sympathy with the United States by letters written on important events in America. In 1870, he labored steadfastly against the *plébiscite* which Napoleon had placed before the French people, and in one of his letters said that the *plébiscite* was an attempt "to render arsenic palatable." When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, he urged the ladies of Guernsey to prepare bandages and lint for the wounded, and to send half of those charitable stores to the French, and the other half to the Germans.

The violence of Victor Hugo's protest against the *plébiscite* resulted in a citation, in May of 1870, to appear before the Sixth Correctional Chamber of Paris, to answer to a charge of having endeavored to excite hatred of and contempt for "the government." But when the exile returned to Paris, after the revolution of the fourth of September, in which the Empire had crumbled away, there was no one to molest him. Hugo's first work was to publish a proclamation inviting the Germans to declare the Republic, and to make peace with France. When the insurrection of the 31st of October (the Communal outbreak during the siege) occurred, his name appeared upon the rebellious committee list; but he disavowed its use, and subsequently refused to be a candidate in the elections for the Mayors of Paris.\*

The poet resolutely remained in the queen city through-

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\* In Paris each "arrondissement," or ward, has a mayor and an "adjoint."



out the siege. He wrote almost incessantly. He returned to his poems for consolation in his domestic afflictions—one of his sons had died some time before the close of his exile—and amid the sorrow which overwhelmed him as he looked upon the temporary wreck of his country. He labored and suffered with the humblest; his example was inspiring and his words were as good as deeds.

M. Hugo was elected to the National Assembly which met at Bordeaux just before the outbreak of the Commune. The Department of the Seine gave him two hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine, out of three hundred and twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and seventy votes cast. He was one of the earliest to make a speech against the preliminaries for peace, apparently thinking that, as the Germans had lost their great opportunity for a reconciliation after Sedan, it might be as well to fight the battle out. He resigned because the members of the Right refused to listen to him on one occasion, as they had refused to listen to Garibaldi three weeks previous. Yet he himself was scarcely more tolerant when an imperialist endeavored to climb into the tribune to apologize for the fallen Empire.

A few days after his resignation, his second son died suddenly, and Hugo returned to his beloved Paris with his dead, only to find the city on the eve of the great insurrection of the 18th of March. During the Commune, he remained in Paris; defended the Colonne Vendôme in spirited verse against the attacks of the populace; and made frequent endeavors to stay the tide of blood which flowed so freely there. At the close of the insurrection, he went to Brussels, and, in May, wrote a letter condemning the

decision of the Belgian Government relative to the insurgents. In his letter, he publicly invited Communist refugees to seek an asylum in his house. The Belgian ministry thought that this invitation was compromising to the nation's interests, and a royal decree required M. Hugo's immediate departure. Before he could go, his dwelling was besieged by a furious mob, and he was rescued by the police with difficulty. He once more departed for London, as he had done when exiled from Belgium years before. When he returned to Paris, after a brief absence, his first task was to ask for Rochefort's pardon, which was of course denied him. He was once more presented as the candidate of the radical press of Paris for the Assembly; but only conditionally accepted the mandate offered him. He was beaten, receiving only ninety-five thousand votes.

"The Terrible Year," a volume of poems reciting the events and the most remarkable episodes of the months of Prussian siege and Communal insurrection, was one of the fruits of Victor Hugo's sojourn in France during the twelve months after his return from exile. In this volume the poet's genius appears to have culminated; although there is but little of the tenderness and subtlety which one finds in "Songs of the Streets and Woods," and in the "Odes and Ballads," there is a wealth of lofty pathos, of sublime invective, of beautiful and vivid narration, and of almost superhuman pity. This volume was published by the author himself, in 1872, and was an unqualified success. The "Châtiments," in a new edition, also sold to the extent of a hundred thousand copies in the days of the siege. Many of the poems of the "Châtiments" were recited in the principal theaters.

“Ruy Blas” was revived at the Odéon Theater in 1872, and ran for a hundred nights; the average of the receipts every evening being five thousand francs. Honors and demands for his works in every elaborate form showered upon him. The “Livre des Mères,” “The Rhine,” a volume of early travels in Germany; “William Shakespeare,” a critical study; the little volume called “My Son;” the apostrophe to Paris; the selections known as “Literary and Philosophical Essays;”—all his writings have been sought since the war with an eagerness almost unparalleled in the history of literature. The appearance of “Ninety-Three,” that grand picture of the struggle between royalists and republicans in La Vendée, was generally believed to be the author’s final extended effort. But there seems no limit to his fertility. He has published since 1872 a voluminous record of his career, classified as “Before Exile,” “During Exile,” and “After Exile;” a treatise on “The Art of Being a Grandfather,”—an art which he tenderly cultivates in his old age; has planned numerous new volumes of verse, and is said to have left a powerful dramatic poem, which is not to be produced until after his death, as it deals rather severely with Holy Church. He is interested yearly in some journalistic project, and takes a vital interest in current events.

To-day, a serene old man, he lives quietly and modestly in Paris, up three flights of stairs, in the Boulevard de Clichy. His fine, keen face, framed in a grizzled beard, his penetrating gaze, his earnest and concentrated manner, hardly allow one to believe that Victor Hugo is nearly as old as this century. Few men at seventy-three are as alert and vigorous, even though they have led far less exciting

lives. He is the center of a brilliant society which adores him ; he is universally called *Cher Maître*, " Dear Master," by the literary and artistic guild ; retains the charming effusive manners of the old school, putting all the younger Frenchmen to shame by the excess of his gallantry ; and now and then goes to Guernsey to hear the song of the sea, and to read his poems by the beach. He always welcomes American visitors with extreme cordiality, and sometimes speaks longingly of a once projected visit to the United States, a visit which could only bring him new honors and added fortune.



## LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

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**Q**N the 16th of February, 1871, at a late hour of the afternoon, the National Assembly of France, which had then been three days in session in the theater at Bordeaux, was startled by a singular incident. The previous meetings had been stormy ; the seven hundred and fifty deputies had wasted much time in wrangling and recrimination ; and all parties seemed—so great was their zeal in tormenting each other—to have forgotten that they were called together to decide upon definite peace or farther war with Prussia. France was prostrate ; Alsace and Lorraine were in the hands of the conquerors ; the country was without definite government, a formidable insurrection was threatened in Paris, and a spirit of unrest and distrust was manifest everywhere in the provinces. The time was ripe for action ; without it France seemed on the brink of complete ruin ; yet the members of the Assembly made little, if any, progress.

The theater was crowded with celebrities from all countries. The members of the Assembly occupied the par-

quette. Behind the tribune, in the President's desk, sat the statuesque and imposing M. Grévy, who had presided over the Assembly of 1848. On the right were the Conservatives, with Thiers and other prominent statesmen on the front seats; on the left were the Republicans and Radicals, among whom were Gambetta, Hugo, Rochefort, Louis Blanc, and a host of other literary and political notables. "Incidents" were numerous. The slightest covert allusion of a satirical character to the political sentiments of one party aroused a veritable storm of hisses and reproaches from the other. There were moments when the honorable representatives seemed likely to come to blows. President Grévy found difficulty in establishing order and silence long enough to allow M. Keller, the deputy chosen to represent the delegation from Alsace and Lorraine, to make his declaration. When he had made it, not without traces of genuine emotion in voice and manner, announcing that the two provinces did not wish to be alienated from France, and asserting the inviolable right of their inhabitants to remain members of the French nation, a frightful hubbub ensued, and M. Grévy sank back into his chair in despairing attitude. The National Assembly seemed more like a gathering of wild beasts than like a collection of intelligent and accomplished statesmen.

While the confusion was at its height, there suddenly appeared in the middle aisle a little old man, with wrinkled face and stubbly white hair; he seemed to have got there by magic, for no one had seen him spring into his place; he looked around for an instant, much as a sailor glances over the sky in a storm; then, stretching out

his short right arm he made a curious down-stroke, which conveyed an impression of intense vitality and will.

Profound silence was established in a moment. The old gentleman thereupon made another gesture, throwing his arm up, as if to say,—“ Good ! now you will listen ? ” He then, in a thin, querulous, piping, but distinctly audible voice, began a sharp practical address. Every member listened with the utmost attention, and no one dared to interrupt him. He spoke for five minutes, nervously pounding the air from time to time, and sometimes hurling his words at the listeners, in a manner which made them cringe. He counseled moderation, accord, decency ; but, above all, instant action.

“ The settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question,” said he, “ will virtually decide whether we shall have peace, or continued war with Prussia.” Then, with an imperious gesture of command, he turned away. “ Come,” he said, “ let us to our committee-rooms, and let us say what we think.”

Two hours later, the commission appointed by the Assembly to recommend a chief of executive power, announced that its choice had fallen upon M. Thiers, who was none other than the little old man with the wrinkled face, and the stubby white hair. A few moments thereafter, the Assembly, which seemed in some mysterious manner suddenly to have obtained possession of its senses, proclaimed M. Thiers the head of the French Republic ; but not before the old man himself had unconcernedly and rapidly made his way out of the theater, as if he had forgotten something at home. The session was closed at once, and in less than a quarter of an hour the English

ambassador called upon M. Thiers at his hotel, and informed him that her Majesty's government had recognized *la République Française*.

There was not a little grumbling at the fiery impatience and the dogmatism of M. Thiers during the exciting days thereafter, while the Assembly was wavering between a decision for peace or war. But there was never an hour during those sessions when the venerable statesman could not, by sheer force of will, and by his luminous exposition of the exigencies of the situation, command attention and almost compel obedience. His hard common sense vanquished the exalted and illogical sentiment of the "war party," which was never willing to take into account the broken condition of France; and to his short and sharp speeches—always emphasized by nervous gestures—was due the influence in the Assembly which led to the necessary vote, according Alsace and Lorraine to Prussia, and agreeing to the payment of a war indemnity of five millions of francs. His southern blood, always betraying itself in his gestures, in his intense vivacity, never troubled the cold precision of his thought. While many of the wisest of French statesmen were now and then brought to the brink of despair, he never lost his head for an instant, but looked events calmly in the face, and had a remedy for every dilemma. It was not without sobs and tears that he described to the Assembly at Bordeaux, the details of the terrible bargain forced upon him by the Prussians; but the moment that he saw his own grief was likely to weaken the parliamentary morals, he was again hard and uncompromising in exterior. His enemies are fond of saying of him, that he rules men by appealing to their pas-



sions; and they have the courage to say this, despite the fact that, for half a century, he has constantly been engaged in recalling Frenchmen to their sober senses. From the moment that he darted into the middle aisle of the theater-parquette at Bordeaux, until the 14th of May, 1873, when he resigned his position as chief of executive power, he was the supreme ruler in France. Nothing was done without him. His work was visible in every department of administration; the ministers, during his régime, simply obeyed his commands.

The great men of France often spring from the lower classes of the people, and Louis Adolphe Thiers is a striking illustration of this fact. He was of very humble origin, and was early in life separated from the relatives of his father, who was a locksmith, and brought up by his mother's family—once rich, but at the time of Thiers' birth, reduced to pinching poverty. Born in Marseilles, April 16, 1797, Thiers studied and won a prize at the Lycée in that city; and then went to the college at Aix, where he led a kind of antic existence, which at first did him some harm. In those days the Academy was divided into savans of a royalist turn, and savans of the liberal opposition. The Academy offered a prize for eloquence. The subject being an *Elegy on the Character of Vauvenargues*. Thiers, who was in those days rather pompous and florid in his speech-making, sent in an elegy which was judged worthy of the prize, so far as its literary merits were concerned, but which the royalist members of the Academy found unsuited to their political taste, so that they adjourned their decision until the following year. When the time arrived for a new trial Thiers sent the same manuscript, but at the

same time prepared another with a view to catching royalist approbation, and dated and mailed from Paris. The academicians fell into the trap, and the ingenious Thiers obtained both the first and second prizes; whereupon he pocketed his honors, quitted Provence and came up to Paris.

Thiers at once entered journalism, and made it the stepping-stone to politics. He manifested early in life that versatility and broad range of knowledge which have given him a world-wide reputation. He joined the staff of the *Constitutionnel*, and after having had a lively experience and many quarrels in consequence of the freedom with which he wrote in the columns of that journal, he founded the *National* in 1830, with Armand Carrel; became its editor-in-chief, and was a sharp critic in politics. At the same time he was vigorously engaged in making studies for his "History of the Revolution," whose appearance created a sensation. He was among prominent men from the outset of his career in Paris, and took an active part in the movements which led to placing the Duc d'Orléans on the throne. His influence grew yearly, and he finally entered the Council of State, and was a sub-secretary at the finance-office, under Baron Louis. His journalistic record was a good though vehement one. He wrote on art, on the drama, on society and political parties, with equal freedom. He contemplated at one time a "General History of the World," and was just starting on an exploring expedition, when a change in the situation of parties led him to found the *National*. This was as thoroughly impudent and audacious under Charles X. as was Rochefort's *Lanterne* under the Empire. It was in the *National* that the

famous editorial entitled "The King reigns but does not govern," first appeared, a philippic which was copied in a hundred forms, and which led the royalist judges of the time to make many severe though unsuccessful efforts to crush the paper by fines and processes.

The young journalist and politician speedily acquired great honors under the Orléans régime. Even while in an obscure position he had prompted and inspired the higher officers of the cabinet, and it was not astonishing, therefore, that he was offered the position of Minister of Finance. He declined this office, and was almost immediately thereafter elected to the Chamber of Deputies by the good people of Aix, who had always cherished an affection for him. In the Chamber he soon gave evidence of his growing talents as an orator, and his capacity for leading and mastering men was plainly shadowed forth.

From the time of his arrival in Paris from Provence until 1840, his career was wonderfully brilliant. He was ultra-French in his views, aims, and ambitions; sometimes reckless in his expressions, and gradually came to be known as a kind of *enfant terrible* in European politics. He almost daily displayed the same passionate energy which he showed on the occasion when he drew up his famous "Protest against the Ordinances," a protest written and first read in the office of the *National*. When he had read it to the liberal deputies and journalists of the day, and some one suggested that it "be printed," M. Thiers cried out, "Printed unsigned? We want names and heads at the end of such a document! In straits like these a patriot should feel that he has no alternative but the guillotine or victory."

During the ministry of Casimer Périer, M. Thiers was not a member of the cabinet, but after the death of the great high tory minister, who had always regretted helping to overturn Charles X., he was recalled to power, and was at first given the portfolio of Minister of Public Instruction. This appointment did not, however, meet popular approbation, and M. Thiers finally took the Ministry of the Interior. While at this post he distinguished himself by the arrest of the Duchesse de Berri, thus putting an end to a revolution which was creating the greatest alarm in Europe. The Legitimists are accustomed to say, that Thiers acted meanly in employing the secret service funds to buy the man who betrayed the Duchesse de Berri; and this is the only accusation they bring against his fair fame. He next became Minister of Public Works; was active with other members of the cabinet in the measures which led to the siege and capture of Antwerp; presented and carried through in the Chamber a law voting one hundred million francs for public improvements, and many projects of municipal and departmental law; inaugurated the statue of Napoleon on the Colonne Vendôme, only to see it pulled down a generation later by the Communist faction; and engaged in the discussion of the treaty concerning American indemnities, a dispute which led to the retirement of M. de Broglie. M. Thiers then again took up the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, and was active in measures tending to repress the bloody revolution in Lyons and Marseilles. Later, he was at the head of the cabinet, and succeeded admirably until he found the country unwilling to send troops to help Spain in the affair of La Granja, whereupon he and his colleagues resigned, and he became

one of the leaders of the Left Center in the Chamber. From that time until 1840, he was often at the height of power, and led a checkered existence. He faced the Republic in 1848 boldly, and voted for Cavaignac, after he had done his best to form a successful ministry for the king, and had seen it and the royal power swept away by the revolution. When at last he consented to the presidency of Napoleon Bonaparte, it was not because he desired or believed that that presidency would be made the stepping-stone to an assumption of imperial power. He was among the first to denounce the imperialist intrigues, and had the courage to stand up, in the midst of groups of sneering republican deputies, who declared that the Empire's re-establishment was an impossibility, and to say "The Empire is an established fact!" From 1863 until 1870 his voice was always loud in denunciation of the usurper, and the man who had villainously broken his most sacred promises.

The contemporaries of M. Thiers have generally sung his praises. Even those who have been inimical to him, have always felt the subtle influence of the charm with which he surrounded himself. Louis Philippe never really liked Thiers, and in 1840, on the day when the latter was to be accorded the position of head of the ministry, the king said to a friend: "To-morrow I shall sign my humiliation." Although pretending to *bourgeois* instincts, the king hardly relished the rapid manner in which M. Thiers rose out of obscurity to the summit of power. Chateaubriand, much as he must have disliked the man who caused the arrest of the Duchesse de Berri, wrote of him: "He is the only man produced by the July revolution." But he liked

to rail at him as a *bourgeois* nevertheless. On one occasion he wrote: "I recognize in M. Thiers a supple, prompt, fine, malleable mind, possibly heir to the future, comprehending everything, save that grandeur which comes from moral order; without jealousy, littleness, or prejudice; he is extricating himself from the black and profound gulf of the mediocrity of the time." Lamartine found Thiers highly sympathetic. He said that he admired his "transcendent common sense." In criticising the "History of the Revolution," he said: "Man is in this history, but God is not. M. Thiers' history is a landscape without a sky." Elsewhere he wrote of Thiers as the "first of just, resolute, executive spirits, the most interesting and persuasive of orators, whom one never wearies of hearing, *because one can see him think through his skin.*" The delicate-minded poet was also fond of relating a story infinitely to the credit of M. Thiers. They had been dining together, when Thiers was sub-secretary of State under M. Lafitte. The conversation at dinner was gay, friendly, and unrestrained. Thiers had that day suffered a check in the Chamber, but, as Lamartine says, "The man had not lost a grain of his confidence, *his character surpassed his talent*; he felt as if each fall to the earth gave him fresh strength. As they were leaving, after dinner, they met in the ante-chamber an elderly woman, plainly and almost rudely dressed. She was asking for M. Thiers, who, as soon as he perceived her, ran to her, threw himself into her arms, and caressed her tenderly, then, leading her by both hands up to the poet he said, joyously: "*Tenez, Lamartine, this is my mother.*"

The chief cause of occasional rebellion against M. Thiers

in France has been the summary manner in which he has told his countrymen what to do, and the almost contemptuous way in which he has treated their objections. As he has usually been right, his obstinacy has increased with his age. It is the fashion to carp at his suggestions, and then to carefully follow them. He has been mistaken now and then, as in his absurd theory that railroads could not succeed in France, and in his evident belief that his country had a divinely instituted mission to send military expeditions wherever and whenever it pleased. When he has had a great measure to carry through, such as his plan for fortifying Paris, or his effort at centralization, or his plan for founding the liberties of the press, he has carried it with a resistless force which is perfectly amazing. He got into trouble with Lord Palmerston in 1840, and was forced to retire. But his influence, when outside the ministry, was very powerful. His means of warfare have always been honorable. In none of his campaigns against Guizot, or against the second Empire, is there evidence of anything low or mean on his part. His political processes have been cleanly. He has evidently listened to the voice of his conscience, and made common sense a lamp to his feet. He despised the *plébiscite* and other tricks by which Napoleon III. endeavored to strengthen his tottering throne. He understood the weakness of the Empire, and the decadence upon which France had entered under it. He was with the minority which voted against war with Prussia ; and the unreasoning Paris mob therefore broke the windows of his house in the Place-St.-Georges, and his constituents asked him to resign. He retired to Trouville, and thence generously sent the emperor such advice as his patriotism dic-

tated. He objected to the impeachment of Marshal LeBœuf, and after the declaration of the Republic, in September, 1870, proposed a commission of National Defence, which was no sooner established than he set off on a long diplomatic journey to London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Florence, to see what might be done toward alleviating the ills of France. From Italy he went to Tours, where the Provisional Government commissioned him to treat with the Germans for an armistice. The suspension of hostilities being secured, thanks to the wisdom and moderation of Thiers, peace soon followed, as we have seen, and the veteran statesman once more took the reins of power.

M. Thiers was implacable when dealing with the supporters of the fallen Empire. While the Assembly was in session at Bordeaux in 1871, the venerable president laid the burden of the responsibility for the Franco-Prussian war upon the backs of the Bonapartists. "Speak," he cried from the tribune to the imperialist deputies, "speak of the services rendered to France by the Empire! There are plenty of people here who will instantly find an answer to you!" Shortly after the decision of the Assembly to remove to Versailles, M. Thiers made a vigorous speech, in which he entered into a solemn engagement on the part of the government to preserve an equal balance between the various striving parties. If there was any doubt, however, at the time he was chosen chief of executive power, as to the sincerity of his belief in the value and necessity of republican institutions in France, the following paragraph from his speech at the time of the compact would seem definite enough to convince the most credulous:—



“Monarchists! Republicans! neither the one nor the other of you will be deceived; we shall occupy ourselves exclusively with the reorganization of the country. We shall always ask your aid in this process of reorganization, because we know that should we depart from the limits of our allotted task, we should divide you, and we should ourselves become divided. Under what form shall the reorganization take place? Under the form of the Republic, and in its interest.” And he maintained this attitude in the most steadfast and heroic manner in the face of a formidable and menacing opposition, which always sought to compromise him, until the date of his final resignation, when he was convinced that, for the time, his efforts were unavailing. In the exciting and troublous first days of the sessions at Versailles, when Paris was in arms, and France was in the most agonizing condition, M. Thiers constantly repeated that his mission was but to defend order, and to reorganize the country; yet he always maintained that he “had received a Republican State, and that he would stake his honor upon the preservation of it.”

His labors, during his presidency, were colossal. He began work long before other members of his household were astir in the morning, and often wrote and directed, with his own hand, thirty or forty private letters before breakfast. He kept a watchful eye on the Assembly's sessions, and was ready, at a moment's notice, to pounce into the tribune as of old, and to deliver long extempore speeches. He sometimes won a complete victory over his numerous and harassing adversaries, by a mere outburst of temper. On one occasion, in May, 1871, the Right

having absurdly demanded some useless explanations concerning M. Thiers' sentiments with regard to the Commune, he climbed into the tribune, white with rage, and in a broken voice refused to explain. "If I displease you, say so!" he cried, and then heaped upon the Assembly in general a storm of reproaches for its mean jealousies, its trickeries, and its ingratitude, as manifested toward him. The "explanations" were not insisted upon.

On the 22d of May, 1871, he announced the entry of Mac Mahon's troops into Paris.

His last administration was filled with exciting events, and noteworthy triumphs. His great speech, in which he gave to Europe a clear and wonderfully vivid account of the excellent financial condition of France, was a masterpiece. His declaration of loyalty to the Republic, at the time when the return of the Orléans princes to France was under discussion, was frank and thrilling; it strengthened republican sentiment throughout Europe. His conservatism was constantly shown in projects of law for regulating the press, and relative to the appointment of officials; it was strong enough to merit praise even from his enemies. He was ever ready to retire: on the day when, after seven months of trial, the Assembly believed him the man of all others who merited the dignity of President of the Republic, and, on according it to him, stipulated that his powers should endure as long as its own, his resignation was written and ready to be handed in. He demanded absolute confidence; without it, he refused to proceed a step.

From the 31st of August, 1871, until May 24, 1873, M. Thiers was more active than ever before. Early in

1872 he resigned, because the Assembly was disposed to refuse the maintenance of duties on raw material ; but he was persuaded to withdraw his resignation. He became more and more pronounced in his warfare against Bonapartist intrigues. While the mighty work of paying the war indemnity to Germany was swiftly approaching completion, he cheered and encouraged the country by his luminous expositions of commercial progress. He was interested in everything concerning the army, and, when the Assembly hesitated over the proposition to make five years the term of service, he menaced the deputies, saying, "Vote the five years, or I will leave you to yourselves." He was obeyed.

The numerous speeches in the Assembly and addresses to his constituents, in which M. Thiers declared his intention of founding a Conservative Republic, and indicated that it was daily becoming more and more firmly established, resulted in displeasing the Monarchists—who, nevertheless, had no good cause for complaint, since they were invariably treated with the utmost consideration. When the Monarchists reproached him as "Provisory," he retorted, "Make a definite government, then." When they asserted that he had broken the "Compact of Bordeaux," that he had been too frankly republican, he replied, "I found the Republic made. No one at Bordeaux asked me to establish a monarchy, and I cannot betray the trust placed in my hands. My conviction is that monarchy is impossible, since there are three dynasties for a single throne. I am accused of having broken the 'Bordeaux Compact', but all the parties to it have done the same thing." Meantime he urged constitutional reforms.

On a later occasion, he said, in an important speech, "Gentlemen, I am an old disciple of the Monarchy. I am what is called a Monarchist, who practices republicanism for two reasons : because he agreed to do so, and because, practically, to-day, he can do nothing else. That is the kind of a Republican that I am. I give myself for what I am." On the eve of his final resignation, he said, "It is often asserted that the country is not republican. Here is the exact truth. I have already stated it ; I repeat and affirm it ; among the upper classes, who are pre-occupied with anxieties about order, and who are, perhaps, right, there is some apprehension and repugnance ; but among the masses, do not deceive yourselves, the Republic has an immense majority."

The definite resignation of M. Thiers did not occur until after marked progress had been made towards the establishment of constitutional law, nor until the old statesman had received a dispatch announcing the signature of the treaty of the evacuation of French soil by the Prussians. It came suddenly, however, as the natural result of a coalition of Conservative forces against the man who was brave enough to accept the situation, and to endeavor to act honestly. In one of the most powerful and brilliant speeches of his whole career, M. Thiers reviewed his policy—the re-establishment of order, the liberation of territory, re-organization of the finances and the army, indignantly disposed the charges against him of connivance with the Radicals ; and then, finding that he had but a very small majority with him, he retired. But the singular combination of Orléanists, Legitimists, and Bonapartists, which compelled his withdrawal, did not accomplish its aim ; for,

on the 25th of February, 1875, it could not but admit that the Republic, which it had sought to mortally wound on the 24th of May, 1873, was stronger and more firmly established than ever before.

Thiers was but little affected by the intrigues and compromises which resulted in his withdrawal. "What," he cried, on one occasion, "if I were reduced simply to receive a salary in a hotel, which you have lent me for a few days, without having the right to make my opinion heard on the important affairs of my country, power under such conditions would seem to me a most despicable thing!" When the Assembly wished to banish him during debates, he overwhelmed the Member of the Commission which proposed the project with reproaches. "If," he said, "I were sprung from those noble races which have done so much for the country, I might stoop down and take the rôle of Constitutional King, which you offer me. But I, a small *bourgeois*, who, by study and labor, have succeeded in becoming what I am, I should not know how to accept, without real humiliation and shame, the situation which you propose." In one of his final speeches before the Assembly, he closed a review of his acts, as follows: "No, I do not fear for my memory, because I do not expect to appear at the tribunal of parties; before such a court I should be at fault; but I shall not be abashed before history, and I desire to appear at *its* tribunal."

M. Thiers, since his resignation, has devoted himself, as assiduously as ever, to the cultivation of the arts, of which he has always been a generous patron. His collection of bronzes, in his superb residence, in the Place-St.-Georges, is one of the most complete in Europe. The

Commune, although it willingly decreed the razing of Thiers's house, religiously respected his art treasures, and, with trivial exception, he found them unharmed. It is not long since the old gentlemen paid a lengthy visit to Italy, and collected many rich and costly souvenirs. In society he is charming; his curious head, in shape something like the pear, to which, in political caricature, it is always compared, is often seen in the *salons* of intellectual people in Paris; the small and now somewhat decrepit figure is often as nervous and alert as a boy's; and the wrinkled face, with its kindly expression, the forehead with its crown of bristling silver hair, are always hailed with admiration and respect. Thiers has always been fond of fun and practical jokes; has long been renowned for the superb taste with which he entertains company, as well as for the austerity of his own personal regimen; has a wonderfully tenacious memory, both for faces and dates; is predisposed in favor of old families and aristocratic gentlemen, and, when a republican president, sent a marquis as minister to Berlin, and a duke to London. He has a severe and never varying appetite for work, and keeps at it, with occasional naps, through the day. He withstood the fatigues and the anguish of the numerous interviews with the Prussians, while treating for peace, better than younger men could have done. Jules Favre has given, in his volume on the "Government of National Defenses," an interesting account of the negotiations of the venerable statesman with Bismarck. He has drawn a lively picture of the interview which he himself had with M. Thiers in a ruined and deserted house on the bank of the Seine, near the Sèvres bridge, on the windy November morning when

Thiers returned from his interview at Versailles. Even at that early period of the siege, Thiers believed that the situation of France imposed the necessity of conciliatory measures, and he said so frankly. But it was not until many months thereafter that he succeeded in making it evident to Frenchmen of all classes that concession and compromise were the only things which could save the country.

Thiers would doubtless have written more books had he been less in active life. He has not even taken the trouble, about which many inferior men are so punctilious, to preserve an account, written by himself, of his various administrations. His "History of the French Revolution" and "History of the Consulate and the Empire," are the only extended works which he has published. A treatise on "Property" from his pen, is well known in France. His public speeches would form a colossal collection of volumes; but he does not seem specially anxious to edit them. Little concerned about his record, he lives in action; his conversation sparkles with the fiery spirit of his time. When there are not events enough in France to occupy his attention, he turns it abroad, and his voice is always listened to with respect. His life is a splendid example of what industry allied with first-rate talents may accomplish. M. Thiers has won many laurels, but none more unfading than those which crowned his brow when he was President of the young Republic, whose existence he so valorously defended against a host of able and deadly enemies.

On the occasion of the celebration of his seventy-eighth birthday, M. Thiers was as sprightly as at forty, and seems

likely to live many years. He is always surprising his friends by venturing into some new field of inquiry, and the same restless curiosity and energy which led him to make a special study of political economy, and to take instructions in artillery practice, when writing his "History of the French Revolution," may prompt him tomorrow to visit Cochin China, or to sail toward the North Pole, note-book in hand, and his kindly features aglow with that enthusiasm which no frosts of age can chill.

M. Thiers made a great speech early in 1870, in the Corps Legislatif of the Empire, in favor of a return to protection. In this, as in many of his addresses during his presidency, his splendid financial abilities and his astonishing power of condensing, remembering, and arraying facts, were shown to marked advantage.


M. Thiers has for some time been engaged upon a philosophical work, but one volume of which is at present finished. Those who have been favored with a description of its plan say, that it will be the crowning glory of the venerable academician's reputation; and that he will be known by it long after his "History of the Revolution," and the "Consulate and Empire," and his minor works are comparatively forgotten. He latterly takes much more interest than in former years in the Academy, of which he has been a member since 1834.





## LÉON GAMBETTA.

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HEN the *affaire Baudin* was first reported in the Continental newspapers, Europe felt a thrill which wise men accepted as a foreboding of the coming revolution in France. It was a time when men were afraid of each other; Jean fearing lest Jacques possibly might be attached to the secret police of the Empire, and Jacques dreading denunciation by Jean. In those days people looked over their shoulders timorously when any one spoke ill even of the humblest official of the existing Government; and the men who wrote leading articles in prominent newspapers, kept suits of old clothes, good to go to prison in, at their offices.

Yet every man felt that this excess of despotism was likely to vanish in an instant; and when such men as Léon Gambetta stood up and spoke in thunder tones against the Emperor and his Empire, the impression was confirmed. *Avant couriers* of the army of liberty, these bold men did their work as recklessly as well. They did not spare themselves, nor did they ever undertake to conceal their senti-

ments. They declared war against Imperialism, and, hoisting the flag of the "Irreconcilable" party, they carried consternation into the camp of the Bonapartists.

In 1868, Léon Gambetta was an ambitious and active young lawyer, who had made his debut at the Palace of Justice in Paris by a remarkable defense of several persons prosecuted for conspiracy; and who had subsequently pleaded with success in numerous political cases. He was a hard student and a faithful follower of the debates in the Corps Legislatif. He studied the sessions of that body with a care and precision to which he to-day owes his admirable parliamentary knowledge, and the ease with which he bears himself in the midst of the most acrimonious debates. He never hesitated to speak his mind fully and openly; the secret employés of the Government hated him, because, as he was an advocate, it would have been bad policy to arrest him, and because he was continually exposing their odious tyrannies. He was noted, written about, contemned, but his rooms were not troubled by *perquisitions*, and his shoulder was not tapped by the gendarme's hand. Perhaps, had he been persecuted a little more severely, his zeal might have been less noteworthy; but it is hardly probable that he would have quailed even under the severest trials.

When the Imperial Government prosecuted those numerous journals in Paris whose editors had opened subscription-lists for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a monument to Baudin, one of the victims of the *coup d'état* by which Napoleon Third came into power, Gambetta was at once engaged to defend the *Réveil*. The people of Paris, on All Saints' Day, had covered the tomb of Baudin, in

Montmartre Cemetery, with flowers and wreaths of *immortelles*; and had otherwise silently protested against the continuance of a *régime* disgraced by such memories as that of Baudin's fate. Nothing could have been more fatal to the Empire than the perpetuation of the feeling which took such a stern and unrelenting expression among the common people, that it might at any time break into open revolt. So the hands of the Imperial censors were placed on the pens of the editors, and legal processes and summary imprisonments were the order of the day.

It was then that Gambetta raised his voice against the Empire, and made a speech which for beauty, vivacity, richness of invective, and bitterness of denunciation, is almost without a parallel in the French language. It was like a thunderbolt on the Imperial head. The young advocate stood up one dull December afternoon, in a little court of Correctional Police in Paris, and for several hours spoke with an energy and an inspiration which so overawed the tribunal that he was troubled with no interruptions. People sat spell-bound listening to the rankest and boldest treason, which, if said in an ordinary way on the highway by a commonplace man, would have consigned him to prison in twenty minutes. The rumor ran throughout the city that a great and rebellious speech was in progress; and prudent tradesmen got their shutters out of the cellar, and called their children home from school, fearing there might be riots in the streets. The police took more than usual precautions, and the cavalry was held in readiness to disperse any ominous-looking assemblages at corners.

By the time that Gambetta had reached that portion of his speech where he uttered these famous words: "Hence-

forth, we shall have a civic fête to celebrate in the name of our martyrs, and it will be the Second of December." the whole city was in a ferment. Gambetta was next morning the best-known man in France. The news of his daring speech crept mysteriously from town to town, despite the careful manner in which the Government watched the telegraph : and the whole address was in the hands of French electors in all sections of the country, within a week.

Gambetta was then a carelessly-dressed, nervous-looking young lawyer, whose olive complexion and intense manners betrayed his Italian descent. He was born in Cahors, on the 20th of April, 1838, of French parents, but the family came originally from Italy. His parents placed him, when quite small, in the care of some people whom he did not like, whereupon he wrote to his father, that if he did not take him back to his home at once he would put out one of his eyes. No attention was paid to this childish threat ; but Gambetta kept his word, and tore out an eye. But little else is known of his childhood. As a young man in Paris he was a hard worker, and a good companion ; and was admitted to the bar in that city in 1859.

His next important movement, after the speech in the Baudin affair, was his visit to Toulouse, where he went to defend a republican journal, called "The Emancipation." On this occasion he was more than ever frank in his declaration of war against the Empire. The people accepted him as their champion. The spring of 1869, with its alarms, its riots, its police measures, its cavalry patrols, and its hints at compromise on the part of the Imperial faction,

arrived. Gambetta became the candidate of the artisans of Belleville, and of the excitable populace of Marseilles. He went through a terrible electoral campaign, doing the work of ten men, and as soon as he had won, was prostrated with a painful throat disease. In Belleville he always presented himself as the candidate of the "irreconcilable opposition," and as such obtained 35,417 votes in that department, and 42,865 at Marseilles.

Although he went into the Corps Legislatif as the central figure in a group of men who had sworn never to accept the Empire or to forgive the Emperor for his treason, Gambetta did not find it necessary to indulge in revolutionary language while in the tribune. Whenever the truth demanded that he should call the Imperialists bad names, he did it boldly; but he aimed mainly to explain the theories of his party, and to help the people forward to something like real progress in constitutional government. His first great speech as a legislator was that in which he clearly pointed out the follies, foibles, and knaveries of the *plébiscite*, the pet instrument of the Bonapartists for securing their ends. This powerful speech was characterized by an extreme moderation of language, by great precision of ideas, and made a profound impression in all the large cities, where the *plébiscite* was ignominiously rejected. It has been said that so great are Gambetta's powers of fascination, that when he was making this speech on the *plébiscite*, even the Imperialists listened without disturbing him at all, and that some of them could not refrain from expressing their admiration. There were moments when his well-known frankness suddenly cleared up a difficult situation, throwing light on the attitude of

all parties. On one occasion he cried out to Ollivier, who had been tediously explaining some of the promised Imperial reforms: "We accept you and your Constitutionalism as a bridge to the Republic; that's all." Such flights of confidence always did good, rather than harm.

It was natural enough that Gambetta should have been prominent in the terrible days which preceded the declaration of war against Prussia, and that still more sombre period immediately following Sedan. He was not one of those inclined to purchase peace at any price; he had neither the wisdom and the general knowledge of Thiers, nor the mad and unfounded recklessness of the Imperialists. But he had an abounding belief in the genius of his countrymen. He fancied that, although they were to be brought face to face with a redoubtable enemy, they would find their ancient military prestige and their traditional *élan* the moment they were placed in a critical situation. His brain and heart had been severely over-tasked in the struggles in which he had been engaged concerning the internal policy of the country; such speeches as those which he made protesting against the *plébiscite*, and against the arrest of Henri Rochefort, demanded excessive nervous strain; and he had neither all his prudence nor his *sang froid* at command when the furious majority demanded the declaration of war against Prussia. He made little effort to prevent that declaration; but when he saw, to his overwhelming surprise, that France had been led into a snare, that the Empire was powerless to protect the country which it had so long governed, he turned manfully to do all that he could to save his native land. He welcomed the Revolution; he hailed it joyously as the dawn of a new

and better era. But, with his eyes fixed on the coming era of constitutional government, he readily recognized the necessity of honest and regular action; and he was one of the first to demand that every measure for overturning the existing Government, and for proclaiming the downfall of the Imperial dynasty, should have a legal character. He failed in his endeavors to accomplish this. On the 4th of September, 1870, he found the Corps Législatif invaded by the populace, and saw himself proclaimed one of the prominent members of the Government of National Defense. Then he took up his burden, and the world knows how nobly and faithfully he bore it.

Gambetta's colleagues, certain of his popularity, and of the plenitude of his strength, called him to the Ministry of the Interior. Favre had unlimited confidence in him; knew him for a skillful and acute politician, and a bold and brave man. Gambetta remained in Paris at his post for some time after the Prussians had surrounded the city with their investment lines. But he was continually crying out against the inaction which seemed one of the inevitable results of the fatal chain of disasters wound about France. He burned to be in the thick of the fray, and the other members of the Government, after much deliberation, consented to attach him to the delegation in the provinces. A decree announcing this decision was passed on the 7th of October. Gambetta at once left Paris by balloon, and after numerous adventures, succeeded in reaching Tours, where he was forthwith invested with the portfolios of the Ministers of War and the Interior.

Then began his astonishing career, during which, by the magic of his eloquence and the might of his unfaltering

courage, he concluded loans, named generals, raised armies, quelled dissensions, dispelled jealousies, and combined in his own person the executive faculties of half a hundred officers. Had he known how to handle the sword, France might have been saved. His voice was heard everywhere in the southern provinces, like a clarion, never sounding retreat, but always inviting to the advance. He wrote stinging and inspiring despatches to the members of the Government in Paris, and kept them inflamed with hope long after all chance of victory had vanished. When Thiers was making his first overtures for peace and an armistice, Gambetta continually preached an indefinite prolongation of the war. In a letter of November 4, 1870, written to M. Favre, at Paris, he condemned all efforts in the interests of peace; denounced a general election at that time as likely to endanger the chances of the Republic; and offered his resignation as minister, to take effect on the day that armistice and elections should be decided upon.

“During the whole siege,” writes Jules Favre, “M. Gambetta’s views and advice were uniformly the same. He believed sincerely in the success of his own endeavors, and always considered any efforts at negotiation as a certain cause of feebleness.” Gambetta believed that the Republic would be founded definitely and firmly if a signal victory were gained over the Prussians; and he fondly fancied that time and a “little more experience” would make solid troops out of the raw peasants who flocked around him and enthusiastically listened to his magnetic words. Even the fall of Metz did not shake his courage. “Never,” he wrote as soon as he had heard the sad news, “was the situation of France graver; never was the resolution to



fight to the death more clearly manifest." He issued a flaming proclamation to the armies in the provinces, in which document he branded Bazaine as a traitor, and made no small amount of political capital against the Bonapartists.

While the bloody battles around Orléans were in progress, Gambetta was almost constantly in the field. He urged resistance to the uttermost, and in December succeeded in rallying the armies to defend Orléans, even after the general in command had decided that retreat was necessary. On the 4th of December Gambetta set out for Orléans in a special train, to be present at the battle, and narrowly escaped capture by the Prussians. The railway was occupied, at a point near the village of La Chapelle, by a corps of Prussian cavalry, who had built barricades across the track; the engineer was but a short distance from this ambushade when he discovered it. Gambetta was compelled to take to the highway, and although near enough to hear the cannonading, he could not reach Orléans. He went back to Blois, his heart filled with anguish, and there, late in the evening, he received a dispatch announcing that the French had been compelled to evacuate Orléans. On the 11th of December he wrote to Favre that the delegation in the provinces had retreated to Bordeaux, and that he himself was endeavoring to put life into Bourbaki and his army.

The result of Gambetta's labors is well known. He continued struggling until he received the news of the armistice concluded by the Government in Paris. He protested, but submitted to a temporary cessation of hostilities, advising a desperate resistance when they should be

resumed. As soon as the Paris members of the Government annulled that decree of the Provincial delegation which excluded from eligibility to the National Assembly all the old functionaries and official candidates of the Empire, Gambetta resigned, and retired to private life.

In one of the last of the series of remarkable circulars which he addressed to Favre, during the siege, Gambetta thus speaks of the political situation, and shows that he was always more interested in the foundation of the Republic than in any scheme for personal aggrandizement, or desire for a mere military triumph :

“ France is attaching herself more and more to a republican régime. The masses, even in the back country, understand, under the pressure of present events, that it is those republicans, calumniated, persecuted, and defamed with such art for three generations, who are now the true patriots, the real defenders of the nation and of the rights of man and citizen. There is something more than esteem for them in this feeling : there is gratitude. Let us drive out the stranger, as we can and as we ought, and the Republic is definitely established in France.”

Gambetta wrote a great letter to Favre on the last day of that dread December of 1870, when the latter was meditating a journey to London to solicit European intervention ; but unfortunately the circular, filled with magnetic words of cheer, did not reach its destination until the 9th of January of the new year. It was resonant of defiance to Prussia ; it had the genuine courage of the “ forlorn hope ” in it. “ Go out,” he wrote to Favre, “ to London, to the conference. We will yet gather the fruits of our patriotism, and whatever may be the extent of our material

losses, we shall have assured for ever the grandeur and independence of France, under the ægis of the Republic ! Go then, committing to the republican party the keeping and the destinies of the defense ; go out to confer with Europe and to convince it of the justice of our cause : go out, above all, to aid us, in case that Europe remains deaf to your words, to bear forward to the very end the flag of resistance to a war made quite as much upon our national territory as against the sacred principles of *La Revolution* !”

“Who,” says Jules Favre, in commenting upon this circular, “in reading these ardent lines, can doubt the patriotic faith of him who traced them ? Who can seriously accuse him of having dreamed of dictatorship, when he begged me to come to him and to partake of his power ? I admit that he may be reproached for his passionate enthusiasm for the Republic, which, in his thought, too easily dominated that of country ; I even admit that one must almost tremble before his illusions, which permitted him to believe that France could support a war of extermination, and that Prussia must inevitably perish in it ; but that which every one must perforce recognize, is that he gave all that he had of feverish and exalted sentiment to the cause of deliverance ; and it is really as puerile as unjust to suppose that in presence of the supreme perils and the desperate chances which he defied with such reckless temerity, he should have lowered his spirit to the ridiculous conception of a supreme authority which could only have conducted him to crucifixion.”

In February, 1871, when the National Assembly was summoned to Bordeaux, whither some months before, as

we have already seen, the provincial delegation had been compelled to retreat before the Prussian advance, Gambetta found himself elected deputy from ten departments. He chose to represent the Lower Rhine ; and worked hard in the committee-rooms of the Assembly against the adoption of the preliminaries of peace with Prussia. His hot southern blood rebelled against the idea of surrender, and he found inspiration and confirmation of his desires and impressions among the chivalrous populations in and around Bordeaux. When the vote for peace was concluded, and Alsace and Lorraine were delivered over to their enemies, Gambetta joined with his colleagues representing the conquered provinces, and haughtily withdrew from an assembly with which they had no sympathy. Gambetta retired to Saint Sebastien in Spain, where he remained, reposing from the terrible fatigues which he had undergone, until the new elections in July, 1871, once more called him to the Assembly.

During the four years which have elapsed since that time, Leon Gambetta certainly has been one of the prominent leaders of the republican party in France. Year by year he has increased in moderation : the Gambetta of 1870, fresh from the campaigns against Napoleon III. and Prussia, would hardly be recognized in the politician who preached moderation a few months since at Belleville. He had no voice in the Commune, and said but little against it ; he understood the causes of that great and bloody insurrection, and lamented both those causes and their results. Although he has always been radical, in the better sense of the term, and is so to-day, as compared with the most conservative among the republicans, he has never seen

fit to separate himself, in any decisive manner, from the Left in the Assembly, save on one occasion, when he sustained the candidacy of M. Barodet against that of M. Charles De Remusat, although Grévy and many other uncompromising republicans supported the latter.

Gambetta's eloquence has been often but never adequately described. There is a wild passion in the man which is absolutely indescribable ; his character is like the ocean, whose might one does not stop to consider when it is tranquil, but which becomes imposing and awful in storm. This orator is never cold and stately ; his hollow and resounding voice is like that of some furious warning prophet of doom. His fiery sentences follow one another with such rapidity that there is little chance for interruption. When some noisy member of the Right sneers aloud, or flings a bitter taunt at the orator, a startling and crushing rejoinder is wedged into the address ; and while Gambetta is whirled along on the impetuous current of his speech, the interrupter sits dazed and ashamed in silence. Gambetta likes debate ; he revels in the excitement of sessions where angry and passionate discussions occur between the parties ; he interrupts often, although he contrives not to be interrupted. Sometimes his intense face will spring out of the mass of listeners on the Left, his arm will be outstretched, and he will cry defiant contradiction, or hurl the lie in the teeth of a Bonapartist or Orleanist deputy. When he mounts to the tribune, there is much whispering, there are many half-suppressed buzzes of admiration ; the ladies would rather hear him in one of his impatient moods than to see the best comedy at the Français ; the priests frown on, but admire him ; the *bourgeois* sits, half expecting to

see tumbrils, with victims for a new guillotine, coming round the corner when he goes into the street. Now and then judicious members of the Left catch Gambetta by his coat tails, and attempt to hold him back, when he rushes at the tribune, desperately spurred on, by his eccentric will, to get at and annihilate his enemies. But all attempts of that nature are vain, he will not bear checking ; his heart would burst if he could not pour out his thought like a stream of molten lava from his volcanic brain. When inspired with some idea which has no taint of battle or vindictiveness upon it, his language is rich and sensuous ; all the colors of the southern lands whence he came seem blended in it ; all the heats, the sudden showers, the lightnings, and the perfumes of the beautiful *Midi* appear to play through his phrases. Many of his speeches are filled with delicious imagery, worthy a poet's fancy : he unconsciously adorns the hardest and severest political facts with the vines and roses of the south ; he instinctively gives a graceful turn to the announcement of the most prosaic matter. There is nothing commonplace in him ; he always startles you with the unexpected ; there is an infinity of gesture, of accent, of expression ; force and vigor manifest in a hundred ways ; unutterable things looked and acted ; great reserved force behind all.

Murray has given us an instance of the power of Gambetta's eloquence, in the following words :

“The lustre of the Café Procope has waned during the present century, but five years ago any stranger entering it of an evening might have seen there a young man who is, perhaps, destined to set a deep mark upon history. He was an almost briefless barrister then, a dark Italian-blooded

young Frenchman, blind with one eye, not over-well dressed, but with a voice as sounding as brass. It was the magic of the man, this voice. When silent he looked insignificant enough, but once he began to speak, the rather Bohemian crew of friends around him awoke to admiration. The desultory customers scattered about the other tables would prick up their ears, and the landlord would hurry about in a scared fashion, to beg the impetuous orator to speak lower—because—and here a whisper. But he with the ringing voice would shrug his shoulders at the ‘because,’ even when there was M. Pietri’s name tacked on to it. He held the evening newspaper in his hands, with the report of a speech delivered by some one of that twenty-three, say Jules Favre or Ernest Picard, who breasted in the Corps Legislatif the mob of M. Rouher’s blatant henchmen, and until the speech had been read through from end to end, with sonorous bravos at the telling points, there was no stopping him with dread of eavesdroppers. Then, when the paper was laid down, more drinking of beer would ensue than perhaps the matter strictly required, and the young barrister would flash out into blazing comments on what he had read, adding what he would do and say if the chance were afforded him. Nor did his Bohemian friends smile at this. Each man among them felt that limitless confidence which impecuniosity begets, and they were also firmly persuaded that if their companion could only find the opportunity he would soon set men’s tongues rattling about him. Their companion did find the opportunity : and next day the name of Gambetta was famous from one end of France to the other.”

Camille Pelletan, an impartial critic, has given in the

following paragraphs some idea of Gambetta as an orator in the National Assembly, when he was exposing the conduct of the administration with regard to the control of the press :

“Imagine seven hundred passionate deputies listening to this crushing revelation ; a handful of fifty, still faithful to the ministry, who had scented the danger from the very first, and who interrupt, cry, deny the evidence, make an uproar in every conceivable manner ; three hundred republicans, indignant and triumphant, saluting the most cynical passages of the speech with formidable hurrahs ; the mass of the Right and Center Right taken completely by storm, stupefied and confounded, irritated at its own confusion ; in vain kicking against the pricks ; all this crowd surprised, tempestuous, undecided, bursting into fury, then relapsing into calm ; given to colloquies, fluctuations, and incertitude.

“Gambetta was astonishing in the midst of the tumult.

“He spread himself out, leaning on the tribune ; reading and battling, with a retort for every aggression, making room amid the uproar for the redoubtable document, by his speech, as by a rapier ; detailing, commenting upon each phrase, each word, with his hollow yet sonorous voice, and his grand and powerful gestures, which knew well how to give such terrific explosion to anger, and such comic force to irony ! He went on in disorder, his hair streaming over his brow, shaking his head, and throwing taunts at his interrupters, distributing sledgehammer blows, sowing apostrophes and sarcasms broadcast, laying stress upon and giving tenfold importance to each word of the shameful secret document.”



Another description of one of Gambetta's wonderful improvised speeches, where his words fairly burn with genius, is worth giving. It pictures the orator combating certain restrictions with regard to electoral law :

“Never has the instant glance, the inspiration of the moment, the genius of the impromptu, been carried so far before. Gambetta has his reason, his passion, his gaiety, all upon his lips at once. He is in good humor ; he overflows with sparkling nonchalance ; his force, his joy, his victory sparkle resplendent round about him ; sure of himself, he goes confidently forward, superb, full of life, laughing, triumphant before the eyes of all. He is at his ease, he feels his force, he enjoys the blows he gives, he abandons himself to the influences of the moment ; one might almost imagine him overcome with his own effusive eloquence. He is familiar, jovial, full of good fellowship. Then, suddenly, changing his tactics, he becomes more contained, logical, and pushes a faultless dialectic straight against his adversary ; then, with sudden bound, he attains the highest and most poignant notes of passionate declamation ; gathers together his oratorical thunders, with an imperious frown, and startles the whole Assembly with their loud resounding peals.”

The same writer well says of Gambetta's spoken thought : “These living marvels of the improvised word do not exist in their entirety save at the moment of their utterance. They fade the instant that they are transcribed ; a report gives only their dead form.”

Gambetta is never more outspoken or more eloquent, than when dealing with the Bonapartists. For them he has no pity ; nor does he choose his words in speaking of

them. In June, 1874, replying to Rouher, who had hoped to divert the attention of the Assembly from Bonapartist intrigues by falling upon and vilifying Gambetta, that fiery orator sprang into the tribune, and speedily demolished his assailant, with a few biting sentences. On this occasion, too, Gambetta's tongue ran away with his prudence, and he denounced the Imperialists as "wretches." This he did with thunderous voice, and sweeping gesture, and refused to retract it when the whole Assembly, under the influence of rage and excitement, was transformed into something very like Bedlam. The president, at the end of half an hour's tumult, requested Gambetta to explain himself concerning the "outrage" which he had addressed to Monsieur Rouher.

"It is certain that the word which I have just pronounced," answered Gambetta, "is more than an outrage; it is a brand; and I maintain it."

The president did not dare to order a vote of censure on Gambetta's conduct, for Gambetta's partisans at that moment were in the majority. The "ex-Dictator," as he is sometimes called, went majestically down from the tribune, passing serenely through a crowd of Bonapartists, each of whom was anxious for vengeance. As Gambetta entered the railway station at Versailles, that evening, on his way home to Paris, a Corsican who had once been an officer in the Imperial Guards under the Second Empire, threw himself upon him, crying out,

"You have called the Bonapartists wretches! Well! I am a Bonapartist!"

He endeavored to strike Gambetta, but the orator was defended by his friend Guyot Montpayeroux, who accom-

panied him, and the ambitious Corsican was given into the hands of the police, who, however, allowed him to escape.

The next day the principal hall of the Sainte-Lazare railway station in Paris, through which the deputies going to Versailles are obliged to pass, was filled with policemen, who seemed to be, strangely enough, more in sympathy with the Bonapartists than the Republicans. Whenever the latter made any aggressive remarks, they were at once arrested and locked up; while the police agents doffed their hats as Rouher went by to the train. As Gambetta entered the station, a second attempt to attack him was made; a young man rushed at him, but the police did not arrest the would-be assassin. In the evening Gambetta was a third time assailed, and received a heavy blow on the forehead from a cane in the hand of some enthusiastic friend of the Empire, in the crowd at the Versailles station. None of these attacks disturbed the composure of the man who had dared to brand the Bonapartists.

It was in June, 1874, that Gambetta applied his brand to the august brow of M. Rouher. In July, 1875, he felt called upon to use strong language once more. At that time, there had been some important disclosures of Bonapartist intrigue, and it had been shown beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the ministry had not performed its duty by crushing the Imperial conspiracy in the bud. Gambetta's rage knew no bounds. He was splendid and colossal in his indignation. He was also somewhat injudicious, but he spoke without disguising his thought, and accused M. Buffet, the then Minister of the Interior, of apologizing for the Bonapartists. He created a storm quite as violent as that which he had provoked thirteen months before;

for he characterized the utterances of the Bonapartist deputies as filled with "impudent audacity."

The President of the Assembly requested him to withdraw that expression.

"That expression means," said Gambetta, "that all those who have taken oaths and afterwards violated them, that those who have lied to France with regard to Rome, to Mexico, to Sadowa, who have lied about everything, are shamelessly audacious creatures when they talk of political probity."

The president again requested Gambetta to withdraw the expression.

"It exists in the language," coolly replied the orator, "and there are people who merit it."

Whereupon Gambetta was called to order. But he did not leave the tribune until, in the name of the republican party of France, he had warned the lukewarm ministry not to rely on the moderation of the Republic, unless it fulfilled its duty by protecting the new Constitution sacredly, and punishing all Royalist and Imperialist conspirators. In this final half-threatening speech, which had much weight, because Gambetta had for some time previous been exceedingly moderate, and had counseled patience and forbearance, even to the restless populations of Belleville and other popular quarters, the orator was almost sublime. In dignity, in beauty of expression, in might he has no rivals in the Assembly on such occasions as these.

One day shortly before the famous 25th of February, when the young Constitution of the Republic was in imminent danger, Gambetta gave another astonishing proof of his powers. He fairly threw himself into the

tribune ; his haste was almost grotesque ; his hands trembled, his lips quivered with the indignation which was the vital spring of his action. He concentrated the attention of the deputies, wearied with a long session ; he held them all spellbound ; he was at that moment an *orator* in every sense of the word.

“Because,” says an impartial French critic, “beside those great men—his equals—each of whom one may perhaps prefer to him, according to one’s habits of thought—if one considers eloquence in its proper and traditional type ; if one finds it in the loud resounding of thought expressed in the sudden inspirations of the moment ; in that imperious decision which gives to discourse the value and force of action ; in that consuming and totally exceptional passion, which frees itself from the crowd that it may communicate to it its magic contagion ; in the gallop of words, directed by the skillful hand of a politician ; in this great movement, by which doctrines, arguments, the tactics of the tribune, all animated, uplifted, borne onward in a large and rapid current, envelop and bear along the crowd with them—if this be eloquence in its proper sense, in its most characteristic type—then M. Gambetta is at this moment, the orator *par excellence*. He is such by nature, by temperament, almost in spite of himself ; he is an orator even when he has the pen in hand. He was born to press with his nervous heel the pedestal of the legislative tribune.”

Gambetta has received many such handsome eulogies from generous contemporaries : but his enemies and his hostile critics outnumber his friends. No man has more jealous and vindictive foes hidden in the shade of their

own obscurity, ready to strike him with the stiletto of slander. These creatures like to insinuate that he was corrupt during the last war. They laugh maliciously when told that he lives in the simplest style, and insist that he does it for political effect. They talk mysteriously of his hidden wealth, and eagerly seize upon anything which proves that he blundered during that marvelous campaign, when he performed unaided the duties of Minister of War, of the Interior, and of Finance ; when for four months he was practically dictator for all France outside Paris, and when he labored with gigantic strength and indomitable patience.

Gambetta was frowned upon by Guizot, who said that he had heard that the young man frequented wine-shops. It was for a long time the custom in fastidious French society to decry the young republican, and to speak scornfully of his habits and associates. But no one paid less attention than he to the thousand scandals circulated concerning him. He is a great deal out of doors, and democratic to the last degree in his habits and manners ; and is usually surrounded by troops of friends, who will fight for him whenever it becomes necessary. He has a supreme contempt for those troublesome people who, like the Cassagnac, and other parasites of the Bonaparte dynasty, are continually sending him challenges, or threatening his life, or warning him to desist from his outspoken ways. Not long ago, the elder Cassagnac saw fit to challenge Gambetta to a mortal combat, but was put aside so effectually that he lost his temper and threatened to kick the orator whenever he should meet him in public. Gambetta received this warlike announce-

ment with serene composure, and has not yet been kicked.

No man grows more steadily and rapidly in public estimation than Gambetta. His enemies hoped that he would ruin himself by excess of radicalism ; but, whatever may have been the effect of such a speech as he made at Grenoble, when he hinted at the great changes which society is necessarily undergoing in France, they have been more than counterbalanced by the extreme moderation which he has many times since shown. Gambetta is fast ripening into a statesman ; he can certainly move the masses as no other living Frenchman can ; and some day the man who has branded the Empire, who has been president of the Republican Union in the Assembly, may be chosen president of the Republic which he has so largely aided in establishing upon a solid basis of constitutional law.



## JULES SIMON.



**J**ULES SIMON is both honest and great. A fine orator, a shrewd and cautious politician, a patriot of noblest type, a philosopher of no mean order, and a careful student of social science, he is one of the foremost figures of his time. He struggled up from the ranks of the masses ; his origin was humble, and his youth was a perpetual battle for bread. He has always been a good fighter in the cause of truth, and, consequently, has many hundreds of enemies. The Church has exhausted its thunders of invective against him in vain ; he has never swerved an inch from his course for either denunciation or intrigue. The second Empire could neither frighten nor tempt him ; he looked upon it with unutterable scorn, and refused the honors and places which its menials offered him. His hands are clean, and his heart is pure. He has lived to see some of his most precious schemes for the education of the people thwarted by the manœuvres and false representations of a jealous clergy ; but he has begun the rebuilding with that sublime faith in



the final triumph of his cause which has characterized all his efforts. The sweetness and grace of his nature do not seem to have been affected by the harsh conflicts in which he has been engaged so often and so long. The steadiness and concentration of his aim prevent him from indulging in the nervous and undignified paroxysms of recrimination which disfigure the oratorical efforts of some of his adversaries. He is never ill at ease, not even when a hundred hostile batteries are playing upon the camp of which he is often the only defender. No hubbub disconcerts, no angry storm of reproaches and sneers alarms him. The natural dignity of the man asserts itself above the clamor and unrest of the lesser men who combat his ideas. Although he grows impassioned when reciting the woes and wrongs of the working classes, he is rarely tempestuous or spasmodic. Yet he is wonderfully effective. Here is a French analysis of his eloquence :

“The tribune is for M. Simon a veritable stage, which he fills entirely with his oratorical action. He turns about ; he walks to and fro ; he poses with sovereign ease and familiarity, agitated by the genius of his mobile and multiform eloquence, and as if he wished more effectively to pour out upon each group of the Assembly the words specially destined for that section. Every thing about the man speaks ; the features, whose hasty play runs with marvellous agility through the whole gamut of the passions ; the arms and the body, whose studied gestures transcribe and support the thought ; the hands, above all, in turn, nervous, insinuating, imperious, demonstrative, imitating, caressing ; *loquacissimæ manus*. Nature has given M. Simon only a meager and suppressed voice ; but he knows

so well how to manage it, to soften, to modulate it, that this imperfect voice has become for him an instrument of extraordinary delicacy and precision, and that he draws from it just the effect which one would think it most likely to refuse,—that of seriousness !”

M. Simon’s enemies would say quite as much as this of him, and, indeed, they do praise him freely, although they speak of him as calculating, and deny that his eloquence is spontaneous. Even a friend has spoken of him as follows :

“ One should see him bringing into play at his will all these powers ; the oratorical movement, with its powerful impulse, but regulated according to the demand of the moment ; emotion and almost tears, but in doses according to a well-established formula ; raillery, always measuring its bite, and dissimulating its smile beneath an imperturbable gravity ; a rare lucidity, but distributed by calculation, and concentrated only on those points which do not gain by being left in shade ; passion, indignation, violent anger, but all well-tamed, and, like domestic lions, growling or growing appeased at the master’s order. One should see him playing on all these instruments like a consummate virtuoso ; proud, imperious when it is necessary, but supple from preference, and marvelous in turning, in evading difficulties, in diverting attention, and in making delicate demonstrations. One should see him with his watchful eyes always spying out every corner, even during his warmest oratorical outbursts—pricking up his ears, carefully noting the assemblage, catching on the fly, even guessing at every sensation, from signs imperceptible to others, which he perceives ; always

knowing, each time that he makes a special appeal to his audience, what response the crowd will give out ; and so surprising in his analytic glance and his presence of mind, that, when a *lapsus* escapes him, one feels like swearing that even the *lapsus* was arranged beforehand."

Jules Simon has given many noticeable addresses before the legislative assemblies of France ; but his qualities never appeared to better advantage than in the mighty effort which he made against the "Septennate," when that question was under discussion at Versailles. On that occasion, as a noted critic said of him, "he, the most astonishing of temperate orators, managed to produce all the effects of a speaker of vehement eloquence." He is always listened to with profound respect, partly because it is as good as a play to watch him, and partly because his air of intense conviction challenges close attention. In his Septennate speech he reviewed the evils of a personal government, and condemned those feeble and wavering apostles of the old *régime* who could not see that France had gained rather than lost by taking the power into her own hands. He laid aside his arts as he went on and entered upon a long and splendid defense of moderate republican principles. In this defense there was no violence of language ; yet when it was over, every member of the Right felt as sore as if he had been beaten and bruised. "An irresistible oratorical current," said a writer who analyzed the speech on the following day, "traversed the discourse from one end to the other ; but one felt it more than one saw it."

Some one has said of Jules Simon, "He has in his character everything necessary to have made an honest

Talleyrand ; suppleness which stops where ruse begins ; energy developed in mildness ; the steel blade in the velvet sheath." These qualities have of course received their chief development since M. Simon went into active politics ; and in the field where he has been fighting for the last ten years, he has needed every one of them. When he came to succeed Victor Cousin in the chair of philosophy at the Sorbonne, no one would have ventured to predict that Simon would win signal triumphs as a cabinet minister and an orator in the Assembly. The youth of twenty-five was, in outward manner, as unlike the man of three-score as can well be imagined. Simon does not look like a bookish man, nor like one who has burned the midnight oil, although he has, and plenty of it. At the first glance one might fancy him a director or counselor of some large railway company, or the prosperous head of a huge mercantile enterprise. Time has dealt gently with him ; he has been too much occupied with schemes for the bettering of his kind to devote many moments to the deterioration of his own constitution ; and he has many years of work yet before him. He is not rich, for he has been unselfish, and sometimes a little negligent of his financial interests, but he has a comfortable position, and is doubtless completely satisfied. A good many of the same people who have caviled at him because he remained a long time in the ministry of Public Instruction, and who like to hint that he sought after the emoluments of the office, or he would not have remained in the midst of his adversaries—a good many of those same folks would have filled their pockets had they had the opportunities which he never improved.

M. Simon was born at Lorient, in the department of Morbihan, on the 31st of December, 1814. The name given him by his parents was Jules François Simon Suisse, but he adopted the name of Simon, and has never been known by any other. He studied first at the little college in Lorient, and at another similar one in Vannes, after which he entered as an assistant teacher in the Lycée at Rennes. He achieved his education for himself. In the preface to his interesting volume on "Capital Punishment" he has given us a glimpse of his youthful poverty. He says: "I had just completed my studies in 1833—literally at my own expense—giving morning and evening lessons in writing and spelling to pay my board and my fees in college. I went to Rennes on foot to pass my examinations as bachelor there, and I was officially received into the normal school. My comrades never knew that I went without my dinner every day that it was not served in the college. But I do not complain, even though my childhood and youth were somewhat troubled with hardships; nor am I sorry that I passed my early years, I who am a free-thinker and a republican, among Catholics and Carlists."

He remained at the normal school for some time, was received as fellow of philosophy in 1835, and professed that science successively at Caen and Versailles. At the latter place he achieved a brilliant success, and it must have been with pleasure that he returned, forty years thereafter, to the charming old town, as cabinet minister and one of the leaders of his party, although he voted for the return of the capital to Paris. He was a far more popular man than Victor Cousin, whose earnest disciple he was; and who called him to Paris, and secured for him a charge at the

normal school in that city. He was for a time a supplementary lecturer on the history of philosophy, but a year after his arrival in Paris, he became the principal lecturer. In 1839, he succeeded M. Cousin, at the latter's request, in the philosophy course, and for twelve years had a shining career as one of the most promising university men in France. His philosophical lectures were far more attractive than Cousin's had ever been, and the Sorbonne was better frequented on "philosophy days" than it has ever been since. Some people fancied that Simon would have strength enough to found his own school of philosophy, and even to surpass the reputation which Cousin had left behind him; but these hopes were soon checked, and were not revived; because it daily became more and more evident, toward the close of Simon's stay at the Sorbonne, that he had taste and aptitude for politics. Some people shrugged their shoulders, and denounced the professor as ambitious; others thought him foolish.

But the real truth was that the professor demanded a wider field of action than he found behind his lecture-desk at the Sorbonne, and he was not sorry when the opportunity came to plunge into politics. He became the candidate of the moderate opposition in the department of the Côtes-du-Nord in 1846. In his campaign circular he declared that he belonged to the Constitutional Left, demanded electoral reforms, and attacked the Guizot ministry, saying that it humiliated the dignity of France on every possible occasion. This was a popular programme; yet the enmity of the clergy, and, perhaps, the fact that Simon was a state functionary in a university, secured his defeat. No whit discouraged, he kept up his acquaintance with the

political world. In December of 1847 he founded, in company with one of his most distinguished university colleagues—with whom he had already published a “Manual of Philosophy,”—a political and philosophical review called “The Liberty of Thought.” Simon edited the political department of this publication ; and his ideas made progress in the outer world. After the Revolution he was warmly welcomed into the arena of politics, and was elected to the Constituent Assembly from the same department—the Côtes-du-Nord—which had previously rejected him. He classed himself with the Moderate Left in the Assembly, and entered with some ardor into the work of the committee on the organization of labor. He had been elected by sixty-five thousand six hundred and thirty-eight votes from a department where both organization and re-organization were imperatively necessary ; and his advice and aid were warmly received. In addition to his duty to his constituents, he worked on the labor question because he loved it. During his earlier years at the Sorbonne, he had written much on the subject, had talked with what then appeared great boldness about economical reform, the condition of the working classes, and labor and capital. He was listened to with deference ; for he had already been decorated with the Legion of Honor as a public educator ; had written much in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on philosophical and practical subjects ; and although moderate, was liberal. He spoke several times in the Constituent Assembly on the subject of educational reform, and energetically defended the rights of the State and the principles of the University. He was selected to bring forward the law on primary instruction framed by Carnot, which was succeeded

by the famous Falloux law. In the labor committee M. Simon did much to combat the influence of the dreaded M. Albert, whose faults and merits have been so faithfully portrayed by M. Louis Blanc in his "History of the Revolution of 1848."

When the troubles of June, 1848, came on, Jules Simon displayed great firmness of character. He was one of the representatives who went resolutely into the rebellious quarters of Paris, and made overtures of conciliation to the rebels. It never occurred to him that his life was in danger; and so great was his coolness that one day while he was behind a barricade, endeavoring to reason with the insurgents, one grim fellow said, "Suppose that we should serve you as we served the traitor Bréa?" Whereupon Simon coolly indicated that he wished they would, if they would only consent to conciliation afterwards. His coolness saved him then, as it helped him when he was the temporary prisoner of the spasmodic commune of October, 1871.

Simon manifested his hostility to Louis Napoleon when that worthy was before the French people as a candidate for prince-president. He had taken to journalism as a means of airing the principles which led him to fight against the Falloux law, and Napoleon's candidacy came up, just as Simon was preparing to become a member of the staff of the celebrated *National*. Simon was at one time suggested for a member of the Council of State, but he did not succeed in obtaining a place there. He contented himself with vigorous articles upon current politics, and it is curious to note that he, with unerring instinct, registered his opposition to every one of the measures which preceded and con-



ducted to the *Coup d'Etat*. When Napoleon came into power, M. Simon found his course of lectures at the Collège de France suspended. He was asked to take the oath of allegiance to the Empire, and naturally refused in a manner which made his contempt and loathing clearly manifest. He was therefore coolly considered as having resigned. He shut the door of the University resolutely behind him, and stepped down into the field of politics and literature with an air which boded no good to usurpers and frauds in general, and to one usurper in particular. He worked hard with his pen and wrote a number of good books on social and religious topics, which added immensely to his reputation. He gave lectures in Brussels, in Ghent, in Liège, in Antwerp, where he said what he pleased, and gave the Emperor many an unpleasant thrust. He interested himself in the condition of the working classes; and there are few books on the condition of oppressed women-operatives in large cities more tender, more considerate, more truthful, than Jules Simon's volume called "The Workwoman." In it he pictures, with startling force and graphic power, the miserable existence of the women who are ground under the heel of the tyrant capital; and traces to their miseries the causes of an hundred social ills which disfigure France. He took up, in his books on the "Ouvrier de Huit Ans," and on "Labor" and "The School," difficult and delicate questions, and discussed them with freedom and a richness of illustration and suggestion which has made them authorities on the subjects of which they treat. He became so thoroughly interested in the labor question, that the first speech which he made in the Corps Législatif, was with regard to the liberty of toil. He was welcomed by liberal-minded

men, to the circle of deputies, as a true patriot, who, as a legislator, would be sure to do the country good. He had presented himself as a candidate in 1857, from Paris, but was defeated. In 1863 Paris sent him to oppose Imperial ideas, and on the 19th of January, 1864, he delivered his first speech in the body where he was destined to play such an important rôle.

Simon's ideas with regard to education were just and liberal, and the emperor was shrewd enough to understand that with Jules Simon for Minister of Public Instruction, he could boast that the Empire was inclined to liberality and progress. The good deputy was repeatedly offered the seductive bait of the ministry, with handsome appointments and great liberties, which were, of course, only imaginary. But he would not take the sop. He put away gently, but firmly, all the tempters who came to him. Many of his friends who did not possess his foresight called him penny wise and pound foolish; they even reproached him for not taking advantage of his opportunities. But he bided his time.

In 1869 he was re-elected from the departments of the Aisne and the Gironde, and soon became a chief in the republican party. To his eloquence and that of Jules Favre, the overwhelming ridicule under which the Empire's so-called "liberalism" was buried, was largely due. The overthrow of the imperial edifice, after the unhappy termination of the Franco-Prussian war, did not astonish him. There was one place in the new Government of National Defense—of which he was naturally made a prominent member by the events of the 4th of September—which he was eminently qualified to fill, and it was at

once given him. Simon, who would not take the post of Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts to please and aid the emperor, took it at once to serve the young Republic. France has never had a better man in the place.

The new minister was often a wise counselor and always a man of action during the terrible days of the siege. He was active in the provinces after the signature of the armistice, in enforcing the decrees of the Government of the Defense relative to the elections, and meantime was constantly occupying himself with schemes for the amelioration of the educational system of the country. On the 8th of February, 1871, he was elected to the National Assembly from the department of the Marne by thirty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-one votes. Thiers, of course, welcomed him to the new cabinet, insisting that he should retain the portfolio of public instruction. The clerical party was in high dudgeon, because Simon remained in power, and used every means in its power to overthrow him, while he smiled serenely or contemptuously upon their efforts. He put his shoulder to the wheel, and great reforms were soon apparent. He introduced a project of law for primary instruction, which was exceedingly liberal, but which the Church fought to the death, and finally succeeded in burying under one of its own, which is stale and unprofitable. He was as diligent in improving the condition of the national museums as in bettering the schools. But the movement which has made him chiefly conspicuous of late, and which has drawn the attention of all Europe upon him, has been the remarkable campaign with regard to reforms in secondary in-

struction which he began with the issue of his circular of October of 1872. The previous efforts of M. Simon had merely offended and angered the formidable clerical party, but this later one maddened it. A free-thinker, a republican, an "energetic defender of the prerogatives of the university," and a man "sprung out of the chaos of the 4th of September," was not likely to win much love from the fiery Dupanloup and his faithful followers. The campaign, elsewhere alluded to in these pages, resulted in the discomfiture of the clericals, who, notwithstanding their subsequent triumphs, can hardly look back to their joust with Simon with anything like pleasure.

Simon was overthrown, or rather compelled to retire from his post, by what the French are fond of calling an "extra parliamentary" incident. A few days before M. Thiers himself was worsted, M. Simon delivered an address before the General Assembly of learned societies, at the Sorbonne. In this address he alludes with great earnestness and depth of feeling to the venerable Thiers as the person who alone had accomplished the liberation of French territory from the tread of the invader. "To him alone," said M. Simon, "do we owe the deliverance; and I bear witness to it. I, who have seen him struggling every day in the midst of the increasing difficulties with which the strife of parties environed him."

The Right took immediate advantage of this generous praise accorded by one republican to another. The most adroit members pretended that they saw in this statement an endeavor to deny that the Right had done good service in getting France to rights again; and, as they threatened to interrogate the government on the subject, M. Thiers

thought it best to secure M. Simon's resignation from the ministry. Not at all disconcerted, Simon gave up his portfolio, went back to the benches among the simple members, and was soon president of the Left, and the recognized chief in all the committee work of the moderate party.

Simon was a tower of strength for the Republicans, while the attempt at monarchical restoration was in progress. He did as much to consolidate the Republic as any other man living in France to-day. The firm and courageous accents of the discourse in which he pointed out the dangers which he feared might ensue if the powers of Marshal MacMahon were confirmed, are still remembered. The speeches which he made while combating for the liberty of superior instruction, will find a lofty niche in the shrine of French literature. They are superb in diction, fascinating in eloquence, and profoundly logical. Dupanloup is the equal of Simon in force, enthusiasm and logic, but in the tribune he does not appear to one half as much advantage as his famous adversary.

The literary career of M. Simon was in no sense interrupted by his political labors. It has, in many respects, been most remarkable. Some of his works have won a world-wide reputation, among them the philosophical treatise entitled "Liberty," the "Devoir"—which has been translated into modern Greek,—and the "Natural Religion," of which there is a good English translation. The "Devoir," the "Natural Religion," and "Liberty of Conscience" form a kind of philosophical trilogy. Much of the latter volume was originally written for lectures in Belgium, when M. Simon was compelled, by the advent of the

Empire, to absent himself from France. He has written a "History of the School of Alexandria;" has edited, with elaborate introductions, the works of Descartes, Bossuet, Malebranche, and Antoine Arnaud; has been an important contributor to the "Manual of Philosophy" and the "Dictionary of Philosophical Sciences;" and, since 1840, has been one of the most constant and popular contributors to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From no man do the French more heartily welcome a volume on social topics than from this philosopher-politician. M. Simon has written, since he resigned his portfolio, two interesting volumes—one dealing with the important question of "Reforms in Secondary Instruction," and the other giving his "Souvenirs of the Fourth of September." In this latter volume he gives a charmingly modest and faithful account of his rôle during the siege, when he was the hero of numerous adventures, not the least important of which was his imprisonment in the Hôtel de Ville by the bellicose National Guards, who imagined that the time for their revolution had arrived.

A man who feels keenly, sees deeply into human woe, Simon has long been an acute student of the needs of criminals and the injustices done them. He is the relentless enemy of capital punishment; has made eloquent speeches against its enforcement, and does not yet despair of abolishing it in France. His little book on the death-penalty created a profound sensation. The perfectly unaffected yet deeply moving manner in which he tells the story of three brothers, who were falsely condemned to death on circumstantial evidence, and the delightful enthusiasm with which he pleads for the sacredness of human


life, make "The Death-Penalty" a book which you cannot read without tears.

Simon has been a member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences since 1863, and has just been elected (December 16, 1875) a member of the *Académie Française*. As he was also chosen, almost simultaneously, to be a Senator for life, the cup of his ambition must be for the présent full. He lives plainly in one apartment, in an upper story in the Place de la Madeleine in Paris; and when he is not occupied in the legislative halls or in his library, he is wandering up and down the provinces, filling the minds of the peasants with sound republican doctrine.



MARSHAL MACMAHON,  
DUC DE MAGÉNTA.

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ARIE EDINE PATRICE MAURICE DE MACMAHON was born in the chateau of Sully, on the river Dore, near Autun, June 13, 1808. He was the sixteenth of seventeen children, and his father, tenderly devoted to him, was so much encouraged by the rapid progress of the youth's studies in the little seminary of Autun, that he sent him, in 1825, to the military school of St. Cyr, at Versailles. His career in that institution was brilliant, there being in the young officer's temper a touch of that old Irish dash and fervor which had already made the MacMahons famous and beloved when they accompanied James the Second into exile in France, after the battle of the Boyne. MacMahon plunged into the dangers and fatigues of the campaign of conquest undertaken by the French in Algeria, with an ardor and talent which speedily won him renown. A warm-hearted and vigorous son of Burgundy, where his ancestors had been ennobled, and where the patrimonial domain is to-day large, every step of his splendid youthful career was



marked with the impress of his rich vitality. As a lieutenant, he won fame and the cross of the "Legion of Honor," by fighting the Kabyles along the slope of the Atlas. He was recalled to France from Algeria in 1830, only to distinguish himself as aide-de-camp to Gen. Achard at the siege of Antwerp; and then, with scarcely breathing time for vacation, he returned to his African campaigns. He commanded wild cavalry charges across Bedouin-infested plains; was made a captain at twenty-five; was conspicuous for daring at the siege of Constantine, in 1837, fighting side by side with the Duc de Nemours, and with the young officer afterwards Marshal Niel. From that time until 1855 he was almost constantly in Algeria, rising steadily in rank, making brief visits to France, where he was adored as a *beau sabreur*, but remaining apparently absorbed in his profession; at forty-four he was a division general who had seen twenty-seven years of active service. The wild tribes of the desert knew him as "The Invulnerable," and feared his prowess.

MacMahon plunged into the Crimean war with the same impetuous vehemence which characterized his earlier campaigns. When Niel assigned him the most perilous position in the grand final attack on the Malakoff tower, MacMahon said, "I will enter it, and you may be certain that I shall not be removed from it living!" He *did* enter it, after a colossal and terrible struggle, whose bravery brightens French military annals; and when Pélissier sent the daring general a timorous caution to beware of some unexpected explosion, after the Russians had deserted the tower, MacMahon's only answer was, "Here I am, and here I remain!" And he held his post with his command,

amid deadliest peril. The determined blow struck by him hastened the fall of Sebastopol.

Always a shy man when out of the saddle, MacMahon found Europe tame and disagreeable, at the close of the hostilities in the Crimea. He had been named senator in 1856, but this honor, like the others heaped upon him, only wearied him. He refused the highest command in France, and at his own earnest solicitation, was sent back to Algeria, where he once more fell upon the Kabyles, and smote them hip and thigh. Five years later, he returned to the French Senate, where his most notable deeds were his vote against the unconstitutional "Law for General Safety"—a measure which Napoleon III. and his supporters, after the Orsini attempt at assassination, were not slow in proposing.

But it was in the Italian war that he won his great renown. On the field of Magenta the Emperor gave him the baton of a Marshal of France, and the title of Duke of Magenta. He was received with the liveliest acclamations in Milan; and as he rode in at the head of his troops, took up in his arms the little girl who offered him a bouquet, and carried her forward, smilingly caressing her. His Italian triumphs made the ever-vigilant French Emperor a little jealous of him, and after the new duke had been sent, at the head of a brilliant embassy, to represent France at the coronation of William I. of Prussia, he was once more remanded to the obscurity of Algeria, where he was made Governor-General. During the Prussian fête Marshal MacMahon and the Duchess of Magenta were much in the company of, and danced with the Prussian Prince and Princess Royal; and Madame MacMahon, ac-

ording to the chronicles of the time, was "embraced with effusion" by Queen Augusta, who to-day would hardly be welcome at Versailles.

Marshal MacMahon, during his governor-generalship in Algeria, did his best to carry out the emperor's design of founding an Arab kingdom, but found it almost impossible. He instituted many important reforms in the colonies, and at the moment of his recall, on the accession of the Ollivier cabinet, was more active than ever before. As soon as war was declared against Prussia in 1870, he was assigned to the command of the First Army Corps. He did all that he could to check the unhappy retreat of the French from Wissembourg, and fought courageously against great odds at Woerth, braving death in the most reckless manner, and wringing testimonials of admiration from his enemies. He hurled the superb regiments of cuirassiers against the enemy; his spirit and daring inspired and rendered for a time effective the most magnificent and desperate cavalry charges of modern warfare. But it was in vain to fight one hundred and ten thousand Prussians with only thirty thousand Frenchmen, and MacMahon was compelled to fall back to Nancy, leaving four thousand prisoners in the enemy's hands. Retiring to Chalons, he was busily occupied in forming a new army, when ordered to effect a junction with Bazaine's forces at Metz. On his march he was forced into Sedan. He made a desperate effort to cut his way through the Prussian forces on the 1st of September, but was badly wounded in the thigh, in consequence of which he resigned his command to General Ducrot. Taken prisoner with the emperor and the discouraged and dismayed army, MacMahon

was sent to Pourre-au-Bois, a small village near the Belgian frontier, where he remained until his recovery, when he went to join his fellow-prisoners in Germany. - He lived at Wiesbaden until the declaration of peace.

MacMahon returned to Paris on the 16th of March, 1871. Two days after his arrival, the Communal insurrection occurred. MacMahon followed M. Thiers to Versailles, and on the 6th of April was named General-in-Chief of such forces as he could rally. On the 28th of May, 1871, he issued a proclamation announcing the deliverance of Paris and the annihilation of the insurrection and its supporters. With sixty thousand men, in a furious seven days' fight inside the walls of Paris, he succeeded in overthrowing the Commune. Throughout the whole struggle MacMahon was as calm and collected, yet as prompt in action, as in all his other campaigns. A weaker man would never have been able to suppress so determined a movement as that organized by the Communist faction.

The unwillingness to accept the presidency of the Republic manifested by MacMahon, when, on the 24th of May, 1873, the venerable Thiers resigned and retired, was evidently sincere. After much urging, he finally yielded, however, and addressed to the Assembly a letter accepting their charge, and giving his word as "an honest man and a soldier," that he, in conjunction with the army, would 'maintain internal peace, and support those principles on which society reposes.' He was offered an early occasion to show his determination to support the sovereignty of the National Assembly. An officer of the army having refused to recognize that sovereignty, MacMahon issued a

proclamation gravely rebuking the officer, and containing a warning against such conduct in future.

On the 5th of November, 1873, General Changarnier presented to the Assembly a proposition that MacMahon's power be confirmed for a period of ten years, and that a commission of thirty be appointed to make studies for projects of constitutional law. This proposition was presented to MacMahon by a committee headed by the Comte de Remusat. The marshal expressed himself fully willing that the passage of constitutional laws should accompany any prolongation of his own powers, and on the 17th of November, 1873, he addressed to the Assembly a message in which he declared in favor of a confirmation of his power for seven years, and a determination to use all his influence for conservatism. After much opposition, the "Septennate" was definitely established on the night of the 19th of November, by a vote of three hundred and seventy-eight against three hundred and ten.

Mr. Grenville Murray has given us, in a charming paper on MacMahon's career, a glimpse at the times of the soldier's youth; days when Thiers was attacking Charles X. in fiery newspaper articles; when royalists and liberals were literally at swords' points daily. Young MacMahon was the son of a man whom Charles X. had placed in the Chamber of Peers, and it was not, therefore, astonishing that he should have been a Legitimist fire-eater. When the Orleanists succeeded the Bourbons, MacMahon was fighting in Algeria. Like many other officers, he took the new oath of allegiance, and, if he still felt sympathy for Bourbonism, kept it secret. He was on the side of "order" in 1848, inclined to sneer at

the Republic and to depict its downfall ; and when the Empire was re-established, expressed no profound dissatisfaction, but went solidly in for a "career," and got it.

Marshal MacMahon is to-day a handsome and well-preserved gentleman of sixty-seven. A long, sober, and active life has left but few traces of fatigue on his features. He is of medium height, of austere habits, and of irreproachable elegance in his manners. His private life has been spotless ; for half a century he has been universally respected. Until his later years, he has been unduly modest and shy of the world. He is a superb horseman, an enthusiastic sportsman, and, above all, ardently fond of military display and all matters pertaining to army administration. He is good-natured and affable, and won the love of the peasant population in his journey up and down the country after the declaration of the "Septennate." When at Versailles, he lives in the modest Prefecture which was occupied by King William, during his sojourn in front of Paris. The marshal always rises at six A. M., rings for François, an old soldier, who has been his valet for many years, and orders a cup of black coffee. He spends the early morning in his private study with his secretaries and aides-de-camp, except on days when the Council of Ministers assembles. He invariably presides at this council. He breakfasts toward noon, spending almost as little time at his meals as an American man of business, and then receives visitors from one to three P. M. From that time until early evening he is in the saddle, reviewing regiments or inspecting barracks. On Thursdays he gives official receptions and dinners, and, save on extraordinary occasions, goes punctually to bed at half-past ten. In Paris the

Marshal-President inhabits the Palace of the Elysée, where numerous brilliant *fêtes* and receptions are given each season. Madame MacMahon and her children are seen much in public, and the Duchess is a leader in all good works of charity.



## MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

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**M**ONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orléans, and member of the French National Assembly at the time that the question of the freedom of superior education was under discussion, will live in French history. There is no more fresh and vital figure in modern France, than this intellectual and irascible prelate, whose ruddy face and stormy brow betray the eloquence and tempestuous fervor of his spirit. He is every inch a Gaul: impulsive, passionate, often illogical. Sometimes he is highly inconsistent; to-day he is illiberal and painfully Ultramontane; to-morrow seemingly willing to condescend to a generosity which frightens the Church, and moves the good fathers to whip the eccentric brother back into the traces. Had he been as firm and uncompromising as Father Hyacinthe, and boldly taken ground against numerous fallacies with regard to the duties of the priesthood, he would have been mightier and more celebrated than the reverend Mr. Loyson can ever hope to be. Dupanloup is a wonderfully effective worker for



Holy Church in France, because he is too skillful to set himself directly against the current of popular will. He does not enrage and offend the masses by denying them their liberties point-blank ; he has in his nature possibilities of compromise which have made the moderate republicans of these later days ready and anxious to work with him. It seems almost incredible that he should be content to bow his proud and imperious head before the exacting will of Rome ; but he has never yet failed to do it, although it has once or twice seemed as if he were about to throw away his allegiance to illiberalism, and to step forth untrammelled into the arena of liberty.

But Monseigneur Dupanloup does not understand liberty in its fullest and completest sense. He is agreed that certain liberties should be enjoyed, provided the Church may have the power of defining what these liberties and privileges are to be. He is to-day quite as much a partisan for church control of education as he was a quarter of a century ago, when he showed such a devouring activity in the task of destroying secular instruction in his diocese, and replacing all schools taught by the laity with institutions for religious education. Under the last Empire his zeal in this behalf was so remarkable as to be generally noticed outside his own country. He *fought* to accomplish his object ; he used no soft persuasive ways, but went at his enemies with hammer and tong's, and generally compelled them to beat a speedy retreat. He likes to give and take blows ; he should have been born four centuries ago, and have been a man-at-arms in the service of some quarrelsome prince, rather than a peaceful priest owing allegiance to Christ's vicar on earth. All stu-

dents of the religious question in France remember with what fiery joy, with what untamable and admirable strength, the young-old priest sprang into polemics with Louis Veuillot, the fanatical and pugilistic editor of the *Univers*, of Paris. The two doughty knights battered each other well in controversy, and now and then the venerable Dupanloup was brought to the ground, but he always came up smiling, and returned to the struggle with renewed energies. Sometimes the Church has felt as if it were perhaps a pity that Monseigneur Dupanloup has such a ready tongue and so combative a disposition; but at others, as notably in the recent discussions in the Assembly, those qualities have done yeoman service for the clerical party.

Dupanloup was born January 3, 1802, in the little village of St. Felix, in the forests of the Alps in Savoy. That portion of Savoy was annexed to the French Empire about that year, but Dupanloup himself was not naturalized as a French subject until 1838. His mother had him baptized as Felix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup, and the noble woman sacrificed herself and fought hard with poverty that she might give her boy a good bringing up. Young Dupanloup studied under his uncle, who was a priest, until he was eight years old, when he was sent to Paris, to study in an ecclesiastical school under the direction of the Abbé Tesseyre. There he took first rank, and speedily went thence to the Seminary of Saint Nicholas du Chardonnel, and from that institution to the College of Saint Sulpice. There he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, once the Prince de Rohan. This high-minded and intel-

lectual nobleman had been so unfortunate as to lose his lovely and accomplished wife by a fatal accident. The poor creature had been burned to death, and her husband, overwhelmed with sorrow at her loss, had hidden his grief under the black robe of the Holy Order. The Cardinal was exceedingly fond of literature ; and was accustomed to invite the most promising of the students at Saint Sulpice to spend their vacations with him. Dupanloup was generally among the lucky invited, and he learned, in this atmosphere of culture and refinement, a thousand graces which he would otherwise have missed. These graces add a singular charm to a character and manners naturally angular and rude, reflecting the defiance of the soldier rather than the grateful calmness and repose of the student or philosopher.

After he had chosen the church as his profession, and had been ordained, he rose very rapidly in public consideration. He was a teacher, as he has been nearly all his life, from the very outset of his career ; and the Duchesse d'Angoulême was so favorably impressed with him that she secured his appointment as confessor to the child, then the Duke of Bordeaux, and now the Count de Chambord. Dupanloup next became catechist to the Orléans princes, and then Chaplain to the Duchesse de Berri.

The Revolution of 1830 disturbed him somewhat. Soon after its close he became the founder of the Academy of Saint Hyacinthe, in Paris, where religious lectures were given to young workmen and to other youth. In 1834, he declined an appointment as head-master at the Paris Seminary ; but became chief professor there, and was so faithful that he was given the mastership in 1837, and in

the same year was appointed vicar-general of the diocese. It was while at this seminary that Ernest Renan was under the tuition of Dupanloup. The venerable archbishop often speaks of the author of the "Life of Jesus" with great affection, although always admitting that his former pupil has strayed into forbidden paths.

Dupanloup resigned his vicar-generalship at the time of the death of Archbishop Quelen, who had appointed him to it; and solely because he did not like the archbishop's successor. But the latter was magnanimous, and, instead of injuring Dupanloup, made him honorary vicar-general, and sent him on an important mission to Rome, to the Papal Court.

The years between 1837 and the priest's appointment to the see of Orléans were full of hard work for Dupanloup. But they were also filled with triumphs, for there was no other man in France whose preaching attracted half as much attention as did Dupanloup's sermons at St. Roch, and his lectures at Notre Dame. There was passion, and underneath it was learning, in all his spoken efforts. He was appointed professor of sacred eloquence at the College of the Sorbonne. From his first appearance on the lecture platform the students seemed inclined to resent his fiery and dogmatic manner of trampling on many of their pet theories; and a storm soon broke over his head. On the occasion of his sixth lecture, when he had announced that he would speak upon the works and the character of Voltaire, the students rallied from all parts of the Latin Quarter, prepared to give the enthusiastic clergyman a proof of their resentment. Dupanloup gave Voltaire a terrible scorching, and the lecture was in-

errupted by such a tremendous outburst of hisses and such a general uproar, that he seemed likely for some moments to be mobbed. Dupanloup never obtained another hearing at the Sorbonne ; the enraged students would have killed him had he ventured any farther.

This active and uncompromising man became Bishop of Orléans in 1849, under the Second Republic. He was so busy at the time that the Empire came in, with carrying out his plans for religious education, that he at first paid but small attention to Napoleon the Third, or his schemes. Later, however, he burst into fiery denunciation of Napoleon and his policy,—when he discovered that this policy was by no means dictated in pure obedience to ultramontanism. It became a little the fashion to call Dupanloup a pronounced liberal and heterodox, but he was never anything of the sort, nor did he really desire to be. He wrote pamphlets against the Emperor, but he did this not because he was especially averse to the Empire, but because he was hostile to an existing government which would not allow itself to be guided by the Church. He was too honest to cringe before the Empire in hope of gaining place and power, and he gave the usurper no small trouble.

He founded religious schools even in his episcopal palace in Orléans, and did his best to cultivate friendly relations with the working classes. Even to this day, he gives little parties at his house, inviting all the workmen of the city to them ; he offers them tea, which they do not like, and advice and simple games, which they like ; the inspiration is mutual, and the example is worth copying. He has always understood admirably how to control and teach young people. Pope Gregory XVI. complimented

him as the "apostle of youth." He is a born teacher, within the narrow limits which he has chosen to assign himself.

The world is reasonably familiar with the battles waged between Dupanloup and Louis Veuillot, and with the former's generous support, for a time, of Liberal Catholicism, and the indignant and contemptuous manner in which the great prelate at first rejected the dogma of infallibility. It was a source of no small surprise to the great numbers who fancied that they saw in Dupanloup a new reformer, when he submitted himself to the decisions of the Œcumenical Council of 1869, and went back into the orthodox ranks. The haughty mind which had sneered at the Encyclical Letter and the Syllabus, became one of the most ardent defenders of illiberal measures ; and when Dupanloup was elected to the Assembly, he was considered by the Ultramontanes as likely to be a most useful champion.

Dupanloup became one of the " forty immortals " of the French Academy, in May, 1854, and signalized his admission by reading a powerful essay. He took the chair left vacant by Tissot. In 1863, he combated successfully, by intrigue and open effort, the struggles of M. Littré, to secure a seat in the Academy ; and when, in December of 1871, Littré succeeded in securing his election, Monseigneur Dupanloup was nearly beside himself with rage. He resigned his own fauteuil at once, thus carrying religious intolerance to the extremest verge. Dupanloup could not forgive Littré for having translated Strauss's " Life of Jesus," and for his copious writings on Auguste Comte and his system of philosophy. Not even the gigan-

tic intellectual labors of the man who prepared the noblest French dictionary likely to be seen for many generations, was sufficient to soften the implacable prelate's heart. Dupanloup received the congratulations of the Pope, who sent him a special brief in which he solemnly felicitated him on separating himself from the company of the "impious and the wicked." The malicious have never ceased asking Dupanloup why he is willing to sit in a National Assembly where Littré is also an honored representative of the people, and not with the same man in a purely literary body ; but the prelate has never deigned to respond. As for Littré, he bore Dupanloup's slights with the sweet and great calm peculiar to himself. One might have imagined that he had never heard of the priest's hasty resignation from the body of Academicians.

Monseigneur Dupanloup has played a great and important rôle in the National Assembly since he entered it as a deputy, and one cannot help admitting that he has had some very remarkable successes. It is hardly necessary to say that he has never been in favor of the Republic. He looks upon it as the forerunner of evil, and his voice is often heard in condemnation of it. He can scarcely be called an Orleanist ; yet he is, and long has been, more intimately connected with men of that party than with any others. He was elected to the Assembly from the department of the Lorret, in 1871, by twenty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six votes ; and has kept his place there ever since. He took his position with the Moderate Right, as the leader of the clerical party ; and there he found himself in an atmosphere of intrigue which en-

abled him safely to mature his numerous plans. Had it not been for the fact that he is, as has been well said of him, "one of that race of restless and imperious men who like to put yokes on other people's necks, but will submit to none on their own;" had he not now and then been too intensely individual, and been carried away on the current of his own passions, he might have been first among French leaders.

Dupanloup received a severe check, at the time that he endeavored to bring about a fusion of Legitimists and Orleanists, from the same Comte de Chambord, who in childhood had been his faithful and devoted pupil. He wrote and talked much on this subject; he went at the work with the whole strength of his mighty will; but Chambord resisted, and at last resented all efforts to induce him to abandon the Legitimist flag. After Dupanloup had made the most earnest and long-continued endeavors to consolidate the parties, Chambord wrote a letter to "Monsieur the Bishop," in which he very coolly and decidedly said that he could not follow the counsels of his old tutor. "I have neither sacrifices to make, nor conditions to accept," wrote Chambord, in a lofty and final manner, which convinced Dupanloup that he was not intended for the rôle he had undertaken, and led him to give up in despair the task of reconciliation. It is said by careful political critics, that this rebuff which Dupanloup suffered rather soured his temper, and that since that time he has been more than ever fond of gloomy foreboding.

A good story is told of an interview between certain members of the Assembly, while the movement led by Dupanloup and others, for a fusion, was in progress; and



the story serves to illustrate how futile were the struggles to get a common accord. A duke, a count, and a simple plebeian, all Legitimist deputies, were overheard in the following conversation, in a corridor of the palace at Versailles, shortly after the appearance of the Comte de Chambord's manifesto.

"As for myself, gentlemen," said the duke, "with one or two exceptions, I adhere completely to the manifesto."

"I," said the count, "also have a number of reservations to make, but my adhesion is not at all doubtful."

The plebeian added. "You all know what my exceptions are, but, with those allowed for, I am in accord with you."

"Hum!" said the duke, "don't you think, gentlemen, that an accord in which every one has reservations and exceptions to make, is very much like a disagreement?" All then laughed, and had Dupanloup been there, he would have joined in the laughter.

The archbishop has made a good many violent speeches against the military spirit which he thinks is gradually invading and corrupting France; and has occasioned the government no little trouble by continually demanding exceptions to the recruiting laws. He is dreaded in the tribune, because he has a sharp way of saying unpleasant things, which makes the proudest and most conceited ministry wince.

When the history of the debates on the education question in France is written, Dupanloup will have a prominent place in it. He will be as conspicuous a figure in any review of the beginnings of the Third Republic as will

Thiers or Gambetta. He began his campaign against real and extensive progress by combating, with indomitable courage and almost superhuman intrigue, all the endeavors of Jules Simon, and other liberals like him, to obtain gratuitous and obligatory primary education. While Simon was Minister of Public Instruction, Dupanloup followed him persistently with "interpellations;" fought him step by step, and continued the battle outside the Assembly. He even counseled the directors of seminaries in his diocese not to take any notice in their teachings of Simon's famous circular concerning secondary instruction, whose adoption, Dupanloup alleged, "would be the ruin of the humanities, and the definite overturn of high intellectual education in France." \* "Cling," he wrote to the directors, "cling to the basis, the form, and the methods of teaching which gave to France and to the Church, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and the seventeenth century. The fathers of families will thank you for it, the Church will bless you, and the country will not count you among the number of its unworthy servants." Dupanloup is a member of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, and, after the overthrow of Thiers, in 1873, he succeeded in securing the suppression of many reforms which Jules Simon had endeavored to introduce into various institutions of learning.

Monseigneur Dupanloup felt, from the very first moment that the law on the liberty of superior education was brought under discussion in the Assembly, that the Church were sure to gain as many advantages as the State from

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\* Jules Clère, Biography of Dupanloup.

any law that might be passed. He is too intelligent a man to believe that the Church can ever regain the full measure of monopoly which she once possessed in educational matters ; he did not, nor does he now, desire that, but he still wishes the Church to have a guiding influence in instruction. He is almost venomous in the force with which he fights those extreme republicans who can think of nothing better than a substitution of the tyranny of the State for that of the Church. There have been times when he seemed almost ready to compromise with the moderate republicans ; but, at the very moment when the compromise appeared accomplished, he drew back coldly and haughtily. The robe seemed to shut him out from contact with the liberty-seeking civilians. He became entirely a priest, and could not be called a citizen. He did not care to prevent the free founding of universities, because he felt that the Church could, on that ground, meet and grapple with the laity, and could always vanquish the latter. But he felt anxious to hinder the free speech which would come with a removal of the restrictions on lecture courses and public assemblies generally ; and against such removal he directed his whole talent in objections. Probing his real thought, one would doubtless find that Dupanloup believes that the Church deserves, although she cannot secure, her ancient supremacy in instruction ; that the Catholic Church is the grand reservoir of science ; that the clergy have made all the great discoveries ; that, as he once said, " The revolution made France a desert, so far as instruction is concerned ; " and that, again to quote his own words, " entire liberty of teaching would be a piece of detestable sophistry."

There were some stormy debates in which Dupanloup seemed choked with excitement and anger, whenever education was discussed. Before describing the prelate as he appeared when taking a part in these discussions, let me quote a French writer's description of his personal appearance :

“ During some of the coldest days of winter, one now and then is astonished to see promenading in those broad avenues of Versailles where all the winds gallop unchained, a septuagenarian priest, clad in an old and much-worn robe like that of a country curate, having his face painted by the wind, and his hat in his hand. All the blasts of the North Pole might blow upon him without compelling him to put his hat on, and the stinging breezes which would make a Lapland bear shiver under his fur, would lose their labor on that ever rosy brow.

“ The priest is Monseigneur Dupanloup.

“ It seems, as one looks at the enthusiastic prelate, as if his blood were always in ebullition ; as if his congested head were likely to explode like a surcharged boiler, and as if he did not wear his hat, because he wished to keep the safety-blowpipe handy to the air. One can fancy that one sees oozing around his few white hairs an ardent vapor of mystic anger. His cheeks always shine with purple, as if he wished to bear upon his visage, as a consolation, that color so obstinately refused to his hat.

“ The features are proud and noble, but of a character only moderately evangelical ; the nose is like an eagle's beak ; the chin bony and prominent as the rostrum of an antique galley ; abrupt cheek-bones ; two hard black and piercing eye-balls ; and lastly, something so irritated in

the expression of the mouth, in the contraction of the eyebrows, and in all the lines of the face, that the whole ritual of excommunication seems written in the labyrinth of wrinkles.

“This is the indefatigable prelate whose sacred zeal has boiled over like burning lava for fifty years, the episcopal volcano which has cast out, during its half century of eruption, enough commands, homilies, sermons, heavy treatises, and small pamphlets, to bury up a new Herculaneum.”

In December of 1874, Dupanloup, M. Challemet-Lacour, M. Laboulaye, and many other distinguished advocates of various projects of laws concerning the regulation of instruction, and the right of free speech, made important addresses in the Assembly. Challemet-Lacour is a man of wonderfully forcible eloquence. The elegance of his language and the precision of his thought were never more ably brought to bear than in his December speech, when he spoke against Dupanloup's rôle with regard to educational law. He denounced the pretensions of the Catholic Church, and accused it of boldly endeavoring to stifle and throttle the spirit of modern progress; and he declared that Catholicism sought rather to create apostles in all the professions than to give men honest and broad instruction for liberal careers. Challemet-Lacour is a good representative of the secular party which was so earnest in its defense of the University and the State against clerical encroachments in Louis Philippe's time; and he thoroughly analyzed and exposed a policy with which he has been familiar for a generation. He did it with grace, finish, and mayhap a little spite,

and when he had finished, the Assembly was fairly convulsed.

Dupanloup responded the next day. He seemed somewhat ill at ease ; the tribune in the noisy Assembly was not like the carved pulpit in the splendid cathedral to which Monseigneur is accustomed ; and there was more irreverence among the buzzing and impatient deputies than the bishop was wont to notice among the trembling faithful in the sanctuary. But "the old man eloquent" showed all his well-known characteristics ; his perfectly uncontrollable anger appeared to run in little wavelets through his limbs and across his perturbed face ; he closed his hands tightly, and frowned desperately ; his whole attitude was menacing. There were moments when he condescended to nothing but denunciation of those who had openly attacked the Church ; he seemed so surprised that he could hardly answer and try to refute. He at last laid aside any remarks on politics and the education bill, and accused M. Challemet-Lacour of having pointed him out as fit prey for the musket-balls of the Communists of some approaching revolution. In other words, Dupanloup insisted that Challemet-Lacour had hinted at assassination. The latter would probably have called to account any civilian who had made use of such wild language. As it was, he simply went into the tribune as soon as Dupanloup left it, and said :

"The character with which Monseigneur is clothed, the robe which he wears, and of which he has taken the trouble to speak, forbid me to respond as I might to the comments which he has made upon my discourse. I submit his attacks to the judgment of all honest men in

this Assembly ; to the judgment of sensible men everywhere ; to the judgment of every person who has any regard for the dignity of the Episcopate."

Dupanloup was certainly placed at a disadvantage in this discussion ; but there was a majesty in his choler, a kind of divine inspiration in his tempestuous rages, making him thrilling and impressive. Probably the best work which the bishop did for the Catholic cause in fighting the liberals on the education bills was accomplished in the committee room, where his rare powers were always advantageously manifested. The privileges obtained by the Catholics under the Republic are certainly due in large degree to Dupanloup's presence at Versailles as a deputy.

As a bishop, Dupanloup is austere, laborious, charitable to a fault to the poor, and self-sacrificing in a hundred ways. He loves splendor in his cathedral, believes in the ceremonials and processions, many of which have been done away with in modern France, and would restore them if he could. A superb preacher, it is somewhat astonishing that he has not more command of himself in the tribune. He is a morning worker, like M. Thiers, and rising at four, sometimes finishes before his modest breakfast a sermon, a treatise or two, and a vast pile of private correspondence. He believes in touching the human heart by simple means. He it was who received Talleyrand's death-bed confession, bringing the old diplomat, by the intervention of a little child to consent to receive a priest at his bedside. He is as impulsive in charity as in everything else, and Murray tells us that the bishop once pledged his pastoral staff to a beggar because he happened just then to have nothing else to give. He has a

host of secretaries, and works them hard ; abhors luxury at table or in his apartments, takes long walks alone through woods and by stream, and in the forests gathers force for his battles. He likes such disputes as he has had with Veillot, About, Littré, Simon, and others. Were he at the stake, he would give his enemies a parting anathema better than any fires they could build under him. The Germans winced terribly beneath the reproof which he gave them when they imprisoned him, during the occupation of Orléans, in his Episcopal palace. He likes Thiers, objects to Gambetta, and has nothing but contempt for the Bonapartist intrigues now in progress. His presentiments are sometimes remarkable. He said of Verger, a boy who was at school under him, but who grew up to assassinate the Archbishop of Paris : " That boy frightens me." He thinks France lost unless a new political savior shall arise. In one of his pastoral letters he speaks of his adversaries as " strange and violent pygmies, for whom nothing is sacred." As to his doctrine of a savior, he has somewhere expressed it as follows :

" Alas ! France still awaits a great soul to save her ; sometimes she fancies that she sees it resplendent in the horizon of the future and of her destinies. She believes and yields herself entirely to it, then suddenly she perceives that she has saluted only a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp."

Dupanloup was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1850, but he cares but little for such small dignities. He likes a good rating from an enemy better than a compliment or a present from a friend. He did not hesitate to point out the " palpable absurdities " of the famous circular called " The Pope and the Congress," which was sup-



posed to have been written by Napoleon III. himself. He rejoiced when he was decreed against in a Paris court because it was shown that he had used unduly harsh language about both the editors of the *Siècle* and his predecessor on the Episcopal bench of Orléans. As an author he will be best remembered—although he has written and published a vast deal—by his work on “Education,” first given to the world in 1855-57.



## JULES GREVY.

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**T**HE presidency of a French legislative assembly is by no means a sinecure. It is, on the contrary, a difficult and dangerous post, where a man momentarily runs risks of ruining his reputation ; where he must maintain a constant attitude of impartiality, as well as firmness and decision, which invariably make him enemies. It is generally conceded that M. Jules Grévy, who was President of the National Assembly from the time of its meeting at Bordeaux, in February, 1871, until the election of M. Buffet, in April, 1873, did his work with much more grace and success than usually falls to the lot of those who occupy the exalted position. A man of dignified and substantial presence, magisterial in mien, and absolutely faultless in knowledge of parliamentary law, he stayed many storms which might have proved disastrous, and allayed the bitterness of partisan feeling no little. In those mad days, just after the war, when Republicans and Imperialists were in constant danger of coming to blows, M. Grévy's mallet was wielded and his

bell was never rung in vain. There was an inexorable air about the man which frightened even the noisiest and most unreasonable of rurals or radicals into befitting silence.

Jules Grévy is nearly seventy years of age, yet is still hale, and his face has all the freshness of youth. He was born in the Jura at Mont-Sous-Vaudrez, of humble but well-to-do parents, who were engaged in agriculture; and he was brought up in the sternest and purest manners, and nourished with coarse food and keen mountain-air. His father sent him to college at Poligny, where the youth made rapid progress. Young Grévy was laborious and energetic; but he possessed little imagination, and gave no especial promise of brilliancy. He graduated, however, with honors, and went up to Paris to study law. Just as he had finished his three years' course, the Revolution of 1830 broke out. Grévy was then twenty-one; he took down from the wall an old musket which he had been wont to look at when he had vague revolutionary ideas, and went out to fight. He had an important part in the storming of the Babylon barracks, one of the great episodes of the revolution. During the whole fight he was in the front ranks of the assailants. As soon as peace was restored, he went into a lawyer's office, where he remained nearly eight years. He began to be famous; had a great many political cases to try, and sometimes pleaded them before the Court of Assizes, or even in the Chamber of Peers. A lawyer who defended any one persecuted for his opinions, was, in those days, made a demi-god of by the opposition press. The courts were thronged with literary men, artists, and the leaders of society, and Grévy had only to plead one or two cases to secure notoriety. He

was vigorous in speech ; plain almost to boldness in his periods ; never betrayed into any of the redundancies of youth. He had too much respect for himself to plead for charlatans, and the journalist or liberal who came to him for defense had to prove that his motives were honest and his conscience was clear, before Grévy accepted him as client.

Although these suits gave reputation, they did not give much money, nor, indeed, did they improve the advocate's social position ; and in 1848 M. Grévy was still in the third rank as a lawyer, and gave lessons in law practice in order to eke out his modest income. He was particularly fond of legal study, and was recognized as a specialist of some promise. When the Republic was founded, Ledru Rollin sent M. Grévy as commissioner into the Jura, among his old friends and acquaintances. He was at first received coldly, but soon made himself popular by his moderation, and after doing the Republic great service, was sent to the National Assembly by sixty-five thousand one hundred and fifty votes. The farmers and squires of the country round were proud of their "Monsieur Jules," as they called him. He at once seated himself with the Left, and voted with it for the banishment of the Orléans family, for the abolition of capital punishment, and various other important measures. Whenever the Left showed a tendency toward Socialism, M. Grévy never followed it, but he was always distinguished by moderation as well as firmness, in his speeches. He was at that time often compared to Dufaure, and Grévy's friends are to-day fond of discovering analogies between the oratorical talent of the two men.

M. Grévy owes his principal celebrity to the noted amendment which bears his name. The Left did not wish, in 1848, that the Republic should have a president elected by the people. "They foresaw," in the words of one of M. Grévy's most intimate friends, "the inevitable conflict which would one day rise, and the force which a chief of power deriving his authority from universal suffrage would have against the Chamber." Instead of the president named by the people, the members of the Left wished a "president of the council" named by the Chamber, and directly under its control. A violent discussion arose over the article of the Constitution delegating the executive power to a president elected for four years by universal suffrage. At this juncture, M. Grévy offered his amendment, which authorized the National Assembly to delegate the executive power to a citizen who should be called the "president of the council of ministers." This amendment was offered simply because Grévy severely mistrusted both Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon, and wished to bind them so that they could be removed at any time the Chamber saw fit. The amendment was lost by six hundred and forty-three votes to one hundred and fifty-eight; had it been adopted, Louis Napoleon's game would have been blocked, and France would have been spared a score of years of shame and misrule. Grévy was vice-president of the Assembly and a member of the committee of justice at the time he offered the amendment.

Of course he was exiled from political life as soon as the *coup d'état* occurred, and went back to his law-books. He had comparatively little business, and suffered in silence, as did so many others, until August, 1868, when

he presented himself once more as a candidate in the Jura department. His nomination could hardly be considered otherwise than as an energetic protest against the Empire, and when Grévy was elected by twenty-three thousand votes, there was considerable consternation at the Tuileries. In the Corps Législatif of the Empire, Grévy was as moderate as he had been in the Assembly of 1848; but he was full of energy, and grouped solidly around him all those independent men who were anxious to give their country liberty once more.

Grévy protested, as did so many others of his colleagues, against the forcible dissolution of the Corps Législatif on the 4th of September, 1870, the date of the declaration of the present Republic, but he protested simply because his principles compelled him to respect the national representation. He was not sorry to see the dissolution of the body which had been made the instrument of so much oppression. He rendered himself unpopular with the liberals by refusing to vote for the return of the Orléans princes, in 1870, as well as by his above-mentioned protest against the dissolution of the Corps Législatif. During the war he kept free from intrigue, but was always an opponent of Gambetta, whose dictatorial ways he disliked exceedingly.

Sent back to the Assembly a third time from the Jura in 1871, when the legislators were convoked to decide the fate of France after her struggle with Prussia, M. Grévy was almost unanimously chosen president. He was finally thrown out of office by the machinations of the Right, whose members had no real cause for grievance against him, but were tired of hearing Aristides always called the

Just. Shortly before Grévy had definitely decided to offer his resignation, a curious incident occurred which hastened his decision. A member of the Republican Left, in discussing a report presented from a committee by a member of the Right, made use of the phrase, "And that is the committee's baggage," as he summed up the principal points. A roar arose from the members of the Right, and the republican speaker hastened to explain that he had not used the word baggage in a contemptuous sense. The committee did not consider itself injured, but a noisy group on the Right continued to protest against the word, and the Duc de Grammont finally rose in great excitement, and, gesticulating violently, cried out, "It is an impertinence!" Upon this the glacial Grévy called the noble duke to order, whereupon the noble duke grew very angry, and menaced with his fists the deputy in the tribune, the president's desk, and everything else. The Right protested against the call to order; but M. Grévy maintained it, and at the same time offered his resignation in a courtly and dignified speech, which thoroughly shamed the boisterous members of the Right. Not wishing to accept at once, the Right managed to have a new ballot for president, and M. Grévy found himself re-elected; but he maintained his resignation, and on the 4th of April M. Buffet was elected in his stead.

The ex-president has done much good work in the Assembly as a humble member, and is universally respected. Personally, Grévy is of medium height, stoutly built, with a large head, whose baldness shows to excellent advantage its fine shape. At a distance, seeing him seated in the chair of office, one might fancy him a man of fifty,

rather than one on the verge of the period allotted to humanity. He is in no sense a society man ; and after he has labored seven or eight hours intensely, his pet amusement is a party of dominoes or billiards with a few friends in a quiet café.





## EDOUARD LABOULAYE.



**F**OR twenty-five years Edouard Laboulaye has been the firm friend of America, and has done more than any other living man to enlighten European populations concerning the United States. The salient points of American history, popularized by him, are more thoroughly known to-day in France than in England. The doctrines of Channing, translated by Laboulaye, have done infinite good, not only in France but in Italy and Spain. Castelar, profoundly as he may stir the Spanish spirit, has struck no deeper chord therein than has Laboulaye. In the co-operative societies of Naples, in the secret re-unions of the toilers in the mountains of Spain, and among the great multitude of blue-bloused laborers who report to the Syndical Chamber of Paris, Laboulaye's name has been heard oftener than that of dozens of more pretentious men for many years. He has had the courage since he has been in the Assembly to make numerous protests against the law on the International Society of Workmen. When Rochefort seemed for a short time to be the man of the

situation, it was really Laboulaye. His influence went deeper than that of many more famous men, has lasted longer, and will endure forever.

Laboulaye's friendship for the people of the United States once led some poor patriotic Frenchmen to call him the "Americo-maniac." He wore the title gracefully, and seemed rather proud of it. In conversation with the writer shortly before the Franco-Prussian war, M. Laboulaye mentioned that at one period he found himself making such constant allusion to America and its people, that he feared it might weary his hearers. "But," he continued, "they always deprecated my excuses. Some of my friends liked to annoy me, however. One day—it was during the civil war in the United States—I was lecturing before quite a distinguished audience, when two beautiful bouquets, accompanied by a note, were laid upon the desk; some of my friends, with a French sense of fun, smiled broadly as I read the note. By-and-by one laughed; presently others followed the example. I stopped reading my lecture, and asked, 'Why do you laugh?' whereupon (nearly all of them were friends and acquaintances) they laughed the more." 'But,' said I, 'you do not understand the sense of the gift.' More uproarious laughter still; so I read them the following words, which had profoundly stirred my heart; 'From two young American ladies, who desire to testify their affection for the man who has the courage to defend their country when it is in trouble.' The audience was silent for a moment, and then there was loud and long and glorious applause."

It is difficult to understand that M. Laboulaye has never been in America. Every one remembers that queer book,

“Paris en Amérique,” which he wrote as a trifle. Its success was more startling to him than to the world ; it has been translated into nearly every modern language. Twenty-four editions have been demanded in France ; the modern Greek, the Turk, the Servian, the Bohemian, all have their translations. I once saw in Laboulaye’s library many of the reprints sent him of “Paris en Amérique,” with the autographs of presidents of liberal societies in them, and the letters thanking him for his pictures of America. One of his friends, who saw the book in manuscript, reproved him for wasting his time upon such a trifle, little imagining that it would make its author immortal.

In his library M. Laboulaye has a large, heavily-bound volume, printed in antique type, which he now and then shows to such legislators as are inclined to scout the idea of the value of American example in founding the Republic in France. The volume contains the Constitutions of the different original States of the American Union. “If,” said he on one occasion to an American visitor, “you should compare our Constitution of 1793 with this book you would see that we borrowed not only your ideas, but transferred the text thereof, even into our revolutionary instrument. It is the spirit of those immortal Constitution-makers in America which agitates France to-day.” In his “Popular Lectures” there are able and appreciative reviews of the lives of Abraham Lincoln, of Garrison, of Franklin, of Elihu Burritt, of Horace Mann, and a dozen other prominent Americans. On one occasion, in the winter of 1870, when he was delivering a lecture at the Collège de France on Horace Mann, a voice in the

audience said, "Hum ; there's Laboulaye ; he's forever talking about America." Upon this, Laboulaye defended himself, but acknowledged that he used America as his chief text, and told the audience that he should continue so to do, the Lord willing, for many years. In the words with which he closed that memorable lecture on Mann, he has admirably pictured his own character. He said :

"There are men who are all upon the surface, who dazzle, who charm for a moment ; but if one looks into their egotistic souls, he finds only a repulsive spectacle. There are others who, on the contrary, have taken for their mission the redemption, the elevation of humanity, not by grand phrases, but by acts. They take the child in the street and say to him, 'You have an immortal soul to form, to develop.' They redeem whole nations from ignorance and misery. Such a one was Horace Mann."

Elsewhere, in discussing the subject of education, he has said. "When a real community of ideas and sentiments becomes established among us, we shall have realized the grand idea of our fathers, equality ! and that equality, to call it by its true name, is fraternity !"

Intensely interested in the progress of the working classes, and in the struggle for enlarged liberty of education, Laboulaye threw himself with much energy into the work for which he seemed best fitted, when, in 1871, he entered the Assembly as a deputy from the department of the Seine. He was not looked upon with any favor by the extremists in the republican party, because it was generally understood that he had voted for the last *plébiscite* proposed by the emperor in 1870. He was by no means a

monarchist, but he was certainly an intelligent, moderate, and sensible liberal. He was anxious to see many reforms inaugurated, but he had a supreme contempt for the tempestuous and revolutionary measures proposed by ultra-radicals. He was at first listened to on all sides with some disdain ; but he wounded no sensibilities, made few, if any enemies, and had a wonderful ability for plain and simple speech, which at last gained him a respectful hearing. Day by day he grew in strength, until he became what he is to-day—a leading member of the Assembly, and a French leader in every sense of the word. He was listened to all the more attentively by monarchists of every stripe, because he was recognized as an enemy of the extremists of the Left. He had no faith in the capacity of the radicals to agree, and made no secret of his incredulity. He had had a practical illustration of this lack of agreement, in 1849, when Lamartine, to quote Laboulaye's words : “ came to him, full of fiery enthusiasm, and said : ‘The Provisional Government wishes thee to go to Frankfort as its minister, wilt go?’ I hesitated, because I felt that I must probably go at my own expense, and made some inquiries. However, Lamartine named a salary. Could I have served them I would gladly have done it, but I asked Lamartine, ‘what does Ledru Rollin say about my appointment?’ ‘Ledru Rollin is an imbecile, *mon cher*, and I haven't consulted him. What does he know about such matters? I shall consult with him, nevertheless.’ But when he consulted with him, it was very much as I had imagined. Ledru Rollin judged me very much as Lamartine judged him ; and I was spared the pleasure, or the pain, of journeying to Frankfort. But

fancy that Lamartine had not thought to consult his associates ! ”

Some wicked tongues say, even nowadays, that Laboulaye's earnestness in sustaining the *plebiscite* offered by the emperor in 1870, was the price the writer paid for the advancement of his son in diplomatic rank. It is unnecessary to inform any one who knows Laboulaye personally, that this is a calumny. He, like so many other thoughtful Frenchmen, saw the dangers of the revolution into which Paris would be plunged, as soon as the Empire should fall ; and therefore did all that he could to encourage liberal measures on the part of a government which seemed likely to remain in power, and which was certainly better than a monarchy. He was twice, in 1857 and in 1869, an unsuccessful candidate for a place in the Corps Législatif, where he might have done much good as a “ moderate,” although either the fiery Gambetta or the wavering Rochefort would probably have far outshone him in popular favor at that time.

The two subjects upon which M. Laboulaye's experience and power have been most clearly illustrated, and oftenest called into use, are the organization of the public powers, and the liberty of the higher grades of education. As he had been a professor of comparative legislation since 1849, had written numerous excellent works on jurisprudence, and had carefully analyzed constitutional law, until he was capable of framing a model constitution, without aid from any one else, he astonished his fellow-deputies by the rich stores of his thought ; sometimes when they paused, mute and helpless, before an obstacle which to them seemed to shut out all light, his luminous exposition

of some adroit manner of securing success, won universal admiration. He was a good fighter, but never lost ground from inability to conciliate. When he was absolutely sure of his point, no man was more fearless, frank, and outspoken ; but he would never condescend to risk the loss of all the liberties he sought to obtain by an undue refusal to compromise. He was among the first to recognize the fact that much of the opposition shown by the clergy and the monarchists to certain needed reforms was the fruit of both jealousy and fear. So he came boldly forward saying, "We do not ask you to give up your rights, we only wish to increase them, to add to them new ones, and to share them with you. We are not, on the whole, so anxious to secure a Republic that we are willing to do injustice to any one ; let us reason together." In his struggles for a more enlightened legislation on educational privileges, he always recognized the fact that nothing was to be gained by persecuting and condemning Holy Church in a country where since 1870 there has been a great religious revival. Thanks to him, the Church has been led into concessions which no loud-mouthed Jacobin, or uncompromising enthusiast could ever have won from her.

Those people who could not see that M. Laboulaye had been from the beginning of his literary career a representative of the best type of moderate republicans, were at a loss where to place him as they noted his attitude in the Assembly ; and so they called him an Orleanist. But in his remarkable address on the "Organization of the Public Powers," delivered on the 29th of January, 1875, in the tribune of the Assembly at Versailles, M. Laboulaye made himself understood. "Here is the Republic at

your doors," was the substance of his speech, "you must let it in. There is no way of evading the acknowledgment that we are living under a Republican government. And let us say so frankly." This speech provoked a storm; Orleanists, Legitimists, and Imperialists roared, interrupted, menaced; and finished by recognizing, in their innermost hearts, that M. Laboulaye spoke the truth. When he said to the Assembly, "You can make a government with the Republic; but, if you do not accept this, you can make no government at all," he did more to bring about the substantial and desirable results of the 25th of February following—the recognition of a Republic and the domain of constitutional law—than had been accomplished in many months before.

M. Laboulaye was the reporter of the commission charged, in 1873, with examining General Changarnier's project for confiding the executive power to Marshal MacMahon for ten years. He took occasion, in his report, to denounce the efforts made by numerous factions to avoid the organization of a constitutional government. "If," he said, "the conservative party does not wish to organize free institutions with us; if it offers us only a provisory régime of ten years, only an isolated power, neither bounded nor maintained by constitutional laws, there will be nothing left for us but to resign to the nation the mission which it has confided to us. . . . But, if we can agree; if the name of the Marshal is to serve as the guarantee of a bargain, if you vote the organic laws, the country may, perhaps, come back one day to the constitutional government which has more than once been the source of our grandeur and prosperity. Then we shall enter into



full possession of liberty ; we shall be able to discuss in peace, and to agree upon these great questions of education, public works, and material, intellectual, and moral improvements, which certainly have as much interest for the people as the nomination of a President." After the establishment of the "Septennate," Laboulaye worked earnestly at the creation of Republican sentiment, defended the Republic against the charges of hostility to the Church, to marriage, and to property ; reproved those who wished to establish the tyranny of the State in place of that of a despot. "What, then," he cried, in his great January speech, "is the objection to the Republic, if it menaces neither property, family, nor religion? Join with us in building it up: We do not ask you for the Republic of the Constitution of 1793—a constitution whose great fault was that it could never be applied ;—we ask you for a Republic with two Chambers, with a President, with institutions which you understand perfectly."

No man has ever placed more forcibly before the French people the necessity of absolute freedom of education than has M. Laboulaye. He has not always received thanks, for the French have so long been used to repressive laws that they sometimes express a dread of their repeal.

Laboulaye was active among the working classes when the Empire was in power. He instructed them in co-operative schemes, and is still largely interested in the management of several excellent libraries for the working classes. He was a wise counselor for the masses, and had there been more like him, the Communal insurrection might never have occurred. "A nation," he said to the toilers, "to whom one gives back liberty, is like a sick

man who has been shut in the house a long time, and who is at last exposed to the outer air. The first day he is giddy ; the second he breathes more freely ; the third he feels himself revived, reanimated by the new life and light." "Educate yourselves," he was perpetually saying to the working people, "educate yourselves, and then you will be ready for politics."

As reporter of the Commission on the Liberty of Higher Education, M. Laboulaye has written and spoken much of late. "We have done," he says, "with the ideal monarchy which saw in the prince the father of a family, regulating the education of his children at his will ; we reject the antique conception taken up anew by the Revolution, making the citizen the slave and the *thing* of the Republic ; we do not now admit that the establishment of a University should be, as the First Napoleon said, *a means of directing political and moral opinions*. We no longer ask from the government anything save guarantees for general security and private liberty ; we refuse to allow it to substitute itself for the family and the individual. It is this change of ideas which renders a change of institutions necessary." Laboulaye is firmly convinced that the members of the clergy, although professing to be profoundly shocked by the changes proposed, recognize their necessity, and can be brought to understand that liberty for all is the only sure means of guaranteeing liberty to the individual and the class.

Edouard René-Lefèvre Laboulaye was born in Paris, January 18, 1811. He studied law there, and first made himself known by a work entitled "History of the Law Relative to Landed Property in Europe, from the Time of

Constantine to our Own Days." This treatise was crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and its author, at that time a type-founder, although not allowing business to interfere with professional studies, at once won a wide fame. Laboulaye next published an "Essay on the Life and Doctrines of Frédéric Charles de Savigny;" this was in 1842, and in the same year he became an advocate at the Cour Royale of Paris. During several ensuing years, he published in rapid succession the "Studies on the Civil and Political Condition of Women, from the Days of the Romans until our Own Times," a work crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; an Essay on the Criminal Laws of the Romans, concerning the Responsibility of Magistrates, a volume which secured his admission to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. After he took his place, in 1849, as Professor of Comparative Legislation, at the Collège de France, he turned his attention both toward journalism, and the study of the institutions of America. He wrote a "Political History of the United States, from the first attempts at Colonization, up to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution, 1620-1789;" "Studies in Literary Property in France and England;" edited most of Channing's works, and prefaced them with interesting essays on his life and character. When he edited Channing's "Slavery," he preceded it with an acute and polished essay on the crucial question, which did the cause of abolition infinite good in Europe. His minor works, growing out of his legal studies, are almost too numerous to mention. He has been a constant contributor to the "Review of Legislation and Jurisprudence" for many years; was one of the direc-

tors of the "Historical Review of French Law," and wrote in the *Débats* and in the *Revue Germanique*. M. Laboulaye was, before the war, a yearly visitor to Germany, where he was, and still is, very highly esteemed. His acquaintance there was very extensive, and he is to-day one of the few Frenchmen who really understand the German character. In 1855, he published "Contemporary Studies in Germany and the Slavic Countries;" in 1856, "Religious Liberty;" and in 1857 and 1859, various volumes and romances of travel.

Laboulaye wrote as earnestly for the cause of freedom in the *Journal des Débats* as in his own books. One day during the American civil war, he arrived at the editorial room with an article in favor of the Northern States in his pocket, only to find that Bertoll, the director, had allowed one written in the interests of the slaveholders to be put into type. Laboulaye at once obtained an interview with the director, and urged him to adhere to the honest course which had been marked out in former numbers of the journal, despite the fact that prevailing opinion was very hostile to the North. He succeeded, and the North retained an ally, which, if transformed into an enemy, might have done much harm to the Union arms.

He is a hale and extremely well-preserved man, of scholarly aspect; his shoulders are slightly bowed by the habits of long bending over his books; his abundant hair is tinged with gray. He is always scrupulously simple in his dress, and his black frock coat, buttoned to the chin, gives him an almost clerical appearance. In summer, and during the sessions of the Assembly, he lives at Glatigny, a pleasant suburb of Versailles, in his own coun-

try house, in the midst of his charming family ; in winter, when he has leisure, he resides in Paris. A vigorous worker, and an indispensable member of the band of moderate republicans earnestly striving to shape a good constitution, he will yet add many new laurels to those he has already so well earned. He has for many years cherished a desire to visit America, but has at last reluctantly given it up, as he has such ample store of serious work before him at home. His rooms are filled with presents from Americans, who gratefully remember him as the champion of their beloved country.



## EUGÈNE ROUHER.

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UGÈNE ROUHER was one of the great small men of the Second Empire. He played a mighty rôle, and served his master passing well, but he never merited that statesmanlike reputation which he claimed. Those Frenchmen who appreciated him at his true value when he was at the head of public affairs, were wont to console themselves for the chagrin they felt at seeing him there by laughing at him ; but ridicule never gave Rouher any uneasiness. He was accustomed to hard knocks ; he liked them ; his health was and is vigorous, his appetite Gargantuan, and his capacity for work astonishing ; while his ignorance is dense enough to prevent that extreme sensitiveness which causes so much needless suffering. When people ridiculed him, he smiled good-naturedly, and probably thought, in his innermost soul, that they were envious.

Rouher was a lusty baby, according to all accounts, and so attractive that gypsies stole him from his parents at a country fair and kept him some time, restoring him

quite unwillingly. He was born at Riom, in the pleasant and eccentric department of Auvergne, November 30, 1814. His father was an attorney, poor, and possessed of no special talent. He sent his son to school in patched clothes, and that son, instead of whimpering when the boys laughed at his patches, knocked his would-be tormentors down. He cared but little for books, and wasted few hours over them. The natural result was that in his public career he was forever making amusing mistakes. One of the most formidable was perpetrated at a dinner-party in Paris, when he confounded Saint Simon, the author of the famous memoirs, with the founder of the sect of Saint Simonians. He passed through the University of Clermont in such a manner that there was not very much scholastic dust on his heels when he left it. He then went up to Paris—where great numbers of stout men and women from his province are employed as hewers of wood and drawers of water—at the most brilliant epoch of the century, socially, politically, and in a literary and artistic sense.

This sturdy young Auvergnat knew very little of poetry, of history, of science, or of art. But he knew that this is a work-day world, and that the hard-workers get the prizes. The romantic fascinations of the great capital hardly touched him. He rose at dawn, and worked until midnight every day. He studied law with feverish earnestness; he found inspiration in its dry details. As soon as he was admitted to the bar, he redoubled his energies, and did as much work in an hour as formerly he had accomplished in two. He was awkward; his mannerisms and the accent of his native province were intensely disagreeable; but his labor

overcame all obstacles. He had, too, a wonderful quality of enthusiasm which he could take on at a moment's notice, and by which he often gained cases for his clients at the moment that he was supposed to have lost them. He was an enormous eater, and a huge flask of thick wine was not too much for him at breakfast ; but he was never dissipated, nor did he loiter in cafés. Loiter ! there was not time enough in the twenty-four hours for his work, not to mention play. At thirty-five he had made so many friends and had so much business that his professional income was thirty thousand francs yearly.

M. Rouher began to feel the influence of the liberal ideas then taking root anew in France, when he was in his thirty-second year. But he did not propose to go over entirely to the liberal camp, and thus to compromise his future ; so he talked just liberalism enough for electioneering purposes, but really sided with Guizot and the majority grouped around him. He was unsuccessful in his first campaign ; but got into the last Assembly elected under Louis Philippe, and was a good deal heard of in the committee-rooms. But there was no chance in the tribune for such rough and ready eloquence as his, when the Assembly boasted orators like Lamartine, Cousin, Berryer, Arago, Louis Blanc, and Odillon Barrot. In the circular which he issued before his election, Rouher announced that his sympathies were all with a "strong Republic comprehending and applying the sublimities of its device : Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Truth to tell, he was not at all glad to see the February revolution ; and his profession of republican sympathies was not entirely honest. It served him, as it helped him into power ; but he was too



frank not to show that he feared he had made a mistake. His frankness gave him a place in the new Constituent Assembly, where he soon distinguished himself by his pronounced opposition to Louis Blanc, Raspail, Barbès, and others; and where he daily became less and less republican in sentiment. He voted nevertheless for Cavaignac for the presidency of the Republic; doubtless having small confidence in the "Prince Bonaparte" under whose rule he afterwards played such an important part. When Rouher found that he had been mistaken in voting for Cavaignac, his vexation knew no bounds: "He groaned even on the benches of the Assembly," says a clever French writer. One day he said to one of his colleagues,—

"I have lost my future."

"But you will find it again," was the answer.

"How can the prince ever pardon me?" sighed Rouher.

"Oh!" rejoined his colleague, "don't be alarmed! Go bravely to the Elysée palace (it was there that the new president Napoleon had established his headquarters); to-day you will probably be received badly; to-morrow a little less so; day after to-morrow, very well; and in a month, you will be minister."

Rouher cheered up at this advice, and followed it. This incident reveals him in his true character. He was not merely desirous of finding high place and favor; he simply had no solid convictions in favor of the Republic, and was ready to serve any one interested in the re-establishment of monarchial or imperial rule. The Duc de Morny, who afterwards became his bitter enemy, is said to have first introduced Rouher at the Elysée. Rouher found

Napoleon anxious to give him place and work, and was speedily named Minister of Justice, replacing M. Odillon Barrot. His promotion came just as he had been re-elected to the Chamber, and at a time when his influence as a tremendous worker began to be felt. Once or twice he did unpopular things, such as saying one day in an excitable speech : "The Revolution of 1848 was a catastrophe, and your Republic is a disgrace !" But his appointment as minister was, on the whole, popular ; for Rouher was not looked upon as a man committed to the interest of any particular dynasty.

The President, who was so soon to become an emperor, admired Rouher for his marvelous faculty of assimilation. Of this faculty the lawyer-minister had given the most astounding examples at the bar. He would take a case at eleven o'clock in the morning, understand it completely, master it, and plead it by one o'clock. No one could equal him in the rapidity with which he made up a brief ; it seemed like magic. He carried this facility into his ministerial functions, and, alloying it with his vast industry, he did wonders. There were days when his work seemed so completely to monopolize him that he forgot the outer world. A minister of the United States one day found him bending over his work-table, half dressed, his unshaven face and uncombed hair betraying the fact that he had been there since he left his bed. He simply muttered an excuse, and proceeded to the business on hand with his usual lucidity and expedition.

He made some blunders in his early ministerial career, and once narrowly escaped precipitating a crisis. During the session of July 8, 1850, he was defending the law pro-

posed for regulation of the press, when he happened to speak of the Revolution as "that great social upheaval produced by the twenty-fourth of February, which I shall always consider as a veritable catastrophe." There was a tumult, and the Left arose in disorder. The session was adjourned, after the Minister of Justice had been called to order for eating his own words. Perhaps the wily Auvergnat has now and then blushed for the manner in which he finally rejected the sentiments which graced his maiden electoral circular. Victor Hugo took occasion, next day, to administer a smart cuff to Rouher, alluding scornfully to "those revolutions which bring out of the shade at once such great ideas and such little men!"

It was Edmond About who said of Rouher's eloquence, that it was a "thunderous assemblage of platitudes." Emile Ollivier has analyzed it as follows: "His method is that of lawyers. His beginning is full of promise; he commences his discourse by a startling analysis of the arguments of his adversaries; he announces with assurance that he is about to confound them; but he oftenest does not reply to them at all. He edges around difficulties. If he discovers an error or a contradiction of detail, he dwells on it in triumph, and masks the feebleness of his own argument on the essential point by an appeal to the passions of those whom he is addressing. In order to triumph by the aid of these processes, it is necessary that no one answer him; and thus all the strategy of the ex-premier has always consisted in getting the last word." Rouher has also been accused of twisting facts, making what the polite Gauls call "inexact affirmations," for effect in his speeches. Emile Ollivier said of him as a legal speaker, "He thinks any means

fair which assure him a momentary success." Gambetta is said once to have been so captivated by Rouher's vivacity and rude earnestness that he called him the "prince of orators," but this was a judgment rendered in an excited moment, when Rouher was doing a disagreeable duty,—that of expounding some liberal measures preferred by the Empire—with such ingenuity and apparent zeal as to wring admiration from all who heard him. Rouher made no small capital out of the vehement manner in which he defended the Pope. One of his speeches in 1867, in which he was more than usually violent and menacing against all enemies of the Temporal Power, contained this sentence : "We declare, in the name of the French Government, that Italy shall never take possession of Rome ; *never* will France permit that violence to be done to her honor and her Catholicity." But Italy took Rome nevertheless, a few years later, just as M. Rouher knew that she would. He cared little for the Pope, but he made use of him occasionally as a help to popularity.

In 1869, Rouher surprised the Members of the Corps Legislatif by one day declaring, in an address on commercial affairs, that the industrial productions of Paris had increased in value in three years, from three to six millions of francs. This statement made vast capital for the Empire, until it was discovered that there was not the slightest foundation for it in fact.

Decidedly the man for Napoleon III. and the Little ! Not likely to become too great ; a faithful henchman, too laborious to have uneasy dreams of ambition ! Rouher got into the new Cabinet, appointed December 3, 1851, and remained thenceforward until July, 1869, in office, with

the exception of a few months in 1852, when he resigned, to show his contempt for the odious law which authorized the confiscation and sale of the lands belonging to the Orléans family. During the long term that he was in office he was successively Minister of Justice, of Commerce, of Finance, of the Interior, of State, and always did twice as much work as any one else in the government. He never received a great deal of public applause or honor, for he was not remarkably distinguished in appearance, and on the street might have been taken for a notary from some obscure corner of Auvergne. He was once mistaken for a flunkey by the hair-dresser at whose shop he left a commission from his wife ; and this story getting abroad among M. Rouher's enemies, caused much merriment. It seems, according to the malicious wags who spread the tale broadcast over France, that the *concierge* at the porter's lodge, in the hair-dresser's house, even took M. Rouher, who was then Minister of State, to task for not going up the back stairs.

Rouher's name is inseparably associated with those of the Emperor Napoleon III. and of Michel Chevalier, in the negotiation of the Treaty of Commerce, but he can lay no other claim to fame. He is, and ever has been, a mediocrity. Had he not possessed great capacity for work he would have remained forgotten in a corner. The Empire gave him the opportunity which the Republic would never have afforded him—that of making himself prominent by the hard-headed tenacity and faithfulness with which he did dirty work. He helped to keep down the gallant people, whose liberties were taken from them under the pretext that they were sure to abuse them. He was punished in

after years, for the facility with which he broke faith with the Republic of 1848, by finding himself condemned, toward the latter days of the Empire, to attempt the embodying in the Constitution of the very reforms against which he had fought persistently ever since the *coup d'état*. He did it smilingly, but it cut him none the less severely. He only quavered once or twice, one of the noticeable occasions being in February of 1868, when he begged Napoleon not to insist on his defending that increased liberty of the press which he had spoken against for fifteen years. The Emperor caressed Rouher, and told him that he must do it ; and he did, swallowing his words once more, smiling, and protesting that he liked it all the time.

Rouher went down in 1869, when Emile Ollivier came into power. He met his fate gracefully, although he was terribly worried anew for his future until he found that he was to be made President of the Senate. When it was announced that he had arrived at that dignity, he rejoiced at his removal from the Ministry, for it was evident that he had gained by the change. The Senate was to have the power of accusing the Ministry, and was to possess the privilege of initiative in projects for constitutional law, so that Rouher was really more important than the minister who replaced him.

Rouher's opening speech at the assembling of the new Senate, in August of 1869, contained the following sentence: "Political science consists in adopting proper changes in government, when public opinion presents the opportunities." In other words, according to the honorable Auvergnat, it is the same science which prompts a cat always to fall upon its legs. That Rouher did not fore-

see the revolution, which at that time was in the air, and which would have overturned the Empire had not the Prussians undertaken the task, is evident from the manner in which, in the above-mentioned speech, he menaced the revolutionists. "Even," he said, "as an august personage has remarked, the Empire is popular enough to have a proper understanding with the fullest liberalism, and strong enough to preserve that liberty from anarchy." A statement at once more audacious and fallacious cannot be found on record in the history of political speech-making. Rouher must also have been blind as to the actual condition of the resources of France at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war; for he was one of the numerous mad-caps who assured the world that the French were ready to fight. He was totally unprepared for the Fourth of September, and was compelled to run away to England in most undignified style, the enraged crowds along the line of his journey with difficulty refraining from breaking his head. A scrubby and uninfluential sheet, called "The Situation," printed in French, was started in London, under Rouher's influence, but never did anything except waste the Imperial funds.

Rouher found himself speedily at the head of the exiled Imperialist party, and was for a long time exclusively employed in intrigues, which resulted in no practical advantage to the adherents of the fallen Empire. He was a candidate for the National Assembly in July, 1871, in two departments, but was defeated in both. He busied himself with journalism after his return to France, writing articles in which he assumed a tone of reproach, which was peculiarly maddening to French liberals, who were always

extremely angry at his audacity. A Corsican member finally, in 1872, resigned his seat in the Assembly in favor of Rouher, who has since been now and then prominent in the debates. Shortly after his return to parliamentary life he undertook an elaborate apology for his Imperial master, but was completely worsted in a brilliant speech by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, now President of the Assembly. He has been a little abashed since that time, and has lost favor in the eyes of the more pronounced of the Imperialists by the long silence he has maintained. It is possible that he has become convinced of the hopelessness of a permanent Bonapartist restoration, and is turning his gaze toward some new man of order, who will not give liberty to the people, and who will know how to despise revolutions. The rumors that Rouher meditates a complete rupture with his old employers perhaps have a basis of fact.

The "Vice-Emperor," as he was sometimes called in Imperial days, is of sturdy build, and has a good but rather negative face, ornamented with expressionless side whiskers. He has an obstinate chin, a pouting mouth, sharp eyes, and a forehead high because it is bald. He has one gesture by which he is always betrayed in the tribune when seeking to make a point: he darts out his right arm violently, then withdrawing it, pounds the desk with his fist, much as he did in the old days when he pleaded petty cases in a musty court. In private life he is a very agreeable man, with fortune large enough to enable him to gratify his tastes, and with no very violent animosities. He does not seem to have upon his conscience any of the misfortunes, the crimes, or the follies of the twenty odd



years during which he was near the throne. That there were blunders he does not deny ; but he would not admit that there had been anything wrong in the conduct of the Government. M. Rouher has never been accused with justice of enriching himself at the public expense ; he has always been too busy to think much about accumulating wealth. He owns a fine mansion in the Champs Elysées, whose rental gives him a handsome income. If he could learn to avoid the tone of reproachful superiority which he never fails to introduce in his public speeches latterly, he would not be entirely unpopular among a large class. But he seems incapable of wisdom in that respect. Exactly how much he is interested in Imperialist intrigue throughout the country it will be impossible to know until some new movement reveals the truth as to the rumored schism in the Bonapartist faction.



## EDGAR RAOUL DUVAL.

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**T**HOSE who, either from curiosity or choice, have now and then visited the *Café de la Paix*, the chief rendezvous of Bonapartists in Paris, during the last three or four years, have probably heard the name of Raoul Duval mentioned in common with almost every variety of criticism. Time was when the impetuous young politician was frowned down by the unbending and singularly old-fashioned folk who constitute the mass of chief supporters of the Second Empire. When bald heads were bowed over the evening absinthe, and the day's session at Versailles came under discussion, one would hear "Raoul Duval," "headstrong," "blind," "doesn't know where he is going," "imprudent young dog," and other epithets calculated to impress a casual observer with the idea that the Duval in question was far from being as conservative as he might be, and that the united voices of the *Café de la Paix* decried him as too sanguine, too frank, too impulsive to succeed in politics. Later, when Raoul Duval had shown his capacities in a new and startling manner, the old

fogies spoke of him as an "upstart," but as a "promising man," who might yet show sense enough to come frankly over to the party of Imperialism and peace. And still later, when he seceded from the Right, with which he had been long and intimately associated, and made an enthusiastic speech in defense of the fallen Empire, the old ones stirred their absinthe with more than usual energy, and cried, as with one accord: "Raoul Duval is the leader of the Young Imperialist party! Long live Raoul Duval!"

The person in question, who, whether abused or praised, managed to get himself spoken of every day, both by the press and in the parlors and cafés, is a vigorous and enterprising man of forty-three years of age. His belief in himself is strong, but no whit tempered or tainted with conceit. His convictions are positive while they last; but he is somewhat inconstant in politics. It would be unsafe to say that he is either dishonest or unscrupulous in his course, yet if he were a man of colder and more calculating vein, he would certainly be accused of improper motives, so lightly does he change his base. He has power, and much more of that than of experience; he uses his strength recklessly and gracefully, like an animal that has never been trained to effort. One of his most nervous and effective speeches from the tribune was criticised as follows:—

"M. Raoul Duval has plenty of *entrain*, of *élan*, of fire, of repartee, but he lacks the power of continued pursuance of one subject. While he is in the tribune his whole body trembles with excitement; his hands frisk in the air, and his sentences gallop; he throws himself head foremost into the battle; he charges, he strikes, he parries, he

raises a frightful tumult ; he writhes and struggles. Have you never seen, in the bull-ring of Madrid or Cordova, a strong-necked bull plunge into the arena ? He hurls himself with terrible force at the first enemy that he sees ; he is about to crush him, when—bah ! one of the bull-fighters flourishes a bit of cloth before the animal's eyes. The bull turns and rushes upon the new object. Other fighters then surround him, worry him, prick him with their spears in his neck, dazzle him with their strips of red cloth ; while he, rushing head down, always at the latest distraction, runs in every direction, and thus allows himself to be conducted at the will of his adversaries. M. Raoul Duval, in the tribune, seems like one of these circus bulls, aggressive, lashing his audience with his words, he instantly lets loose storms, and unchains all the passions. Cries, denials, attacks, murmurs come upon him from every quarter ; he rushes out of his road ; throws himself upon each tormentor, irritates the contradictory ones, does not desist from attacking them until they are silent. Then he suddenly discovers that he has lost his way. He begins with a good and substantial address ; he finishes with a rolling fire of passionate responses to attacks hurled at him."

Duval was born in the picturesque little mountain town of Laon, on the 9th of April, 1832. His father was the first President of the Court at Bordeaux, and was excluded from the magistracy by the delegation of the Government of National Defense, because he was accused of having been concerned in the "mixed commissions" of 1852. The father was restored to his magisterial honors after the present National Assembly came into power. Young Du-

val entered the legal world at a tender age. Under the Empire he was connected with the official lawyers at Nantes, was advocate-general at Angers, Bordeaux, and Rouen, and was inscribed at the bar in the latter city.

He was but little known in the political world when he was elected deputy from the Seine-Inférieure, July 2d, 1871, by fifty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty-seven votes, but he had no sooner entered the Assembly than he took position as one of the leaders of the Right.

Raoul Duval was first noted among politicians because of the earnestness and great number of his attacks upon M. Thiers. He was never satisfied to let any measure proposed by the elder statesman pass without having some objections made to it. Whenever there was a concerted attack on Thiers, Duval was observed in the van, engaged in a kind of guerilla warfare which would have been laughable had there not been so much of force and intelligence displayed in it, although both were neutralized by the diffuse manner in which they were used. Raoul Duval fought against the treaty concluded by the President of the Republic for the anticipated liberation of territory from the enemy's presence. He demanded that Ranc, a member of the Commune who had enjoyed some immunity from judgment, should be put on trial and judged by default, and he finally secured the condemnation to death of the aforesaid Ranc, who smiled serenely on his judges from a safe position just across the Belgian frontier. He asked for the dismissal of all those municipal magistrates who were present at that banquet in Havre, at which Gambetta made a speech in favor of the immediate dissolution of the Assembly. One of his defiant propositions led to the re-

tirement from office of Victor Lefranc, when he was Minister of the Interior. This is only a hasty outline of the man's tempestuous career as a leader of the Right. He was in perpetual storm; demanding, sneering, fighting; and to him and his curious tactics the Right certainly owed much of its success in procuring the dubiously honorable victory of the 24th of May.

Raoul Duval had labored with Broglie to destroy Thiers, and every one was astonished when he went suddenly over to the enemy, and began to combat his old ally with the same energy which he had employed in aiding him. He declared that he had not anticipated the events which followed the overthrow of the Thiers ministry: and he therefore felt free to repudiate his old connections. "After the 24th of May," he said, "nothing remained but to assume the maintenance of order, respect for the laws, and to allow the country to pronounce upon its destinies by free elections. It was not fair to create a party policy which tended to substitute the will of a few for the will of the nation."

Ah! M. Raoul Duval perhaps had dreamed that, Thiers and his fellows once out of the way, the road to the *plébiscité* and to a bloodless return to the Imperial régime would lie open. He had not then learned the truth of the ironical maxim that "the French Republic is destined to be definitely founded by its enemies." He imagined that the battle was nearly over, but discovered, to his supreme surprise, that it was but just begun.

He therefore assumed as decisive an attitude as his character would permit. He seized upon the attempt at a monarchical restoration as the occasion for an absolute and

final rupture with the party of the Right. He wrote to the president of the famous "Commission of Nine" a letter in which he refused his adhesion to the projected restoration, in the following terms :

"It costs me not a little to separate myself on such an important question from those in company with whom I have fought for the last two years ; but in such enterprises as that which is to-day attempted, there must be no misunderstanding as to votes or co-operation. The esteem which you have kindly desired to testify makes it my duty to inform you that I cannot accept the responsibility which a monarchical restoration on the conditions proposed would naturally engender. I remain, therefore, aloof, leaving free to act all those who, more fortunate than myself, have faith in, as well as hope for success."

Duval's campaign against the Duke of Broglie, and the ministers who, succeeding him, adhered in some measure to his policy, led him on one or two occasions to act fairly in harmony with the Left, although he was nothing less than republican. He was inconsistent enough to rush into the tribune, and indulge in an extravagant eulogy upon Thiers, the man whom he had fought so bitterly against before the 24th of May. He so far forgot himself as, at times, to shout for the dissolution of the Assembly, although every deputy present could remember when the same man had stigmatized as fit to be classed with Communists every person who had ventured to hint at dissolution. The constitutional laws were, however, a subject upon which he was consistent. He fought them from their birth until their adoption ; he made dozens of speeches against them ; he embarrassed them with count-

less motions ; he hedged them with imaginary difficulties.

The shrewd Bonapartists in the Assembly nodded their heads, when they saw this young and fiery free lance in the field ; and they said, "Give him time enough, and he will come over to us !" He came. Shortly after Gambetta made his noted address at Belleville, early in 1875—an address in which he counseled moderation, patience, and even conservatism,—Raoul Duval spoke at Menilmontant, to "counterbalance the effect of Gambetta's speech," and announced his faith in and admiration for Imperial institutions. The speech was stronger and more logical than his previous efforts ; it was bold and open, praised the latterly much vilified Second Empire, and prophesied its restoration. Of course he received many curses, and the cold shoulder in quarters where he had once been welcome ; but he had gained his point. He had made himself, by an audacious stroke, the chief of a party which is gradually gaining ground in France, the "Young Imperialist" faction. His position among the members of this organization was strengthened when the ex-Prince Imperial wrote him a letter of congratulation and thanks. The veterans at the Café de la Paix smiled knowingly, and said that if the young man did not err by enthusiasm and ambition, he would have a brilliant future.

"Young Imperialism" has not many men of Raoul Duval's worth in its ranks. Whether or not he is a firm believer in the Empire ; whether he rejects the Republic as impossible, is disgusted with the monarchical parties as irreconcilable, and therefore takes refuge in the Empire's



sheltering arms, it is now impossible to affirm. That he has definitely announced his present alliance with the Imperialists is evident; it would be both useless and improper to attempt to prophesy or prejudge his future course.



## THE DUC DE BROGLIE.

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**I**N the days when the Duc de Broglie was ambassador of the young French Republic at London, yet spent much of his time in journeys to Versailles, where he threw all his influence against the growth and adoption of republican principles, people, both in France and England, were wont to speak of him as the prince of intriguers, and to prophesy that he would be more than a match for the cleverest workers in the cause of freedom. Broglie went at his work with such sublime confidence in his own resources, and at first succeeded so admirably, that he was undoubtedly much more surprised than was any one else in France when he was overthrown, and the Republic was established on the ruins of his ministry.

It is the fashion to say that the French Republic has been founded by its adversaries. There is a grain of truth in this cynical remark ; the efforts of such men as Broglie have served to emphasize and to redouble the energy, as well as the caution, of all who believe that a Republican

régime is the only safe and satisfactory one for France. Had not Thiers been overthrown, had not Broglie and his men come into power, and played their fantastic tricks for a brief twelvemonth, the Republic's cause would have lost rather than gained strength.

As grandson of Madame de Staël and son of the old minister under the July government, the present Duc de Broglie has a very good opinion of himself. It is not probable that that appreciation has lessened by the rude experience which befell him in May of 1874. He, perhaps, looks upon those who overthrew him as ungrateful wretches marching to a certain doom. He has always been a furious preacher in behalf of moral order, and persists in asserting that under the Republic France can never be sure of tranquillity. Like many other Frenchmen very firmly wedded to the traditions of the past, he wants guarantees for the future; he is unwilling to trust it in the hands of the people. He resents popular interference in governmental affairs; it is inexpressibly annoying to him to find the representatives of those blue and white-bloused workmen who live in garrets and frequent wine shops, jostling him in the corridors of the Palace of Versailles. When he saw that the people really had begun to take an active part in the government his first thought was, "A little intrigue and a few gloomy prophecies will soon frighten them out of that! I myself"—and it is impossible for any one who has not seen the worthy duke to imagine the unction with which he pronounces those words so beloved by him—"I myself can help them away from anarchy into a secure condition, with which they will be infinitely better satisfied than with this monstrosity called republicanism." He

was not angry, but hurt and somewhat offended when people laughed at his fears. He wondered much when the ridicule which he had often prophesied would one day overwhelm Father Thiers, because of that venerable statesman's adhesion to republicanism, was suddenly showered upon the sacred head of a Broglie who was a prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and an Academician.

Jacques Victor Albert, the present Duke of Broglie, was born in Paris, June 13, 1821. His father was the celebrated statesman who, although little favorable to the Bonapartists, held many honorable positions during the reign of Napoleon I. ; was named peer of France under the Restoration ; combated liberalism under Louis Philippe ; fought the battles of constitutional monarchy after the February Revolution ; and retiring from political life when the Second Empire came on, was accorded a seat in the Academy. This polished and accomplished nobleman gave his sons a thorough education, and the present duke made such good use of his that when twenty-seven years of age he was a noted publicist, and contributed an article to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the foreign policy of the then existing Republic, in which he called the Revolution of '48 "the February catastrophe," and gave utterance to many somber prophecies that society was about to be shaken to its foundations. The young man also worked hard in preparing for his destined career, that of diplomacy, and was on the point of receiving a commission as the secretary of an embassy when the Revolution of 1848 broke out.

The family of the Broglies is of Italian origin. The story goes, that in 1644, a Piedmontese captain, hardy,

brave, and supple, like most Italian adventurers of his epoch, entered the service of France. Mazarin, prince of intriguers, was then in power, and took kindly to the obscure captain, whose name was Broglio, and whose nature did not belie the significance of his name. In the days of the Fronde, the young Italian did yeoman-service ; made his fortune, and founded the illustrious family whose roll of honor is long and imposing. But as a French writer happily remarks, Broglio and imbroglio were, in the case of each descendant of the little captain, interchangeable terms. The counts, the dukes, the marshals, were audacious, cunning, and prone to intrigue. In 1759, the family was admitted among the princes of the Holy Empire. The great grandfather of the present duke was a field-marshal, and the grandfather, a man of noble sentiments, was guillotined in 1794. The Italian beginnings of the house are still hinted at to-day, in the pronunciation of the family name, which makes Broille of "Broglio."

The present duke was as active and energetic in making his way in the world as if he had had a livelihood to earn. He wrote well, and left a good mark on French journalism. He hated the Republic with a calm and concentrated hate which seemed rather the influence of family traditions than of any deliberate judgment. He never rallied to the Second Empire, but treated it disdainfully, and fired epigrams at it. Napoleon could not afford to banish either his father or young Broglio himself ; he could but menace, and await events. Young Broglio was a very constant contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to the *Correspondant*, and the *Français*, which latter journal is even to this day his special organ ; and he now and then pleased himself

with lively sallies, and sometimes vigorous assaults in these publications on the Napoleonic policy. His enemies also say, that in those days he was a great stickler for that communal freedom, the right of local self-government, of which he has been such a bitter adversary in his later political career. He was largely instrumental in forming, in 1863, the noted "Liberal Union," on which he hoped to group all the elements opposed to Imperialism, and to hurl them against the Empire at election time. In 1869, he presented himself as an independent candidate for the Corps Législatif from his department of the Eure, but the administration exerted itself to such good purpose that he only succeeded in securing a few votes, although he expressly declared in his electoral circular, that he was not animated by any systematic hostility against existing powers, and demanded "the development of all those public liberties whose existence or sanction were still in doubt." Napoleon III. would have been delighted to accord honors and places to the representatives of the great Broglie family; but he was determined that they should not command them. When Ollivier was endeavoring to carry out the Emperor's deceitful parliamentary plans early in 1870, overtures were made to the Broglies, but they did not accept them.

The present duke had had his title but a short time, his father living to a ripe old age, when the downfall of the Empire, and the advent of the Fourth of September brought him into a very prominent position. It also opened a wide field for the exercise of his almost insatiable ambition. He applied himself strenuously to electioneering, and was elected to the National Assembly from the

Department of the Eure, on the 8th of February, 1871, by forty-five thousand four hundred and fifty-eight votes. He assisted at the stormy sessions in Bordeaux, and as soon as Thiers was definitely established in power, he appointed Broglie ambassador of the Republic at London. The duke at once set out on his mission, determined to make the most of his new opportunities, and to overturn the Republic, if possible. He felt, as he probably does to-day, honestly convinced that the English form of government is better and safer than the Republic, and he took every occasion to say so both at Bordeaux and Versailles, and in London. The contemptuous manner in which he spoke of the government which he represented abroad can be pardoned only on the supposition that he believed it abnormal, and likely soon to be overthrown, to serve as a stepping-stone for another. In August, 1871, he left London expressly to visit Versailles, and to fight against a proposition which had not then left the committee-room. After a few hints as to the embarrassing nature of his conduct, he resigned his ambassadorship with great dignity, and returned to the Assembly.

None of the Broglies had ever been disciples of Thiers, and the present duke was even more hostile to the chief of executive power than his father had been. Seated at the centre right, the duke worked with great zeal every day at the task of overturning M. Thiers. He was a member of the deputation which, in view of the republican elections in June of 1872, went to demand of the chief of state that he should conform his policy rather more to the views of the Right. Thiers received this delegation very coldly, and it was possibly then that he, for the

first time, distinctly understood that Broglie desired his downfall.

The Duke of Broglie was much laughed at by Republicans for a time. Thiers went steadily forward paying off the war indemnity and liberating the conquered territory, while Broglie published circulars and letters in the *Courier de France* and other journals, announcing that in conservative policy and monarchical coalition the only safety was to be found. Outside of conservatism as he understood it, there was "naught but bankruptcy, anarchy, ruin." Broglie absolutely refused to be convinced by facts that Thiers was successful.

Inasmuch as he could not at once overthrow Thiers, he sought to embarrass him by the creation of the Committee of Thirty. But the veteran statesman managed to bear with even the freaks of this combination of political jugglers. It was only the menace contained in the demand of the Right for a "resolute conservative policy," as expressed and explained by the Duc de Broglie, that induced Thiers to resign his office, and to allow the intriguing duke to become vice-president of the Council of Ministers.

Broglie was fond of speaking of moderation of internal policy, before he came into power. But he seems to have laid aside his old sentiments as soon as he gained a controlling voice in the direction of affairs. He was arbitrary, vexatious, and it is not too much to say that he was unwise. He furnished, during his year of control, a striking illustration of the embarrassments of those Frenchmen who are afraid to undertake new experiments in government, and are consequently returning constantly to the use of the



old despotic and repressive machinery which, in their innermost consciences, they themselves condemn.

The law by which large numbers of the old Imperialist mayors were re-established in office in the provinces, was Broglie's great work during his ministry, and was pressed by him under the pretext that "moral order" must be maintained. The mayor of any little town, by co-operation with that formidable representative of the central government, the prefect, has an immense amount of repressive power in France; and Broglie's appointees were of course, one and all, anxious to repress the Republic. This law was so unpopular that Broglie's ministry narrowly escaped downfall immediately after its passage. The artful duke managed to maintain a reasonably neutral attitude with regard to monarchical candidates at the time that the projects of a "restoration" were agitated, and contented himself with pleading the cause of monarchy in general. He now and then changed his portfolio, but he remained at the head of the ministerial council. The Legitimists, however, who were his enemies, because he had declared that the "Septennate" shut the door in monarchy's face for seven years, labored to overthrow him. Broglie, meantime, tried to postpone the discussion of the constitutional law projects for an indefinite period, and proposed a kind of Grand Council, or high Legislative Chamber, instead of the Senate and House demanded by the Republicans. When he presented this proposition in the Assembly, it was received in solemn silence. The duc de Broglie recognized that he had made a mistake. A few days thereafter, a coalition of the members of the Left and the Legitimists, as well as a few Bonapartists, put an end to the

Brogliè ministry, refusing to support it on some simple matters in the orders of the day, and thus showing the want of confidence which brings ministers to a realizing sense of the insecurity of office tenure.

The duke's ardor was by no means lessened after his fall. He spoke often in the Assembly, and was especially violent in his opposition to Casimir Pèrier's proposition for the organization of the Republic. As one of the leaders of the Centre and Moderate Right, his nervous yet somewhat monotonous eloquence is often heard in the tribune. He has been prominent latterly in connection with a law proposing to submit press offenses to juries, and has had not a little to say concerning educational matters. He has generally been considered a liberal Catholic, and in the introduction to his principal work, "The Church and the Roman Empire in the Fourth Century," he issued a kind of manifesto of liberalism in religious matters. He came into the French Academy in 1862 as the successor of Lacordaire. He is sometimes compared with Guizot, not in renown or genius, but there are certain points of resemblance between the characters of the dead historian and the living politician. Both men will be noted in future as having had a supreme disdain for public opinion, and as having been overthrown because they persisted in opposing it with their own schemes. Brogliè once told some scholars in a speech at a well-known school, never to count with confidence, if they wished to save or serve their country, upon any institution, or any one principle; but only, after God, upon themselves.

One cannot rely upon the Duc de Brogliè's enemies

for an accurate personal description of the man. They are fond of ridiculing him as fussy and important ; they laugh at his nervous gestures, his perpetual and almost hysterical smile, and his harsh voice and unadorned phrases. They joke about the laborious manner in which he corrects his speeches before he permits them to be printed in the official journal ; and they have drawn many amusing pictures of his attitudes when electioneering or lobbying in the palace corridors. Besides his work on the "Church and the Empire," he has written two other volumes, one on "Julian the Apostate," and the other on "Theodore the Great." The duke has a numerous and charming family, and his name is sure to be worthily perpetuated.



## LOUIS JOSEPH BUFFET.

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**L**OUIS JOSEPH BUFFET is one of those men whose influence is most powerful in the present French Assembly ; yet he rarely climbs into the tribune, and few people know him when he passes along the street. He is an unpretending, rather waspish man ; not over sociable, but a good lobbyist. In this latter accomplishment lies the secret of his rare power. In the corridor he is matchless ; the political atmosphere within half a mile of the palace at Versailles is surcharged with Buffet. He buzzes from group to group, accomplishing more while the members are going in to take their seats than some slower men could bring about by a week's haranguing. Not entirely a lovable man, this lobbying, curiously unsympathetic, yet strangely attractive Buffet ! The Assembly had a taste of his nerve when he was president of the body ; he kept the unruly people well in check ; snubbed those who were too presumptuous, and ignored the foolish. He is, perhaps, too apt to suspect men's motives ; is a little crabbed when they endeavor to conciliate him ; likes to carp at their faults, and is not

forward in complimenting them upon their excellences. Sometimes he quarrels with his colleagues in the ministry, simply because they disagree on some small point with him. He is a contemner of show and luxury ; a hater of place-hunters and courtiers ; a good republican in his ideas on salaries and State appointments. Whenever he is in any public position, he lives in the simplest and plainest manner. When he was Minister of Finance under the Second Empire, he would not inhabit the splendid mansion which has always been one of the perquisites of that post ; but remained in his modest apartment in an unfashionable street. When Thiers was president, Buffet one day astonished every one by presenting a demand that the ministers be not allowed to inhabit the ministries, as it accustomed the honorable appointees and their families to an improper claim of luxury. There is a grain of truth in this, and, perhaps, Republican France will yet bring down the level of splendor heretofore so intimately associated with French civil service.

M. Buffet is the son of an old officer of the First Empire, and was born at Mirecourt on the 26th of October, 1818. He was bred a lawyer, but was little known until 1848, when he entered the Constituent Assembly with a declaration of faith conceived in these words : “ According to my firm conviction, the Assembly should give us the Republic—not at all as one of those experiments which are tried without any great regard for success, and with the secret thought that one must carefully plan against a failure. No, gentlemen ! we must labor to found the Republic, with energetic and determined will to make it succeed, and to devote body and purse to this great work ! ”

These were brave and enthusiastic sentiments, and although M. Buffet does not fully act up to their high import in these late days, the memory of them softens the opinions of the lovers of liberty when they now and then feel inclined to curse the old gentleman for his timorous conservatism. Buffet did not exactly follow out his programme in 1848, for he sat with the Right. He was always an avowed enemy of socialism, and fought it severely. He readily adhered to the republican constitution; was re-elected to the Legislative Assembly from the Vosges department, which had originally sent him to the *Constituante*; and vigorously sustained the presidential policy. He became Minister of Commerce and Agriculture in the first cabinet formed December 31, 1848, by Louis Napoleon, and presided over by Odillon Barrot. He had a slight difference with his colleagues concerning financial measures, and left the ministry in October, 1849. He next occupied himself with a project for reform in electoral law; and was an active legislator when called a second time, April 10, 1851, into the ministry. He retired again at the same time with Rouher and Baroche, when the repeal of the famous law of the thirty-first of May was demanded.

Like Casimir Perier, Buffet was arrested and temporarily imprisoned at the time of the *coup d'état*. After his release, he was not heard from until 1865, when he succeeded in entering the Corps Legislatif as an independent candidate. He classed himself with the liberal deputies, did all that he could to insure liberty, and voted for the abrogation of the infamous "law of general surety." He continued to battle for liberty until 1869, when, re-elected

by twenty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety-two votes, he became the leader of the Centre Left, and now and then bearded the government handsomely. When Ollivier was charged with the formation of a liberal ministry, Buffet was naturally designated for one of the portfolios, and he became Minister of Finance. The *plébiscite* disgusted him so much, however, that he at once resigned. He fought against the plébiscitary régime with all his might ; was too wise to vote for war against Prussia; objected to the government of the Fourth of September, and, during the war, remained at his country home.

Buffet was elected to the National Assembly of 1871 from the Vosges by thirty-six thousand one hundred and thirty-seven votes. Thiers at once offered him the direction of the finances, but he refused it. He had hitherto been one of the most admiring followers of M. Thiers, but he then became his adversary. He voted constantly with the Right ; yet it cannot be said that he was interested in the intrigues which led to the president's downfall. He was too frank to employ the use of such means as his colleagues of the Right found most available. He remained a simple deputy until April, 1873, when he was elected to the chair of President of the Assembly, vacated by Grévy. He was re-elected to this office six times ; and under his presidency Thiers fell, the powers of Marshal MacMahon were confirmed and prolonged, and the constitutional laws were voted.

When Buffet left the presidency of the Assembly to form the cabinet of March, 1875, and to become Minister of the Interior, the country was reasonably satisfied, as he was known to have declared in favor of the Republic.

Those who hoped for an immediate change from the harsh and iron policy of Broglie, however, have been grievously disappointed. Buffet has been accused bitterly, since he became minister, of shielding the Bonapartists, and of giving no liberty. He said, when he took the reins of power, that his régime would be strictly conservative, but the jealous journalists, as well as the radical and ever moderate Republicans have reproached him no little for his temerity in asserting the dignity of the Republic for which he once professed such a passion. That he did not pursue the Imperialist intriguers more earnestly, when the inquest on their operations showed the extent of their plot, procured for him a good chastisement from Gambetta ; and since that time, it is but just to admit, M. Buffet has been more conciliatory and less repressive in his policy. If he would give himself without fear and trembling to a course of action less conservative, and more imbued with progressive spirit, he could do France incalculable service ; for, with all his faults, he is at heart a sterling Republican.





THE  
DUC D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER.

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**ONE** would not think, to look at the Duc D'Audiffret-Pasquier, as he appeared when presiding in the National Assembly, that he could transfix with resounding and inspiring eloquence the hearts of a tumultuous gathering of seven hundred and fifty people, and so electrify them that nearly every one, whether agreeing or disagreeing with the orator's sentiments, paid him warm tribute of admiration. The duke is not impressive in appearance; there is not in his demeanor much of the repose commonly supposed to be associated with the stately surroundings and ample wealth of a dukedom; he is nervous, irritable, unequal, and has but little control of himself even on very great occasions. The French usually accuse him of lack of stability, yet admire and appreciate him. Even the Imperialists, whose bitter enemy he certainly is, admit that he is a very able man.

A stranger standing one day in one of the galleries of the Assembly at Versailles, and watching the peculiarities

of the session, saw the duke in his chair of office, and inquired who he was.

“That,” said the Frenchman next the visitor, “is the man who bearded Rouher!”

In fact, the duke is better known by his achievement in connection with the debate on the bargains made under the Empire than by anything else that he has ever done. Until the elections in 1871, he was comparatively unknown, although he had been an unsuccessful candidate for the Corps Législatif in 1863 and 1869, being vanquished on the latter occasion by one of the official candidates, of which Napoleon III. always had so many at hand. Known as one of the chiefs of the Orleanist party, and as a friend and counselor of the Orléans princes, he was looked upon with suspicion both by Imperialists and Republicans, until he began to prove that he was in favor of “liberty, and every liberty,” as he had declared in one of his electoral circulars. It is not presuming too much today to predict that he may yet go over to the Republican camp, and sit with the Left, not very far from some of the men whom he has roundly abused in times past. The triumph of moderate republicanism would bring him into the ranks in which Thiers and Casimir-Perier have so frankly placed themselves. Elected from the department of the Orne, in February, of 1871, by sixty thousand two hundred and twenty-six votes, he went into the Assembly as an avowed partisan of the reëstablishment of monarchy. He occupied a distinguished place among his colleagues of the Right, and the Centre Right, and was an important member of numerous commissions, as well as president of that charged with investigation of the Empire’s commercial

honesty. He was also one of those chiefly concerned in negotiating with the Right and with the government the abrogation of the laws of exile and the recognition of the election of the Orléans Princes. When the project for a fusion of all the monarchical parties was broached, the duke took an active part in it. He was a member of the famous Committee of Nine, and labored hard to bring over to his way of thinking many of the most moderate Republicans. Finding this impossible, and seeing, on the appearance of the letter in which the Comte de Chambord declared fusion impossible, that his hopes of a constitutional monarchy were dashed to the ground, he confessed his error of judgment, and went at work in earnest to build up the country under the Republican institutions, which he still has not yet fully accepted.

The supporters of the Empire were accustomed to boast that the government of Napoleon III. had been free from corruption, and constantly indulged in prophecies as to the epoch of swindling and jobbery which would accompany the establishment of republican constitutions. As soon, therefore, as the Imperialists discovered that the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, an avowed enemy of Imperialism, an Orleanist, and a clear-headed, shrewd man of unusual financial ability, was to report on the Empire's war contracts, they were ill at ease. They foresaw exactly what would happen, and they quaked with terror. Some of them endeavored to dissuade the worthy duke from making a harsh exposé of the Empire's failings; and reminded him that it was under Napoleon III. that he had obtained his dukedom. This is true. D'Audiffret-Pasquier, who was born in Paris, in 1815, is the grand nephew and

adopted son of the Chancellor Baron Pasquier, who, having been created duke, obtained the reversion of this title upon the head of D'Audiffret, then only a count. Napoleon III. confirmed the title, but the new duke does not allow that he therefore owed the Empire anything. He applied for the confirmation of his title to the emperor just as he would have applied to any other government which had then happened to be in power, and it was a favor which had no political significance whatever. The duke never flattered or pretended to serve Napoleon in any manner. He kept aloof from the circle of flatterers surrounding the throne, and contented himself with his duties in the council-general of his department, with the mayoralty of his commune, and with hospitalities in his noble Château de Sasy, which contains one of the finest libraries in France, a library wherein lies hidden much of the unpublished history of the Restoration, collected by old Chancellor Pasquier.

Neither reproaches nor ridicule frightened the duke from his duty; and in the famous session of the 4th of May, 1872, he read that clear and eloquent report which unveiled the meanness of the Empire. The petty swindles of the war administration were brought to light; the fabricated accounts by which the imperial swindlers had endeavored to cover their tracks were analyzed; and even Rouher blushed for shame when he heard the accusations heaped on the Empire by the committee of examination. The duke had eloquent figures with which to deal, and joining to these a nervous, indignant manner of recounting the trickeries which he and his colleagues had discovered, he produced an effect rarely equaled in the history

of Legislative Assemblies. Every honest man felt, from the close of D'Audiffret-Pasquier's magnificent peroration, that the Empire had been finally tried and found wanting. The verdict of *dechéance* was definitely rendered.

Rouher, of course, felt bound to reply. He did his best to show that the Empire was not blameworthy. But the Assembly was impatient of his sophistries, and disgusted with the arraignment of the government of National Defense in which he indulged, hoping thus to draw attention away from the failings of his own party. D'Audiffret-Pasquier's triumph was already complete; but its grandeur was increased when the duke, in a vigorous and eloquent reply to Rouher, condemned the Imperial party anew, and cried, in his sharp, shrill voice, "Give us back our lost legions; give us back the glory of our fathers; give us back our provinces!" The burst of applause which followed the tremendous invective closing with those words must then have been interpreted as a reading of the Empire's death-warrant. But now the Imperialists have recovered from their fright.

In this great speech, the duke paid a splendid compliment to M. Thiers, and recalled the time "when, with patriotism enlightened by lengthy experience, that great citizen had combated all the follies of the Empire." And when he fervently declared his hope that Heaven would protect France against another visitation of the Empire he was acclaimed by the representatives of all parties, except the Bonapartists themselves.

It is generally admitted that the duke made a mistake in attacking Gambetta and his republican colleagues, a few months afterwards, in a speech which had neither the

eloquence nor the excuse of his first effort. Gambetta showed himself amply competent for his own defense; and the country was not anxious to see a struggle carried on which contributed only to strengthen discords. The government had ordered D'Audiffret-Pasquier's mighty denunciation of the Empire to be placarded in every Commune in France; but there were not even a hundred thousand readers to be found for his constant and violent attacks upon Gambetta, Naquet, and M. Challemet-Lacour. The duke was frequently in the tribune thereafter, before he became president of the Assembly, and spoke many times in favor of dissolution, but never attained the height of his first triumph.

The duke was one of the numerous members of the Right who did their best to secure the downfall of Thiers, not because of disbelief in his capacity or patriotism, but because they thought him an obstacle to the monarchical restoration, which they then hoped to accomplish. When the Right gained its victory, and Broglie came into power, it was said that D'Audiffret-Pasquier was much opposed to the governmental system invented by Broglie for the slaughter of the Republic. A good many members of the Right did not like this apparent change of sentiment, and one of them, in scoffing mood, said one day :

“D'Audiffret-Pasquier is like a brilliant piece of fireworks, breaking out in a hundred different forms.”

Perhaps it was such antics as the one mentioned above which gave the duke his reputation for instability.

D'Audiffret-Pasquier made a very good president for the Assembly. He was never afraid of the immense hydra which was always growling and threatening on the floor of

the Versailles theater ; he was prompt to rebuke and to quell ; his very nervousness helped him to handle one of the most freakish parliamentary bodies in the world. He was made president by 418 votes—a sufficient proof of his popularity. He was vice-president of the first “ Commission of Thirty,” and presided over the committee appointed to inquire into the condition of the laboring classes—a committee which has as yet done very little work. He was also a prominent member, and, in one or two cases, president of important political clubs at Versailles. Catholic, but not clerical in sentiment ; a believer in, and moderately honest supporter of some of the new constitutional laws ; ambitious, yet not designing ; haughty, yet not too proud to correct his opinion if he honestly thinks he has been mistaken ;—such is the Duc D’Audiffret-Pasquier, who is hardly threescore years of age yet, and who seems entering with much promise upon that wintry period of life when French statesmen are apt to achieve their greatest triumphs.



## JULES ARMAND. STANISLAS DUF AURE.



DUF AURE is a great lawyer who has been much in politics during the last half century ; who is distinguished by the fact that he is an Academician ; that—in these days of universal decoration—he has not been decorated ; and that he is Minister of Justice under the Republic. He was born at Saujon in the Charente-Inférieure, on the 4th of December, 1798 ; studied law at Paris, and was admitted to the bar at Bordeaux, where he speedily won both fame and fortune. He was a liberal from the outset of his career ; and in those troublous times when the Restoration was endeavoring to break down the work of the Revolution, he now and then found himself in danger. He was on one occasion quietly informed that, because of his freedom of speech, the government intended to accuse him of being implicated in a conspiracy recently discovered ; but he kept a bridle upon his speech thereafter and escaped trouble. When the Bourbons went out of power, Dufaure was able to say what



he pleased, and he said it to such good advantage that the electors of Saintes sent him to the Chamber of Deputies in 1834. He remained there until 1838, as a deputy in the ranks of the Constitutional Opposition; was for a short time a member of the Council of State, and became Minister of Public Works when that office first became a special ministry, at the time of the formation of the cabinet of 1839. His office was then a very important one, for the country was agitating the question whether the building of railways should be undertaken by the government or by private companies. He had a vast capacity for work; and many of the chief internal improvements in France during the last generation and a half are due to the impulse given by Dufaure when Minister of Public Works.

When the Soult cabinet of 1839 was overthrown by Thiers in March, 1840, Dufaure retired temporarily from politics. As soon as Guizot succeeded Thiers in power, Dufaure was offered his old place in the ministry, but he decided that he did not want it, and contented himself with grouping around him, year by year, a liberal party, which gradually assumed formidable dimensions. In those days people said, "Dufaure will certainly be prime minister after Guizot," and no one who loved liberal sentiments felt inclined to criticise such an appointment. Dufaure took no part in the campaign of the reform banquets in 1847 and 1848, although he was compelled to separate himself on this account from many of his supporters. He blamed the banquets and those who attended them as foolish and unconstitutional, and declared that he had no "sympathy with the liberalism which required to be fomented by toasts and after-dinner philippics. Our

principles," he added, "need to be advocated in cold blood."

People were not a little surprised when Dufaure went over to the Republic after the Revolution of 1848. He was elected as representative from the Charente-Inférieure, and in the Constituent Assembly voted with the moderate republican party. When asked why he who had once sworn fealty to the Orléans family, had allowed himself to be persuaded to vote for their exile, and for many other measures which were nothing less than conservative, he always answered, that the government had been imposed upon him; that he had submitted to it from necessity, and that he intended to do his best to make it stable. He was called after the "days of June" to the then very important post of Minister of the Interior, by General Cavaignac. Dufaure threw himself with great energy into the campaign for Cavaignac's election to the presidency. He used every means in his power--his surpassing eloquence, his knowledge of political trickery, the press, and ministerial circulars. When Cavaignac was defeated, Dufaure retired for a time from the Department of the Interior. He was re-elected from the departments of the Seine and the Charente-Inférieure to the Assembly, and chose to represent his own department. Shortly after his re-election, Napoleon called him back in June, 1849, to the Ministry of the Interior, but dismissed him, as well as all his colleagues in the cabinet, in October of the same year. Dufaure became an aggressive enemy of the Empire, and fought it relentlessly in the Assembly until the *coup d'état*, when he retired to private life.

Relinquishing political life for a time, M. Dufaure went

back to the bar, where he soon won fresh distinctions. He took one of the first places ; was named a member of the council, and later, president-elect of the order of barristers. His powers were in constant demand, and his income was sometimes as much as three hundred thousand francs yearly. He won most of his cases, and now and then a lawyer, on hearing that Dufaure was to plead against him, would advise his client to relinquish his suit. The able and nonchalant manner in which Dufaure used to pounce down upon the indictments drawn by the Imperial government, for the prosecution of editors and other people who were troublesome, and the gusto with which he tore in pieces those indictments, gave the Empire an unpleasant feeling now and then.

Dufaure was not, however, content with his work at the bar, and was anxious to return to politics. He looked back with regret to the days of his former triumphs, when he had been a member of the Committee on the Constitution ; when he had failed by only a few votes to become President of the Assembly ; and when, at the time of Cavaignac's candidacy, he had fought so fiercely to have the country choose "a man, and not a name." In August of 1868, he once more presented himself, under the patronage of the Liberal Union, in the department of the Var, against one of Napoleon's official candidates, as an aspirant for a place in the Corps Législatif. He was repulsed by a portion of the Republican party, which had not been satisfied with his rôle as Minister of the Interior in 1848 and 1849, and he received many thousand votes less than his adversary. Somewhat discouraged by this, he did not present himself at the elections of 1869, but accepted the

presidency of the committee formed in Paris to sustain the candidacy of M. Thiers. Dufaure set his face sternly against the *plébiscite* ; he despised and openly condemned the policy of the majority of his political friends, which was to recommend to the electors that they should either give a vote of approbation to the Empire, or abstain altogether from voting. Voices like that of Dufaure's were not listened to then ; the hum and bustle of the court were loudest. Perhaps there are many thousands who now regret that they did not follow the advice of the frosty and wily old veteran, who, from the first, had recognized the Empire as a sham.

M. Dufaure was not prominent during the late war. As soon as the general elections for the Assembly of 1871 were ordered, Dufaure was elected from four departments ; but he was at once called by Thiers to the Ministry of Justice, where he remained a little more than two years. He was the only member of the cabinet who was with Thiers from his accession to power until his fall. Dufaure was often called to defend the policy of the government, especially in 1873, against the attacks of its furious enemies ; and he invariably did it with a power and will astonishing in a man long past three score. Although a republican at heart, his manner of attacking the Left was frequently injurious to the cause of the Republic. He struck furious blows at the Right, too, and lashed the "dreamers" with the fine lash of his almost matchless irony. His eloquence is remarkable ; it triumphs even over the great faults of his harsh voice, and the grimness and sometimes almost ferocious reserve which he displays in the Assembly. Cormenin said of him :

“Whenever he asks for the floor toward the close of a day’s session, it is because the discussion is wandering, and that it is time to bring it to a decisive close. He takes it up, and urges it into the proper channels. He builds round about its borders the powerful walls of his reason ; he winds and turns about his proofs as a housewife whirls her distaff in her agile fingers ; he pushes out his threads in every direction ; he reassembles them ; he crosses them, and from them he weaves such a supple mail, so strong and binding, that his adversary, thoroughly enveloped, is bound to come down on his knees before the Assembly and avow himself vanquished.”

The lawyer’s methods are always to be detected in Dufaure’s political speeches ; he has the sharp suspicious ways, the hundred tricks, the capacity for “making points,” and the relentless manner of pursuing opponents as if one meant to drive them into their graves—which belong to his profession. He often handles men who affront him very much as if he were their executioner. When sarcastically analyzing the career of some politician who is opposed to him, his whole face lights up with gleams of sardonic fun. It is with keen delight, as well as with the practiced hand of a master, that he wields the stiletto of satire.

Dufaure made several noteworthy speeches in the Assembly during the administration of Thiers. With reference to one of them, a well-known critic wrote :

“The tone in which the Minister of Justice pronounces his words, and accents his sentences, can never be rendered. When he says that the ‘message’ has been considered worthy a ‘certain esteem,’ the adjective becomes in his mouth a cutting irony for the Right.”

Even by motions of his head and by an impetuous lifting of his shoulders, the venerable statesman manages now and then to convey a whole volume of invective to the victims for whom it is intended.

Shortly before the 24th of May, 1873, Dufaure applied all the force of his talent to a speech in which he defended Thiers and his government against the attacks of the Right. It was a powerful effort, replete with attacks under which the conspirators of the Right still wince. The veteran clearly showed that the Thiers government had, since its creation, done everything that could be demanded in the interests of order. In that speech, too, he administered a stinging rebuke to Broglie, and to others who seemed inclined to aid in destroying the Republic.

After his downfall in company with Thiers, M. Dufaure contented himself with earnest work for the Republic as a simple deputy. He sternly refused to accept a portfolio from Marshal MacMahon, until he had made it understood that he should insist on virtually carrying out the policy of M. Thiers. After the constitutional laws were voted, Dufaure again took the portfolio of Justice, in the cabinet presided over by M. Buffet. One of his first tasks was the writing of a circular to all the public prosecutors, explaining to them their duties under the new laws; and another to the magistrates throughout the country, recommending them to abstain absolutely from all political affairs.

Dufaure will die a good republican, and will probably remain in political harness until the day of his death. As an academician he is not specially known, having published little, and having made but few speeches at the academy, to which he was elected in 1863, replacing the

Duke Pasquier. In the Assembly he voted for the measures preliminary to peace with the Prussians ; for the abrogation of the laws of exile ; for the return of the Assembly to Paris ; and for the constitutional laws.



## EMILE OLLIVIER.



**I**N 1848,—year of blood and thunder,—Emile Ollivier, son of Démosthènes Ollivier, republican, radical, and honest man, was appointed Commissioner General of the young French Republic in the departments of the Bouches-du-Rhône and the Var, by Ledru Rollin, who loved the father, and trusted the son. Young Ollivier, frank, enthusiastic, and fearless, accepted without hesitation a mission which might well have frightened an older and wiser man. He entered the turbulent cities of Toulon and Marseilles when the hot blood of their southern populations was at fever heat. He believed in fraternity, and his first work was an attempt to reconcile classes. When he reached Toulon, he was tendered a public dinner, “I accept,” he said, “on condition that this festival shall become a memorable date in our southern provinces. There is in this city a place accursed; it is the Champ de Mars. There all the executions took place in '93. Let us meet on that ground where blood has flown, that we may seal together a new compact of reconciliation. Let us cel-



brate the republic of clemency on the spot where the republic of terror has left its liveliest souvenirs." The young envoy's proposition was hailed with joy ; and there was a veritable love-feast on the field once red with fratricidal blood. A hundred thousand voices saluted the youth who brought a message of peace and good-will.

Emile Ollivier was himself a child of the South, and filled with the incongruous enthusiasms and sudden inspirations of the local temperament. His father had been, from his earliest years, a revolutionist, and a rather uncompromising one. He was at once a clever commercial man and the enemy of tyrants. He was of course eager for the success of his son, and supported him by every means in his power, during the difficult days when Emile was commissioner. Emile's education had been confided, while he was yet a child, to Louis Méry, a poet and a scholar of brilliant talents. At fourteen, young Ollivier went to college, whence he passed to the benches of the Law School, where he distinguished himself by many brilliant successes. He had just been inscribed on the roll of advocates, and was a clerk in a law office in Paris, when he was pushed forward into prominence and fame by the Republic.

Young Emile was a good commissioner. He watched over the interests of the *naissant* republic with commendable zeal. He found that a certain M. Thiers was up for election to the Constituent Assembly from the vicinity, and not believing that this already famous personage had sufficiently recognized the new political order of things, he vigorously opposed his election. But he refused to use any undue influence to prevent voters from voting as they pleased.

He labored earnestly for and with the working classes. He organized national coöperative shops. His good sense and firmness prevented the populace from executing many popular vengeance. On one occasion he snatched from the hands of some howling mobs one of their employers whom they were about to bury alive. At last he became somewhat unpopular in Marseilles, because of his refusal to sanction riot and anarchy; and the central republican government offered him the Ministry at Florence. He refused it, and shortly afterwards was appointed prefect of the department containing Marseilles. In this capacity he was called upon to witness the bloody riots of June, 1848, during which his own life was many times in danger. But he was not easily frightened; he faced excited crowds, and talked them down. Thanks to his energy, and to the good sense with which he showed the maddened workmen their folly, the revolts at Marseilles were quelled, after much fighting—before they were fairly begun in Paris. Ollivier then proclaimed a policy of clemency and peace. This produced a reaction, and he was accused of complicity in the very insurrection which he had aided in stamping out. But he resented this accusation to the utmost; justified himself before the assizes court where the insurrectionists were tried, and compelled his accusers to retract all their accusations. The government expressed fullest confidence in him; but early in 1849 he was removed, to make room for some one else, and he decided to go back to his studies. He was then hardly twenty-five, and was consequently too young to enter as a candidate for legislative honors.

Ollivier found his health seriously broken by the excitements through which he had passed, and he went on a jour-

ney of recreation through Italy. Returning, he became entangled in a political campaign in the department of the Var, and was brought into court by Baron Haussmann, then the resident prefect, under the accusation of having opened clubs illegally. When the day of trial arrived, the people from all the country-side came trooping in to testify their sympathy with Ollivier. The case was adjourned for a week, but at the next session the crowd was still greater, and the court, fearing trouble, promptly acquitted the ex-commissioner of the Republic.

Returning to Paris, Ollivier threw himself into the law, and made a name at the bar by the precocious maturity of his thought, and by the elegance and vivacity of his speech. He came to blows with the great Berryer, in the celebrated case of the Pichus Community against Madame de Guerry, and won much fame by the able manner in which he fought with the mighty advocate. His family continued to distinguish itself by its devotion to radical sentiment; his father received a term of imprisonment at Mazas, and his brother was killed in a duel at Montpellier, growing out of a journalistic political controversy.

At the time of the *coup d'état*, Ollivier was at Montpellier, defending the editors of the paper on which his brother had been a writer, before a court into which they had been dragged by a governmental prosecution, when he received a message from his father, informing him that the latter was summoned before the assizes at Paris, for having wished to provoke the overturn of the government of the Republic. Emile at once hastened to Paris, fearing that without a proper defense his father might be sentenced anew to a long term in prison. The young lawyer arrived in the

capital on the second of December, and went to his father's house without seeing or hearing anything of the horrors of that day. At evening one of his brothers came to tell him that Louis Napoleon had usurped the government ; that their father had fled. As for Emile himself, his imprudence in coming to Paris saved him from arrest ; he was hunted for in Southern France while he remained at liberty under the usurper's nose. After the first fury of the revolution was over, he appeared in public ; the partisans of the Empire agreed that it was not worth while to arrest him ; but kept his aged father, whom they had caught, long in prison, and heaped the most shameful indignities upon him. When the old man was released it was only to find safety in exile.

Emile remained in Paris, and endeavored to support his father's family. The vengeance of the Imperial faction was petty enough to prevent him during some months from exercising his profession of the law, and he was reduced to bitter poverty, which lasted long after he was permitted to resume his practice. It was not until his battle with Berryer occurred, that he began to remount the ladder of fortune.

In 1857, Ollivier was pressed by numerous friends to become one of the Paris candidates for the Corps Législatif. They met him in the street, made him the offer, and gave him five minutes in which to decide. He thought for a moment, and accepted. In another moment, according to his own acknowledgment, he had regretted it, but his friends refused to release him. He was a man of forty-eight, and the son of an exiled radical ; he was just the man for an opposition candidate, and the newspapers in-

terested in his election "put him up." He was elected on a second ballot, in July of 1857, by eleven thousand and three votes from the Fourth Paris *circonscription*, which he represented for twelve years thereafter. In his electoral circular he had told the "citizens" who elected him, that the "epoch of phrases" was past, but he has always been, and will be until his dying day, a great phraser. He also said, that "in presence of a new situation, we must transform, and not repeat ourselves." All these sayings were received with much enthusiasm at the time.

M. Ollivier has himself told us that when he entered the Corps Législatif as a deputy, he had resolved to accept neither ministry, place, nor decoration. But he decided to take the oath under the new government, and this drew down upon him a storm of reproaches. The word "treason" rung in his ears night and day. However, he entered the Corps as one of "The Five" of the Opposition. He and his fellows were shunned like lepers. Nearly all the other deputies carefully avoided them. On one occasion, Ollivier went to speak to a deputy who had been courageous enough to recognize him by a nod in the hall of sessions. But the deputy, in great consternation, whispered, "Speak to me outside: De Morny is looking at us!" And this was the sort of thing which the supporters of democratic and liberal principles had to endure for a long period.

Ollivier's opposition was quite pronounced for some time, but even in his earliest days as a deputy there were occasional signs of wavering. He had, it is true, the courage to say, speaking in 1859 of the Italian expedition, that it would be impossible for him and for his colleagues to vote for the law authorizing it without testifying to a

confidence in the government which they did not feel. But it became evident from his speeches and his writings, that he was endeavoring to persuade himself to accept the Empire, provided that it would guarantee certain reforms. There was no longer, after 1860, the frank and earnest enmity to the usurper and his motley crew on Ollivier's part which the other members of the Opposition never hesitated to show. The decree of November, 1860, one of those seductive and lying "reforms" which Napoleon III. was so fond of offering to the French people, gave Ollivier a chance to express himself very plainly, and his warm praise of the Emperor's policy drew down upon him once more the cry of "treason" from all parts of the republican and radical camps. He made use of the following words in a speech in the Corps Législatif: "As for myself, I, who am a republican, would support it" (speaking of the still more liberal policy which he recommended to the Emperor), "and my support would be all the more efficacious because it would be completely disinterested." This was enough for Napoleon, who was shrewd and diplomatic in his choice of men to execute his plans. Ollivier had announced that he was to be had, and the "Imperial ruler for whom destiny had exhausted all her favors," doubtless smiled as he thought, "When Rouher fails, I can still cheat the people with Ollivier."

From 1861 until 1863, Emile Ollivier shaped his course with consummate skill. He was still a member of the Opposition, but was forever proclaiming the ease with which the Emperor might make friends of all his enemies by inaugurating new reforms. Ollivier's attitude had much of assumption in it; the French, with their keen sense,

even found it a little ludicrous ; they resented Ollivier's air of political Messiah, and caricatured and lampooned him mercilessly, but he continually cried reform on the house-tops.

Ollivier participated largely in the campaign of 1863. He wrote to the voters in the department of the Var : " If you are asked what you wish, answer : ' Liberty by constitutional and legal means, the crowning of the edifice according to the words of the Emperor himself.' " He supported the candidature of M. Thiers, although it made him somewhat unpopular. In 1864, when De Morny asked him what he thought of one of the new laws relative to the liberties of the working classes, he responded : " The law is detestable ; it is only a trap set for the working men." In fact, he was profoundly disgusted with the trickery and meanness of the Empire, and it is impossible that he could, after the opportunities for observation that he had enjoyed, have ever believed in the sincerity of the usurper who had stolen the real liberties of France. But he had wavered, and his firmness was gone forever. He took up, nevertheless, the cause of the workmen, and was combated by Rouher and the Emperor, who labored hard to prevent him from becoming an important member of the committee on the proposed reforms. He was elected in spite of his formidable opponents, who were, perhaps, only adversaries from motives of prudence, not wishing to let the people fancy that they recognized an ally in Ollivier. His speeches on the various reform measures as they were amended and brought into shape, contained such elaborate defenses of the Imperial government, and prophesied such a glorious role for it, that even Ollivier's

friends and fellow-deputies of the Left in the Corps Législatif began to mutter "treason."

In December of 1865, Ollivier returning to Paris, after a lengthy absence, was approached by De Morny, who said that he was willing to adopt a liberal programme, and added: "The Emperor is, above all, moved by considerations of opportunity; we shall convince him in time, perhaps to-morrow; but we must be ready; offer a programme, and if we can agree, consent to come back into politics in company with Rouher and myself. Who will blame you, since it will be solely for the purpose of applying your own ideas?"

Here was a direct proposal, a definite temptation, and one for which Ollivier was fully prepared. But he pleaded a disinterested attitude, and desired to be allowed to act entirely from the outside. He hinted that power and place would not please him; and when De Morny offered to conduct him to the Tuileries, and to present him to the Emperor, he gently put him by, bidding his time, and filling his mouth with phrases, which, probably, puzzled De Morny not a little.

After De Morny's death, Rouher approached Ollivier, in 1865, and they held several vague and indefinite interviews, each measuring his man. In March, 1865, Ollivier was once more brought prominently before the public by the great speech in which he announced that the time had arrived for the Empire to give liberty. "It is not too soon, it is not too late," said he; "it is the moment." Shortly afterwards he was sent for by the Empress, and went to the Tuileries, where he discussed with her the law on strikes, which he had been instrumental in pass-



ing. In June 1865, he met the Emperor, and urged him, according to his own account, to authorize the right of public assembly, and to give increased liberty to the press.

The first days of 1867 saw M. Ollivier once more at the Tuileries. This time he was offered something like a definite place ; but he was ready with a phrase, as usual, and said to M. Walewski, who was conducting the approaches, "I feel an almost invincible repugnance towards quitting my peaceful life of study and meditation to throw myself into the struggling life of action." On the noted Second of January Ollivier was informed that the Emperor would condescend to be liberal if the ex-member of the opposition would come boldly over to the Empire. Napoleon even offered to "do something for the press," and agreed to certain other reforms. The promises were slender, and by no means clearly shaped ; but Ollivier found them sufficient, and agreed to take Rouher's place as Premier, provided that Rouher would not carry out the "new programme." Ollivier's own programme was a good one ; but he well knew that the Empire would never permit him to carry it out. Under cover of it, with the word "reconciliation" on his lips, and with a host of platitudes hovering in his brain, he went straight over to the enemy's camp.

He had an important interview with Napoleon on the 10th of January, 1867, and was offered a ministry, provided he did not want too much reform, but he was still coy, and needed a little more wooing. On the 19th of January, Napoleon wrote a letter, which was published in the *Official Journal*, announcing his determination to

crown the Imperial edifice by numerous liberal reforms. M. Rouher was invited to co-operate with Ollivier in the new programme, and at first seemed inclined to do so, but gradually fell off into open enmity. In July Ollivier seemed to have fallen into disfavor, and his relations with the Emperor were suspended. But he still went on prating of a reconciliation, which was utterly impossible while the "irreconcilable" school was growing in power and favor daily.

Ollivier was defeated when the new general elections occurred in 1869, and Bancil, the compeer of Gambetta, took his place. From that time until the occasion of his defense of Clement Duvernois, whose election as an official candidate was contested in the liveliest manner, Ollivier was but little heard of until the close of the extraordinary session of the Corps Législatif. When the ordinary session began in December of 1869, the cabinet then in power resigned. On the 27th of December, the Emperor addressed a letter to Ollivier, begging him to designate persons who could form with him a homogeneous cabinet, faithfully representing the majority of the Corps Législatif. After many long debates and struggles, the Ollivier cabinet, better known as that of the "Second of January," was formed, with Emile Ollivier as Minister of Justice. The doughty knight announced that he was about to carry out his grand programme of regeneration of the Empire by liberty, and the debates began.

The career of M. Ollivier thenceforward is well known. He was branded as a renegade by the mass of the republicans, who never have forgiven him for going over to the Empire in 1867. He found stormy times before him in the

ministry; the opening months of 1870 were filled with alarms. The riots provoked by the brutal assassination of Victor Noir by Pierre Bonaparte seriously alarmed the Imperial party, which had already had numerous presentiments of its impending doom. There were violent scenes in the Chamber, and M. Ollivier, who had made his first entry into the Legislative Hall as a member of "the Five," now rose from his ministerial bench to cry out, when Gambetta and Jules Favre fearlessly criticised the government, "We are the law, we are the right, we are moderation, we are liberty, and if you constrain us we shall be force!" These words were pronounced on the 11th of January, 1870. M. Ollivier had accomplished some lively political somersaults since 1865. He was inconsistent in rare degree; at one moment he was found condemning the system of official candidates, although he had defended Duvernois, and won his place for him; at another, he was seen hard at work in the interest of the *plebiscite*, whose principles he had furiously condemned in his volume entitled "The Nineteenth of January." This situation was so humiliating that some of the members of the cabinet resigned when the *plebiscite* was brought forward. Ollivier took upon his own shoulders the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and conducted it until the Duc de Grammont came to the post.

Napoleon and Ollivier were in a "fool's paradise" for some time after the successful result of the *plebiscite*. They fancied that they were secure; the one confident that he would be allowed to cheat anew, and the other imagining that he would have a long lease of power, in which he might succeed in making the Empire liberal. He was re-

posing on his laurels after having made an able speech contesting the repeal of the laws of banishment decreed against the Orléans princes, when suddenly the Franco-Prussian difficulty arose. Then it was that Ollivier declared, "The government desires peace; it desires it passionately, but it desires to maintain it honorably." His old companion in the Opposition, M. Favre, daily asked him for particulars concerning the negotiations with Prussia, and was daily refused information. A few days before the declaration, Ollivier spoke in such confident terms of the results of the approaching war, that it is evident he fancied the Imperial armies well prepared. After the first defeats, when the Prussians were rapidly approaching Paris, his mouth was filled with pitifully eloquent phrases, as he endeavored to maintain himself in a situation no longer tenable. The Chamber laughed him to scorn; in due time he and his fellows resigned, and Count Palikao formed a new cabinet under the advice of the Empress regent. Then came Sedan and September, and Ollivier disappeared into the temporary oblivion which he merited.

Ollivier is in the prime of life, fifty years old, and may yet play an important part in French politics. But for Frenchmen of this generation he is dead. Whether or not he was a traitor, they will always consider him as such. His vast vanity does not permit him to believe that he was misled in attempting to reconcile the Empire and liberty, and he delights in assuming the air of a martyr, and in looking down from the serene heights of his contempt upon those who criticise him, and consider his career a failure. He is fond of defending himself, and would be very glad to get back into political life, although he would

be roundly abused by both Imperialists and Republicans. He recently published a volume called "Principles and Conduct," which led a malicious Paris journal to say that its author never possessed either. In this volume he defends himself against the Imperialists, who pretend that his liberal quackeries were one of the chief causes of the Empire's fall. Napoleon, it seems, maintained his esteem for Ollivier until the last, and wrote him a highly complimentary letter from Chalons, in August, 1870.

The ex-commissioner of the Republic, ex-deputy, and ex-minister of the Empire, is a mild-looking man, with spectacled eyes, and rather unprepossessing face. His oratory is effective, although not remarkable; his literary style is clear, but pedantic. He has written much on legal subjects. As a lawyer, he was so popular in his early days, when the Empire suspended him, that the whole Paris bar protested against his suspension. M. Ollivier has been twice married; his first wife was a woman of brilliant abilities, and the malicious used to say that she aided him in the preparation of his speeches. She is said to have been an illegitimate daughter of the Abbé Liszt. The second wife is a lady of wealth, and the ex-statesman is reposing quite at his ease, much as M. Rouher is, and waiting the progress of events.



## JULES FAVRE.

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FAVRE has the reputation of being one of the best-abused men of his time. Yet while there is a large class which can never hear his name mentioned without at once proceeding to scandalize it, it is certain that the noted lawyer, the brilliant orator, and the prominent member of the "Government of National Defense" has a vast number of admirers, and will leave behind him a lasting fame. He bids fair, too, to outlive the passions of his epoch ; and may possibly compass that lot so rare for mortals—that of being reckoned a prophet, not without honor in his own country, during his lifetime. He has always been an ardent champion of popular rights, and, however much the people may at times be weaned from him, is sure of their lasting sympathy and regard. Much of his best effort has been devoted to the defense of the unfortunate and down-trodden. He has shown, in a hundred instances, a rare carelessness of self, which is its own highest praise. As a struggling young lawyer, he was brave enough to defend the accused of the affair of April, 1834. As a success-

ful politician and advocate, he was not afraid to undertake the defense of a man so much under the ban as Orsini ; and, as a member of the government, he was willing to swallow his own pride for his country's sake, and to treat with the enemy for the capitulation which was inevitable.

Gabriel Claude Jules Favre was born March 21st, 1809, in the busy and turbulent city of Lyons. His father was a small commercial man, possessed of sufficient means to insure the education of his son for the legal profession. Young Favre studied in Paris ; took part in the revolution of 1830 there ; and, going home to Lyons after his law studies were finished, gave evidence of his liberal and democratic predilections by undertaking, in 1831, the defense of a society of workingmen prosecuted for illegal association. The fiery language of the young orator, who was then, as now, one of the most eloquent of Frenchmen, created a veritable revolution. There was a bloody conflict between the working masses of the city and the soldiers of the garrison. Favre was concerned in it, and it was almost miraculous that he should have escaped punishment afterwards for the participation in the riots. No harm came to him ; and his fame widened and his eloquence increased. In 1834 he went to Paris to defend the accused in the noted prosecution of workingmen of that year. He stood up before the Chambre of Peers unabashed, and opened one of the finest speeches on record with these four words ; "I am a republican." It was a sore check for him when he found that all his eloquence was in vain ; that he had lost his case, having unfortunately brought himself into opposition with the Committee of Defense of that period ; and his chagrin was so great when com-

pelled to listen to the condemnation of those whom he loved and had desperately defended, that he retired for some time from both politics and public affairs generally. At last, however, he returned to his labors, and was soon famous again as the defender of all persons accused of political offenses. He had had too many narrow escapes to be easily frightened, and did his work boldly. Perhaps he was a bit of a fatalist in those youthful days ; the manner in which he exposed himself to the vengeance of the enemies of liberalism might prompt one to think so.

He made a short essay in journalism, taking the political direction of the sprightly paper known as "The Movement," at the time that Lamennais resigned its chief editorship ; but he was not successful. The journal lived but a short time, although Favre's sentiments were as boldly announced in its columns as when, in his student days, he wrote to the *National* demanding the abolition of royalty, and the convocation of an Assembly. But if he did not succeed as an editor, his little visit to the newspaper world helped him as a lawyer ; he soon had a large number of journals to defend ; his business grew to gigantic proportions. Some of the speeches made in those days when he was battling for freedom have the ring of veritable war-cries ; many are stately and dignified in form, full of sound sense and faultless logic, animated by a hidden fire which communicates its heat even to him who reads them from the printed page.

In 1848 Jules Favre announced his profession of faith as follows : "Liberty is the free exercise of all the faculties bestowed upon us by God, governed by our reason. Equality is the participation of all citizens in social advan-



tages, without other distinction than virtue and talent. Fraternity is the law of love, uniting men and making all members of one family." The lawyer and orator had arrived at the ripe age of forty-two when the revolution broke out. He was at once recognized by the radical party as a necessity. He became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, and to him at the time was commonly attributed the editing of numerous circulars signed by Ledru Rollin, documents of such an ultra-revolutionary character that they provoked the wildest agitation in some departments, and threw the whole country into ferment. M. Favre has expressly denied any share in the preparation of the circulars, and it is generally admitted to-day that he filled his difficult office in those troublous times very well. Among other accusations of the period against him, it was asserted that he had appointed to high office persons who had been convicted of criminal offenses; but this was simply a vulgar and poorly-contrived falsehood. He resigned his position to take a seat in the National Assembly, to which he had been elected from the Department of the Loire by thirty-four thousand two hundred and sixty votes; and at the same time he addressed a letter to all the prominent journals, announcing that he had retired definitely from the duties of an office-holder, and would in future content himself with the responsibilities of a deputy. But he was persuaded, later, to become Secretary-General to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the Assembly he was a marked man. His sublime oratory, his matchless felicity of expression, gave him immediate and great fame. He prepared the report of the committee which had the matter of Louis

Blanc's impeachment under consideration, and was in favor of that measure. When it was defeated he resigned, but was prevailed on to remain in office. He was a member of the radical party, yet always felt at liberty to act outside of it whenever he chose. He was no formalist, and the lack of formalism in his political career doubtless made him many enemies. He proposed the measure for the confiscation of the personal wealth of Louis Philippe. Long before the *coup d'état* he was a conspicuous figure in the political arena; and those who were hostile to him delighted to paint him in blackest colors.

When the second Empire was established, Favre betook himself to his law practice. He was a steadfast and persistent enemy of "the nephew of his uncle." He dared even to plead Orsini's defense, and did it so superbly that some people almost fancied the would-be assassin had justice on his side. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Imperial power when elected a member of the Councils-General of the Loire and Rhône in 1852, but he took it in 1858, when he was elected to the Corps Législatif from the sixth *circonscription* in the department of the Seine. He had previously made an unsuccessful attempt, in another department, to get into the Corps, that he might help, in their valorous struggle, the small band which the Imperialists were wont scornfully to say was "few in number," and noticeable only for the audacity of its pretensions." When he first entered politics under the Empire, Napoleon and his adherents were not a little startled, for the defender of Orsini was likely to be, as indeed he proved himself, a formidable member of the Opposition. His voice was heard often, and in fearless condemnation

of many Imperial measures. The Imperialists cavil at him because, as they say, he voted for the credit of one million two hundred thousand francs for the Italian expedition, yet blamed the conduct of that expedition; and because he finally took the oath prescribed by the Constitution of 1852, after having once refused to do so. They have always endeavored to create the impression that M. Favre is inconsistent, vacillating, and worthless as a politician, but it is certain that he contributed, in no small degree, to hasten the Emperor's downfall, and that it was for no other purpose that he humiliated himself enough to consent to sit in the Corps Législatif. He made great speeches on the policy of France with regard to Italy; on Algerian and Roman affairs; on the liberty of the press; and in 1864, when the "law for general surety" was under discussion, he delivered an address which made him new and permanent fame throughout Europe. At the general elections in 1863, he was elected deputy for the two departments of the Rhône and the Seine, and chose to represent the former. Thenceforward until the declaration of the Republic, in September of 1870, he was almost constantly in politics, and was among those who denounced the pretended reforms and the so-called "liberal" trickeries of the tottering Napoleonic dynasty.

Favre was at his best when his sympathies were thoroughly enlisted in behalf of an oppressed people, or a persecuted individual. When pleading for such a cause, his face glowed with inspiration. He wrote on such subjects as well as he spoke in the vigorous days of his middle life. A little work which he published many years be-

fore the creation of the Second Empire, and called "Anathema," contained touching pictures of the suffering and the sin caused by social disorder. He was bitterly oppressed with the consciousness that the world was going wrong, and that some strong redeeming force was needed both in politics and in the Church to set it right. He was anxious for the unity of Italy, and the freedom of Rome, and spoke well in their favor. He took, as he still takes, a genuine interest in social science, and made many efforts for the amelioration of some penal laws. In the Corps Législatif, he now and then showed that he had a good head for financial matters, and made some lucid speeches, filled with facts, on the commercial condition of the country. He has always been too busy to write much, and his published works consist mainly of his most celebrated speeches, and some of his early pamphlets on political and social topics. Those who have read his addresses on the reëstablishment of the restrictions of liberty of the press, on the Proudhon proposition, and on the Italian expedition, cannot have failed to recognize true genius in them. His reputation as a member of the bar has grown steadily since 1834, and in 1860 he was made a *bâtonnier* of the order of Paris advocates.

In 1869, and early in 1870, the opposition in the Corps Législatif to the Imperial policy was very powerful, and M. Favre distinguished himself by the manner in which he organized and conducted a campaign against "official candidatures" and the other devices of the Empire for cheating the people out of their liberties. It was Favre who "interpellated" the government a few months before the Franco-Prussian war, as to the Imperial contempt for

the rights of the chamber, and who made the motion by which it was demanded that the attributes of constituent power should belong exclusively to the Corps Législatif. He knew the folly and sinfulness of precipitating a declaration of war with Prussia, and voted against it on the 4th of September, 1870. He was a conspicuous figure in the Corps Législatif during the declaration of the downfall of the Imperial family; and on the same day was proclaimed the choice of the people for one of the members of the Provisional Government of National Defense. He became the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and went earnestly at his work somewhat too confidently, perhaps; for when he met Bismarck at Ferrières, to discuss the possibility of negotiations for peace, he assured the conqueror that the French people would deliver to the Prussians neither an inch of their territory, nor a stone from their fortifications. He was diligent in efforts for a conference of the great powers with regard to the war, and at one time contemplated appearing before it, and pleading the cause of his own unfortunate country. He had great confidence in Gambetta, and kept him encouraged in his desperate efforts to raise an army in the South of France, by letters and dispatches which are models of statesmanlike clearness and precision, yet which are interesting as romances can be to the general reader.

Jules Favre was one of the principal participants in the most interesting historical episode of modern times, the negotiation for the capitulation of Paris. He has given the world, in his "Simple Recital" of the thrilling events, and the difficulties attendant upon the siege, a graphic picture of the interviews which he held with Bismarck. His

government was hardly recognized by the Prussians as anything save a band of illegitimate dictators. Moltke even defended himself for having begun the bombardment of Paris without proper announcement by saying that he did not feel obliged to confine himself to ordinary usage in treating with a government which had no rights. Bismarck had long shown in his correspondence, that he considered the little band of national defenders as a faction, and accused them of desiring to prolong their dictatorship by a continuation of the war.

This was enough to cast a gloom over the stoutest heart. But M. Favre, at the moment that he decided to set out for Versailles, in the bleak winter weather of January, 1871, knew that a formidable revolt was in preparation in Paris. Its supporters had already made two desperate attempts, in October and in January, to wrest the power from the Government of National Defense; and might be expected at once to take advantage of any new embarrassments of those at the head of affairs. The troops massed for the defense had been unsuccessful whenever they had attempted to raise the siege; and the provisions could last only a short time. M. Favre was so often haunted by the terrible thought that the revictualing of Paris might be delayed too long, that he passed many sleepless nights.

Favre informs the world frankly that he decided to go to Versailles, and consult with the conquerors, simply because he wished to escape an out-and-out surrender, which daily became more probable. In his own mind he had laid down, as the cardinal points of the demand to be presented to Prince Bismarck, an armistice, the election of

an Assembly, in order that France might be consulted as to her wishes for the future, assurances that the Prussian victors would not enter Paris, that the National Guard should be allowed to retain its arms, and that none of its members should be taken as prisoners to Germany. He has been bitterly reproached by his adversaries for exacting the stipulation with regard to the arms of the National Guard, it being alleged that, had a disarmament occurred, the communal insurrection would have been rendered impossible; but it is certain that he acted wisely; for, had he proposed to disarm the two hundred thousand at that time, he would have succeeded only in hastening the dreaded communal revolt.

The insurrection of the 22d of January, headed by Flourens, and baptized in blood, decided M. Favre on immediate action. On the evening of the 23d, as soon as the sedition was quelled, he addressed a note to Bismarck, asking for an interview, without explaining the motive. At dawn an officer took the note to the outpost at the Sèvres bridge, requesting an immediate answer. On the 24th the Government invested M. Favre with plenary powers, and then anxiously awaited the response of the victors. The day was somber and filled with alarms. Heavy fogs overhung the capital; the streets were covered with sleet; the cannonade from forts and ramparts was more furious than usual; shells rained upon the town. After many hours of suspense, M. Favre received an answer from Bismarck, appointing an interview for either the morning of the 25th, or the evening of the 24th. Accompanied by his son-in-law and a young officer, he set out without a moment's delay for Versailles. Learning

that the National Guard, alarmed at the rumors of Favre's departure, wished at all hazards to stop him, the trio did not go by the ordinary route, but took a by-path, and at six o'clock were at the Sèvres bridge over the Seine. The firing had ceased, by order from both sides. At that point, M. Favre and his companions were embarked in a skiff, and crossed the Seine, pushing their way through masses of floating ice, which were illuminated by the glare of the flames in the burning town of Saint-Cloud.

At Sèvres M. Favre found a carriage, escorted by cavalry, and at eight in the evening he was at Versailles, at the hôtel of Madame de Jessé, occupied by Bismarck, who did not keep him waiting. M. Favre told him that he came to begin where he had left off at Ferrières ; drew him a vivid picture of the sufferings of the Parisian population ; and, finally, asked what were the conditions of an honorable surrender.

“ You are too late,” cried Bismarck, hastily ; “ we have treated with your Emperor ; as you neither can, nor wish to make any promises on the part of France, you will easily understand that we shall seek the most efficacious means of finishing the war.”

M. Favre's surprise and indignation, as Bismarck informed him of the numerous schemes proposed for restoring the Imperial Dynasty to power, may be imagined, but not described. The discussion with Bismarck was long and exhausting. Favre at last wrote down the stipulations which he thought necessary to insist upon, and gave them to the German Chancellor, with the understanding that they were only for his private use.

The discussions continued at intervals until the 26th,



M. Favre suffering the most cruel anxieties, during his temporary absences from Paris, as to the events which might occur while the negotiations were pending. On the evening of the 26th, there seemed some chance of an agreement between conquerors and conquered ; and Bismarck, accompanying Favre to his carriage, said, impulsively :

“ I don't believe that, at the point we have now reached, a rupture is possible ; if you consent, we will stop the firing this evening.”

Favre accepted this concession gratefully, and went home at once to give the order commanding a cessation of the bombardment from the French side.

It was late in the evening when he recrossed the Seine. As the artillerymen in the French lines had not been informed of his passage, they were keeping up a lively rain of shell on the Sèvres bridge, and two shells fell close to Favre's carriage. As soon as the worn-out minister reached Paris he saw General Vinoy, and issued the necessary order. The emotions which filled his heart that night are best described in his own words :

“ At fifteen minutes before midnight, I was on the stone balcony of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which overlooks the Seine. The cannon of our forts and those of the German army still made their formidable echoes heard. At last the hour of midnight sounded. A final explosion burst forth, repeated far away by an echo, which grew feebler and then died out ; then all was silence. This was the first real repose for many weeks ; it was the first symptom of peace since the commencement of the foolish war, into which we had been hurried by the infatuation

of a despot and the servility of his courtiers. I remained for a long time absorbed in thought. I believed that the slaughter had ceased, and, despite the sorrow which weighed me down, this thought was a relief; I did not foresee that behind this bloody curtain, now lowered, our own disasters, greater calamities, and more lamentable humiliations were concealed."

Every one remembers that the terms of the armistice did not permit M. Favre to realize his hope that the German troops would not be allowed to enter Paris. Bismarck did not seem inclined to insist upon this crowning disgrace for the French; but the King and the military party were determined upon it. No man in France could have labored more eloquently and with more dignity to preserve his native land and its capital from needless shame, than did M. Favre. Few men could have met with unruffled front and serene politeness the haughty German, whose nature continually prompted him to provoking excesses of language, and whose miraculous success had given him overwhelming confidence. It was the fashion during and for a long period after the war, to cavil at M. Favre's administration of his important office; but sober judgment admits that he was the man for the place and the time.

On the evening of the 28th of January, 1871, at ten o'clock, M. Favre signed the agreement to an armistice, and was permitted to send a telegram to the delegation of the Government of National Defense at Bordeaux, announcing an armistice of twenty-one days, and the convocation of the Assembly for the 12th of February. He then hastened back to Paris with a mortal terror at his heart. The terms of the treaty which he had just signed

provided for freedom to revictual the capital, but it was possible that the needed provisions would come too late. M. Favre telegraphed to London, to Antwerp, to Dieppe; instructions to buy and forward food as rapidly as possible ; but the directors of the different French railroads, summoned in council, informed M. Favre that, however great might be their efforts, Paris must be several days without food !

The unfortunate Minister hastened back to Versailles. There he saw Bismarck, and told him that he had deceived him as to the duration of the resources of Paris, and that the population was literally in danger of absolute starvation. Favre says that Bismarck was much moved ; that he promised to do all that he could to hasten transportation, and that he even put at the disposition of the French such provisions as the Prussian army could spare.

The revictualment took place, and fortunately in time to prevent the horrible mortality feared. M. Favre found occasion to respond in warm messages of thanks to the kindness of neighboring nations.

He was intimately concerned with M. Thiers in the subsequent negotiations for peace with the Prussians. As soon as the Assembly was established at Bordeaux, he was appointed by the Government of National Defense, to hand in their collective resignation. When he mounted into the tribune there was a general murmur of respectful surprise among all who knew him personally, so worn and aged had he grown under the influence of the excitements and trials to which he had been subjected. He went down from the tribune like a man from whose shoulders a crushing burden had been lifted ; and he doubtless would

have been glad to escape from the responsibility with which he was honored in the new cabinet chosen by M. Thiers, that of holding the portfolio of foreign affairs. He was in Paris during the early days of the Commune, but, as soon as the revolutionary committee began its work, he, with the other members of the Cabinet, retreated to Versailles. He was prominent in measures for the suppression of the revolt, and, so long as he remained in the ministry, was active and discreet in managing the difficult and delicate relations of France with Germany. He was elected to the Assembly in 1871 from numerous departments—a pretty fair test of a French politician's popularity;—but he has not been noticeable in politics of late. His work on the "Government of National Defence" has occupied most of his attention for the past year or two.

Personally, Favre is a man above medium size, with a grave, sweet, very dignified face. His nature is sensitive, and he has probably suffered a great deal from the biting invective and the scandalous reports to which he has been subjected. His presence in the legislative tribune is commanding, and he is always listened to with the respect and admiration which his exquisite French and charming oratory command.



## THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

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**A**LL for France, by France, and with France!" incessantly cries the Comte de Chambord, Duc de Bordeaux, grandson of Charles X., and pretender to kingship by right divine over the French. The pious and worthy Legitimist standard-bearer doubtless fails to see the inconsistency of employing a device thoroughly republican in character, as a rallying cry for monarchists of the antique pattern. Neither is it probable that he has ever for a moment appeared to himself in that rather absurd light in which the mass of enlightened and unprejudiced Frenchmen see him. Wedded to his idea, firmly vested in his imaginary right, he moves aloof from the bustling republican mobs which might perhaps jostle him rudely; and passes his time in devotion, and in the production of somber and severely classical manifestoes signed with a kingly flourish, "HENRI."

The noble count is never seen in public devoid of what the French call the "*air souffrant*." There is a terrible resignation upon his features which impresses, as it is in-

tended to impress, all beholders. It seems to say, "Here am I, Henri, King of France, the child of the miracle, baptized in the water of the Jordan ; here am I, debarred of my rights, and condemned to retirement, yet ready and willing to save France from the abyss which threatens her, if she will but give me yonder bauble of a crown." But the pretty jade France, with the Phrygian cap crowning her disheveled locks, keeps the diadem so much longed for under lock and key, and laughs at the distress of the grandson of Charles X.

Chambord is one of the last of the apostles of the doctrine of "right divine" in Europe. The doctrine is bred in his bone ; nothing—no lesson of revolution, no prosperity of France under republican institutions—can ever change him. A fine scorn of the modern vulgarity which consents to the leveling process is visible in all he writes ; he disclaims citizenship, and assumes that he is a king, *the* king. It is true, as he himself has said, that he has always and everywhere shown himself accessible to Frenchmen of all classes and conditions ; but it is also true that he has done this invariably as monarch, not as fellow-citizen. "How," he cries, "could any one suspect me of wishing to be only the king of a privileged class, or, to employ the terms commonly used—the king of the old régime, of the ancient nobility, and the ancient court?" How, indeed? Far prettier to be king over all—over nobleman-bourgeois, and man of the people—and that is exactly what Henri, Comte de Chambord, ardently desires.

He looks upon France with a species of tender pity, or reproachful sympathy, which, strangely enough, becomes

food for inextinguishable laughter among the radicals, and is regarded with profound indifference by moderate republicans. In each new symptom of departure from the old ways he finds occasion for a fresh outburst of commiseration. In October of 1870, he wrote "Do not allow yourselves to be carried away by fatal illusions. Republican institutions, which may possibly correspond to the aspirations of new societies, will never take root upon our old monarchical soil." Later, in his famous letter in which he assumes the title of "HENRI," he apostrophizes the white flag, which is the object of his passionate adoration. "I received it as a sacred trust from the old king my ancestor, when he was dying in exile; it has always been for me inseparable from the remembrance of my absent country—it waved above my cradle; and I wish to have it shade my tomb!" This is fine; but a moment afterwards, one reads in the same letter, "In the glorious folds of this stainless standard, I will bring you order and liberty." He cannot help reminding the French once more that they are doing themselves a great injury in refusing him his kingship.

Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné L'Artois, Duc de Bordeaux, was born on the 29th of September, 1820. He is the son of the Duc de Berri, who was assassinated in February of the same year; and of Caroline, Princess of the Two Sicilies, the famous Duchesse de Berri. The mother, whose *rôle* in history was destined to be a famous one, was a woman of extraordinary force of character. She was beautiful, frank, simple in her manners, and her beauty was heightened by a melancholy which never left her features. Partisan scandal was unusually

mean on the occasion of the birth of Chambord ; it even ventured to hint that there was room for doubts as to the reality of the confinement of the duchess. But the mother prevailed upon the attendants to introduce thirty or forty witnesses into her chamber soon after her delivery ; and these people, who were taken at hazard from the ranks of the Parisian National Guard, soon set the slanderers to shame. The duchess appeared on the balcony of the Tuileries on the afternoon of the day of the child's birth, with the infant in her arms, to show the people that it was really her own. Diplomats came to congratulate the mother ; the water of the Jordan, which good Chateaubriand had brought in a bottle from the East, where he had been journeying and writing rhapsodies, was sprinkled on the august baby ; and Lamartine wrote a poem on the "Child of the Miracle." In the London newspapers there appeared a protest against the legitimacy of the new pretender to the French crown, and this protest was signed by a French prince. The name of Henry V. was often heard in the Legitimist *salons* ; and the press was filled with anecdotes of the good King Henry IV., and the desirability of giving him a legitimate successor. Meantime, the Bourbons went on tottering to their fall.

Young Henri had a pleasant and comparatively uneventful childhood. When he was a year old, a national subscription resulted in securing for him the château of Chambord as a home. He was educated under the Dukes de Montmorency, de Rivière and de Damas. By the last-named instructor he was thoroughly trained in the principles of the ancient monarchy, and his mind was set



against modern progress and modern infidelity. At ten years of age, he was a pious, thoughtful child, well educated, in politics as well as in books. The Revolution of 1830 grumbled over the head of the venerable Charles X., who resolved to abdicate in favor of Henri, and wrote the following letter to the Duke of Orléans from Rambouillet :

“I resolve to abdicate in favor of my grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux. The Dauphin, who shares my sentiments, also renounces his rights in favor of his nephew. Your duty will therefore be, as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, to proclaim the accession of Henry V. to the crown.”

This letter was written on the 2d of August, 1830. The old king did more : he caused a proclamation, signed by “Henry Fifth,” to be distributed among the troops encamped at Rambouillet. But the Duc d’Orléans, although he professed willingness to see the boy prince seated on the throne, took many measures to prevent it, and one day the people of Paris made a hasty journey toward Rambouillet, manifesting their displeasure as they went along. Charles X. did not wait to see them ; he and his family hastened to Cherbourg, whence they sailed for England. The advisers of the young prince considered it best that he should also quit France, and he followed his grandfather to Holyrood in Scotland. He was accompanied by the Duc de Damas, who trained him in the most austere ways. The Scotch climate was too harsh for all of the exiles, and they therefore sought a more genial refuge in Southern Austria. The Duchesse de Berri did not accompany them ; she was frantic with indignation at what she

termed the cowardly usurpation of the Duc d'Orléans, and vowed a vow, that she would take from him by violence the throne which he had stolen from her son by intrigue. She fulfilled her threat if not her vow, by her wild and courageous conduct in the Vendéan insurrection, which she was mainly instrumental in fomenting. In 1832, when she was imprisoned in the fortress of Blaye, because of the part which she had taken in La Vendée, the young prince was much with her, and listened with tearful enthusiasm to the recital of her exploits. One day, Chateaubriand came to the fortress, and the child, a dozen years old, was amazed to hear himself addressed by the great writer as "King."

As he arrived at years of discretion, young Chambord undertook long journeys in Europe, in which he was accompanied by generals and dukes devoted to the Legitimist cause. He visited the military establishments of Austria, Hungary, Germany, Lombardy, the States of Rome and of Naples, and was received in each of these countries with all the honors due a sovereign. These excursions, which gave him a wide acquaintance with European politics, and gained him many sympathizers, were interrupted in 1841 by a fall from his horse, which fractured his left thigh, and made him a prisoner for a long time. In 1843 he resumed his tour in search of sympathy; visited Saxony, Prussia, and Great Britain. In November of 1843, he announced himself openly as an active claimant to the French throne. It was in this month also that the famous Belgrave Square reception occurred—a reception which caused intense excitement throughout France. The Legitimist deputies crossed the channel to see him, and to salute him as their sovereign. Belgrave Square was transformed into

the semblance of a court, where royal etiquette was observed. Chateaubriand, the mighty Berryer, the Ducs de Fitzjames and de Valmy, M. de Pastoret, and others were among these deputies, and then received no severer reproof than newspaper scoldings and the frowns of the Opposition. In 1844, the pilgrims to Belgrave Square found their visit qualified, in the parliamentary address, as a "culpable manifestation," and therefore resigned their seats, only to be at once returned by the Legitimist voters who had originally elected them.

The death of Charles X. left the Comte de Chambord the chief of the eldest branch of the house of the Bourbons. In November of 1846 he married the eldest daughter of the Duc de Modena, Marie Thérèse Beatrix Gaëtano, who brought him a dowry amounting to many millions of francs. For a time he renounced his political ambitions, and the happy pair went to live in the Castle of Frohsdorff, not far from Vienna, in Austria. Around them gathered a highly cultivated and enthusiastically orthodox society, which the Legitimists were wont to call the "true France," professing a deep contempt for the flippancies and immoralities of modern Paris society. The Revolution of 1848 found the Comte de Chambord at Venice with his mother, who was by no means weary of conspiracy. For a time it seemed as if a vigorous attempt to secure the throne were to be made; but it was found to be discouraging work, and the Royalist supporters dropped away one by one. The duchess had, some years previously, on the occasion of her departure from the Fortress of Blaye, and the discovery that she had married secretly a second time in Italy, been deprived of the privilege of

directing her son's education ; but he remained deeply attached to her. The Comte de Chambord showed himself near the French frontier repeatedly during the Revolution—now at Cologne, now at Wiesbaden, now at Ems ; and in the latter city the first attempt at fusion of the two branches of the Royal family was made.

The manifestoes which came from Frohsdorff from time to time after the advent of the Empire had rendered futile any farther attempts at a Legitimist restoration, and were always read with interest by Frenchmen, but excited little or no enthusiasm. The count passed his life in meditation, devotion, social duties, the cultivation of lively literary tastes, and a keen review of the progress of events. He sent words of encouragement, counsel, and true French spirit to his suffering countrymen during the war of 1870, and at that period carefully refrained from urging his personal claims ; and he told the nation some refreshing, although disagreeable truths, in the long proclamation which he issued during the Commune's reign. But people at that moment listened with extreme impatience. They did not like to hear him stoutly insisting on the omnipotence of the Church, and asserting his royalty, while they were struggling in the toils.

The proclamation which he issued in July of 1871 has sometimes been sneeringly called his *suicide*. In it he renounced the title of Chambord, although he had, as he says, been proud of it for forty years ; and he added : "I can neither forget that the monarchical right is the patrimony of the nation, nor decline the duties which it imposes upon me. I will fulfil these duties, believe me, on my word as honest man and as King." He promised

administrative decentralization and local franchises, and signed himself "Henri," perhaps this time even with a confident flourish. But the French shrugged their shoulders; and said that they wanted no king.

For a moment, in 1873, it seemed as if there might be hopes of a restoration. There were decided efforts at conciliation between the two branches of the Bourbon house. But, at the last minute, just as the ladies were ordering their court robes, and the gentlemen devoted to royalty were beginning to take courage, the Comte de Chambord dispersed to the winds all their castles in Spain by formally announcing to Monseigneur Dupanloup that he had neither sacrifices to make nor conditions to receive. And he added: "I expect little from the wisdom of men and much from the justice of God."

The Comte de Chambord is rapidly nearing three-score; he has no children; he stands haughtily aloof from the press of politicians at Versailles and in the parlors of Paris; and one may almost fancy him continually repeating the sentence with which his manifesto of July, 1871, closes:

"Henry the Fifth cannot abandon the white flag of Henry the Fourth."



## THE DUC D'AUMALE.

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**B**EFORE the National Assembly had passed the laws which permitted the return of the Orléans Princes to the country from which they had been exiled so long, the Duc d'Aumale announced himself as a candidate in the department of the Oise. His letter, written in London, and addressed to the voters in the department, was received with peculiar favor; the adherents of constitutional monarchy were not displeased at the prospect of being represented by a prince who possessed superb estates in the Oise; estates, too which had come down to him from the heritage of the last of the Condés. The Republicans were pleased, because, in the electoral letter, or profession of faith, the duke made use of the following terms, after frankly expressing his preference for monarchy as the future form of government for France:

“In my sentiments, in my past, in the traditions of my family, I find nothing which separates me from the Republic. If it is under that form of government that France wishes to live and definitely to constitute her future con-

dition, I am ready to bow before her sovereignty, and I shall remain her devoted servitor. Constitutional monarchy or liberal republic prevailing, it is only by political probity, by the spirit of concord and abnegation, that France can be saved and regenerated. Those are the sentiments which inspire me."

Truly, these were noble and courageous words, full of dignity and of the worthy spirit of self-sacrifice, which the duke advocated in his letter, they serve as an admirable exponent of the frankness, earnestness, and nobility of one of the first gentlemen of his time.

The Duc d'Aumale has long been a familiar figure in England, but the present generation of Frenchmen really knew little of his worth, until he returned from exile. The Imperial ring was wont to scatter aspersions concerning the Orléans family ; and, because the personal record of the gentlemen and ladies composing the family was stainless, the ring liked to dwell vaguely on political intrigues, which had no existence save in the brains of the inventors. When the duke came among his countrymen after long absence, he found that they awoke speedily from their indifference, and welcomed him with the deference and homage which his talents and good qualities, rather than his once exalted position commanded.

The duke is now in his fifty-third year ; but he is as vigorous and youthful in appearance as many a man of thirty. He is essentially a soldier in his bearing ; were he to be dressed in an Oriental robe and set in an easy chair, it would be difficult for him to conceal the attitudes, the movements which inevitably betray the better type of French officer. He is in every sense a Gaul ; his features,

clearly cut and stamped with a certain nobleness of aspect, are decidedly Gallic ; a long residence in England has not given him a single trait of Anglo-Saxon manner or method. Henri Eugene Philippe Louis d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale, shows exactly who and what he is, and might be picked out of a crowd for a representative of the family, by any one who had ever once seen an Orléans.

He was born in Paris, on the 16th of January, 1822, and was the fourth son of King Louis-Philippe, and of Queen Marie Amélie. Like his brothers, he received a public education at the college of Henri Quatre, and distinguished himself by his University successes, carrying off two prizes in rhetoric. In his early years, the brilliant and distinguished M. Cuvilier Fleury was his preceptor. The immense fortune which he had inherited did not hinder him from entering the ranks of the army at seventeen, from making his *début* as officer at the camp of Fontainebleau, and soon afterwards directing the school for military instruction at Vincennes. In 1839, he was promoted to the grade of captain of the Fourth Regiment of the line, and in 1840, he accompanied to Algeria his brother, who had already made for himself a fine place in the army then campaigning there. He went out as a staff-officer, was under fire for the first time at Afroun, took part in the combats on the ridge of the Mouzaïa, and elsewhere, and meantime gained rapidly in promotion. In July of 1841, he was stricken down by fever, and returned to France, where he was everywhere received with the greatest demonstrations of enthusiasm. The return to Paris of the Seventeenth Light Infantry was one of the greatest popular ovations ever seen in France ; the popu-



lation gave a glorious welcome to the bands of sunburned and ragged soldiers, conducted by the gallant prince ; and could not contain their indignation when Quenisset, a discontented soldier, attempted to assassinate D'Aumale by firing a pistol at him as he marched by at the head of his column. Fortunately, the assassin's hand trembled, and the prince escaped.

The duke spent the period of 1841-42 in hard military study, and then, having been made a marshal of the camp, he returned to Algeria, where, until 1843, he commanded the subdivision of Medeah. It was not long before he distinguished himself, and obtained the grade of lieutenant-general, by a brilliant feat of arms. In command of a small and compact force, he attacked the encampment of Abd-el-Kader at Goudgilab, and captured it with much treasure, and all the correspondence, standards, and flocks of the emir, together with thirty-six hundred prisoners. Not content with promoting the young prince, the authorities made him chief commander of the province of Constantine. In 1844 he undertook another expedition, successful in all particulars ; and toward the end of the same year he married the daughter of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—Marie Caroline Auguste de Bourbon. Two succeeding years were passed in incessant labor, at the camp of the Gironde, in 1845, and in pacifying the Kabyles in 1846, after which the prince went to Madrid for a little repose, and to be present at the marriage of his brother, Montpensier. In September of 1847, the king, having had some differences with Marshal Bugeaud on the subject of the camps in the colonies, removed him and placed in his stead the Duc d'Aumale as Governor-General of the

French possessions in Africa. The duke thus became a kind of viceroy in Algeria, with his residence in Algiers. The army was devoted to him, but the vicerealty was the object of lively attacks from the Opposition at home. Guizot defended it in a speech, made in January 1848: D'Aumale was viceroy only six months, for the Revolution came to relieve him of his functions. As soon as he heard of the abdication of Louis Philippe, he resigned, gave his duties into the hands of General Cavaignac, and, counseling the army to await orders from Paris, he left Algeria on the ship "Solon," in company with the Prince and Princess of Joinville. The "Solon" went to Gibraltar, thence to England and the duke was in exile.

D'Aumale has frequently been bitterly abused for what his enemies call his "lack of firmness" at that critical moment. They say that he should have marched upon Paris at the head of the army which idolized him, and should have endeavored to protect the throne from which his father had been compelled to retire. But he, doubtless, remembered that during the Revolution great numbers of the soldiers of the line had gone over to the populace, and, consequently, reflected that in the army of eighty thousand men under his orders there might be not a few who would do the same thing. As soon as Louis Philippe heard of his son's conduct, and read the letter of farewell which the young duke had addressed to the army, he gave these measures his cordial approval in the presence of numerous eye-witnesses, and, referring to the letter, said :

"That is the only thing which D'Aumale could have worthily said."

The duke, on his arrival in England, went first to Claremont, to comfort the king and queen in exile. In succeeding years he made numerous journeys to Italy, and finally settled upon the choice of a residence in England, at Twickenham. He purchased Orléans House, the property of Lord Kilmorey, a simple mansion in a peaceful neighborhood, and rendered attractive to its new possessor by the fact that Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie had passed two years there, from 1813 to 1815, when they were proscribed in France. It was at Orléans House that the parents of the Duc d'Aumale had heard the first news of the battle of Waterloo; there that the king's hands had planted many shrubs, which are to-day majestic trees. The duke was enchanted with his new property; he settled down to its enjoyment with a rare zest; spent his mornings in his library, or among his superb collections of pictures; astonished the English in the neighborhood by his soldier-like manner of dashing about the country on horseback, with no visible object, not even the grave one of following the hounds; and entertained company in the most modest and delightful manner. Twickenham and Orléans House were mentioned often enough in the English papers, but the French press did not contain many items concerning Louis Philippe's daring and accomplished soldier-son. It made the Imperialists uncomfortable to see his name paraded, and they never allowed the newspapers to annoy them.

The wandering Frenchman, with a kindly remembrance of the Orléans rule in France, rarely went to England without making an excursion to Twickenham to pay his respects, and write down his name or leave his card at the

porter's lodge as a token of respect. The fortunate ones who penetrated the mansion, which the duke gradually enlarged until he had given it the proportions of a small palace, found that he had inscribed upon the walls and on the shelves of his library the most gratifying evidences of perfect taste. "At the first visit," says M. Yriarte in a description of Orléans House, "one sees that the master of the residence is an eclectic in art and in literature; there are pictures of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French schools, and a considerable number of historical miniatures. Fragonard is represented there by a very curious collection of forty-two portraits of the princes and princesses of the royal branch of Bourbon and the family of Condé. This comes from the Château of Chantilly. Another interesting collection, from an historical point of view, is that relating specially to the conqueror of Rocroy. It is a passage in the history of France spread out before the eyes. In the midst of the numerous portraits of Condé, and of the paintings of the combats in which he was engaged, the visitor may lay his hand upon the flag of the Royal Liégeois Regiment, taken at the Battle of Rocroy, and upon the guidons of the army of the prince.

"The designs by masters are very numerous, and, of all the schools; engravings occupy a very large portion of the space; and one may say that in the galleries there is to be found a sample of every form which art can take on to please the eye, elevate the soul, and touch the heart. Enamels from Petittot and Limousin, exquisite miniatures, precious manuscripts, autographs of Francis I., of Rabelais, of Montaigne, Brantôme, Condé, Corneille, Racine, figure in this collection, in which one also sees the autograph

corrections of Bossuet on the manuscript copy of the *Defense* of the 'Declaration of the Clergy of France.' The whole is a spectacle which delights and temp's the amateur.

"The romantic period of 1830, that admirable efflorescence at which the princes assisted, and for which they have such a love, is specially represented at Orléans House. The history of art in our time would not be complete if the historian did not visit this dwelling. The Maison Gallery went in there, purchased all at once; and, during twenty years of exile, the prince has every year, at the auctions, disputed the finest pictures with other amateurs.

"Near the library, to which one is conducted by a gallery ornamented with Ecoen windows, attributed to Bernard de Palissy, is the Prince's private cabinet. It is in France, because everything in it speaks of that country. There the African weapons, and the cap and the epaulettes of the lieutenant-general are preserved as precious souvenirs; family relics cover the walls.

"The library is famous; the Cigogne Collection was the nucleus. Every day since that time, some rare copy, an Aldus or an Elzevir, fought for at sales, has come to take its place upon the shelves. The prince himself carefully superintends his catalogue, which will be an important work."

In 1862, when the Fine Arts Club visited Twickenham, the members were shown a special exhibition, comprising seven hundred and thirty different pictures, tapestries, gems, historical weapons, and precious bindings. There is probably not another private collection in Europe which is at once so rich and so varied. In addition to the labor

of making and superintending this veritable museum which he had created in his own house, the duke moved much, and with evident pleasure, in English society ; he was well known, and received with flattering attentions everywhere in the three kingdoms ; he had a shooting-box in Worcestershire, and went there now and then to find relaxation from books, pictures, and parlors. Like the Comte de Paris, he gave careful attention to the study of English institutions and people, and drew from them much serious inspiration. At Brussels, at Baden, and in Switzerland, in summer he was often to be found ; and many political adversaries, falling into conversation with him in the unceremonious fashion prevalent at watering-places, without an introduction, were charmed with his brilliant conversation and his store of knowledge. He has always had a particular liking for Switzerland, and sent his son, the Prince de Condé, to Lausanne to finish his studies and to enter the Swiss army.

The years of exile passed rapidly, and far from unhappily for this duke. In 1855, he published, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, over the signature of *De Mars*, two excellent essays, one concerning the Zouaves, and the other on the Chasseurs à Pied in the French army. He had previously written papers on the "Captivity of King John" and the "Siege of Alesia," and in 1861, having read a speech made in Paris by the Prince Napoleon, he wrote a pamphlet called a "Letter on the History of France," which made a great sensation in Paris, and led the gossips to predict that Prince Plon Plon and the duke would have to meet on the turf in deadly encounter. The publisher and the printer of the pamphlet were both condemned to pass a year in

prison, and to pay five thousand francs fine. When, some time later, the duke's "History of the Princes of the House of Condé" was published in France by Michel Levy, the government interdicted the first edition, and it was not until four years later that it was allowed to appear. The duke, who has since attained the great honor of a seat in the French Academy, having been elected on the 30th of December, 1871, to the place left vacant by M. de Montalembert, has lived to see the same persecutors tasting the bitter bread of exile. The official admission of the duke to the Academy, by the way, was marked by the fact that, contrary to the immemorial custom, he addressed in his speech, as a new-comer, no especial thanks to the worthy company. He was, for that matter, as a clever French writer has said, "quite at home in the Academy, seated beside his preceptor, and surrounded by ministers and friends who had served his family, much as if he had been in M. Guizot's parlor."

The duke entered France almost immediately after the September revolution in 1870, and begged to be allowed a share in the national defense. His offer was refused, and he went back to exile, this time in Brussels, with a heavy heart. A few days after the meeting of the Assembly at Bordeaux, early in 1871, the duke and his brother, the Prince de Joinville, came to Bordeaux to demand the seats to which they had been elected. The duke slept one night under the same roof, that of the Hôtel de France, with Thiers, the newly-constituted chief of executive power. But the government "invited" both princes to leave the country, and to remain absent until the laws of exile were abrogated. They went to England, and waited

impatiently. In June, 1871, two propositions for abrogation were presented to the Assembly, one tending to the abolition of all proscriptive laws, and the other demanding simply the repeal of the laws forbidding the Bourbon princes to enter France. In obedience to the demand of M. Thiers, who declared that the abrogation could be accorded only in exchange for certain guarantees, the friends of the princes announced that the latter had pledged themselves neither to take their seats nor to present themselves at any election during the existence of the Assembly. Thiers offered no obstacles to the repeal of the exile laws, after this promise was made public; and the elections of the duke and his brother, which the Assembly had up to that time refused to confirm, were rendered valid.

In December, 1871, the Duc d'Aumale, wearied of occupying the abnormal and humiliating position of a deputy whose election was not contested, yet who could not take his seat, published in the *Journal des Débats*, a letter in which he declared that the promise which he had made in the interests of public peace, and under very exceptional circumstances, should not be considered as irrevocable. He brought the matter anew to the attention of the Assembly, whose members were already half inclined to let in the princes who had been so long kept "out in the cold." On the very day of the publication of the duke's letter, M. Brunet inquired of the government "why deputies elected ten months since, and whose elections had been confirmed for more than six months, were not present in the Assembly." A debate ensued. The deputies, when the matter was brought to a vote anew, shrugged their



shoulders and decided that they would adopt an order of the day announcing that they would take no responsibility and give no advice in the affair. They left it to the consciences of the princes ; and the duke and his brother went the next day to the Assembly and took their seats. But, although the duke had appeared exceedingly desirous to get into the Chamber, he assumed an attitude of prudent reserve as soon as he arrived there. He abstained from voting on difficult and delicate questions, and only spoke on rare occasions.

When the trial of Marshal Bazaine was prepared at Versailles, the Duc d'Aumale, who had, naturally enough, been re-established by M. Thiers in his grade of division-general, found himself called by seniority to become a member of the court-martial, to whom the fate of the betrayer of Metz was committed. It is, perhaps, doubtful if the duke desired to sit on the court-martial, for one of his friends offered an amendment in the Assembly a short time before the trial, to the effect that deputies could not become members of the court. This amendment was rejected, and the duke declared that he would fulfill his duty as a soldier, however painful and cruel it might be. In October of 1873, he was chosen president of the court-martial, and has been warmly praised for the tact and courtesy with which he fulfilled his difficult duty.

With the return of honors came the wealth which had been wrested from the duke and his family by the Imperial laws of 1852. The National Assembly voted, on the 21st of December, 1872, to restore to the Orléans princes property worth forty millions of francs. The duke purchased the Hôtel Fould in the Faubourg Saint Honoré,

and there threw open his hospitable parlors to the hosts of celebrities who gathered about him. He was able to invite his friends to Chantilly, whence he had been so long banished, and to enjoy most of the privileges which had been taken from him in 1848. He was greatly shocked and saddened by the death of his wife, which occurred while he was still in exile; and he has never recovered from the sorrow. The amiable and accomplished duchess was a real helpmate for him; she was his secretary in all his literary labors, and was interested in his collections. Many children were born to the duke during his exile, but two, at the time of the outbreak of the late war, were living—the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Guise. The former died in Sidney, Australia, from fever, during a journey which he was making round the world.

The failure of the attempted restoration of royalty can hardly have surprised the Duc d'Aumale. Since that time his adhesion to existing institutions has been firm, and recently published letters in the avowed organ of the Orleanist family, the *Journal de Paris*, makes their support of the Republic seem almost like a renunciation of any future pretensions to a resumption of their reign.

As the duke is a division-general in actual service, he is taking an active part in the re-modeling and consolidation of the French forces, and to this work he gives his whole heart and soul.



## THE COMTE DE PARIS.



**W**HEN the Comte de Paris was a child ten years old, he was greatly surprised, one day, to learn that the teachers, who usually kept him busy with lessons, could not come to him. His first impression was that a new holiday had been created, and he was eagerly looking forward to a festival, when he remarked that his mother and all the persons about her were unusually sad. The great palace of the Tuileries, where he was wont to see everything and everybody in gala attire, was somber as a funeral vault ; mysterious-looking people came and went from the royal cabinet, and the count and his brothers were carefully secluded from view of the streets.

This was on the 23d of February, 1848. On the morning of the 24th, when the young count went, as usual, to kiss his mother, she told him that a great misfortune had befallen France ; that he could not understand it, but that he must pray and await events. His preceptor came at the usual hour and lessons were heard in an apartment of the palace opening upon the Rue de Rivoli. Suddenly

an order came to remove to rooms overlooking the garden ; and the count then learned that a combat in the streets was imminent. The child, after his lessons, began to play in the room to which he had been removed, when the door was hastily thrown open, and his mother entered, saying to the teacher :

“ It is not a riot ; it is a revolution.”

The young count understood full well the meaning of the last word which fell from his mother’s lips. He followed her, with questioning eyes, into a small bedroom, which separated Louis Philippe’s private cabinet from that of the queen. Then the preceptor, now thoroughly alarmed, attempted to conceal his agitation as he superintended the translation of an episode in an epitome of sacred history. The count was ferreting out the narrative of the young heroes, who, according to the book of Maccabees, perished in cauldrons of boiling oil, when a great tumult arose on the Place du Carrousel. The troops, drawn up in line, demanded to see the king. Louis Philippe went out to pass the review, and the young count gazed at the brilliant spectacle from a window of the palace.

A short time after Louis Philippe had returned from the Place du Carrousel, he came out of his cabinet with a determined air, and, standing erect before the door, said, in a grave and firm voice :\*

“ I abdicate.”

The young count ran to his teacher, saying, “ No ; it’s impossible.” He was not too young to understand that if his grandfather should abdicate, he might be called upon

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\* “ Les Princes d’Orléans.” Par Charles Yriarte. Paris. 1872.

to take his place, and visions of a gilded throne and of every one looking at him, floated through his youthful brain. Outside, he heard from time to time the noise of musketry, but he was not allowed to look out of any window. His mother at last came to tell him that he must accompany her to the Chamber of Deputies, and thither the frightened lady, with her two sons, and surrounded by a host of devoted friends, took her way. They passed out under the clock tower of the palace. The count did not approach that tower again until twenty-four years later, when he found it a heap of smouldering ruins.

After many adventures, they arrived at the Chamber of Deputies. There the count was seated beside his mother, and was enjoined to be silent while the speeches were made. He saw that his mother was surrounded by counselors, who advised her what to say to the Chamber; then came violent knocking at the door; the crowd rushed in, and muskets were aimed at the Duchess and her children. The good M. de Rémusat covered the young count with his body. No guns were fired, but the child, with his mother and brother, fled from the hall, and after a weary and dangerous season of wandering, in which they were protected by the kindly offices of relatives and friends, they gained the open country, left the revolution behind them, and found themselves practically in exile. There were days of journeying, which were terribly fatiguing to the child. When at last they came to the frontier, and discussed the question of crossing it, he cried:

“Leave France! No, never!”

But the carriage went on, and the family did not find repose until it had crossed the Rhine, and the mother, pressing her children to her breast, said :

“Now I feel that I am, indeed, exiled.”

The duchess established herself at Eisenach, in a château which was the property of her uncle, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. There the count and his brother tranquilly pursued their studies until the summer of 1849, when the duchess decided to reside in England. The little family embarked at Rotterdam, and, after a rude voyage, arrived in the hospitable island destined so long to be their home.

The period from early youth to manhood was passed by the count in long journeys in Germany, alternated with serious study and periods of residence in England. When he was twenty, his mother wrote of him: “It is no longer I who protect him ; I feel that he protects me.” The Duc de Nemours was for a time his mentor, and has borne witness to the early gravity, serenity, and sweetness of the count’s character. Just before the youth attained his majority, he became enamored of the study of chemistry ; and, after a few months of application, he was considered by Professor Hoffman, of the London School of Mines, as one of his most remarkable pupils. He has never relinquished his study of the science. After the death of his mother, which occurred in May, 1858, he traveled extensively in Spain, came back to England, there to await the end and the results of the war in Italy, and in the following year, in company with his brother, visited the East. His correspondence of that period is filled with the most charming souvenirs of his excursions in

Egypt, the Holy Land, and Greece ; even then he wrote well, and deserved the literary reputation which he has gained since that time. He was in Syria at the time of the Lebanon massacres, and the impressions of his journey there are recorded in a volume entitled "Damascus and Lebanon," which he published in London in 1865.

The Comte de Paris and his brother were anxious to study the political and social system of the United States, and on the 30th August, 1861, but a short time after their return from the East, they sailed for New York. They found the country in the anguish of civil war, and their sympathies, as well as their curiosity, were at once aroused. The count had not been able to serve in the Italian campaign, as his younger brother had done, for fear of complicating the relations of Victor Emanuel with the Emperor of the French. But he longed to take part in the struggle for liberty in America ; there appeared no obstacle to his participation, and both he and his brother at once demanded permission to serve in the Federal army. They were gladly received, and, in the letter which Mr. Seward wrote them to announce that they had been attached to General McClellan's staff, he affirmed that the princes served without pay, that they had been asked to take no oath of allegiance, and that they were free to return to Europe whenever they should choose. As this left them ample room for honorable retirement in case the United States should find its interests opposed to those of France, the princes entered the service.

The Comte de Paris has often declared that the happiest days of his exile were passed as a staff officer in McClellan's army. During the ten months that he was

with the Army of the Potomac he was active in service. His duty was to obtain information as to the enemy's plans, forces, and positions; and he was frequently commended for his industry and zeal. Both he and his brother risked their lives in numerous battles, notably at the fight of Gaines's Hill. The count assisted at the taking of Yorktown and the siege of Richmond; and would doubtless have served throughout the campaigns whose historian he was destined to be, had not the unfortunate attitude of the Imperial Government with regard to Mexico rendered a collision between France and the United States among the probabilities, and made it wise for the princes to leave the Federal service, that hostile criticism might be avoided. They took leave of General McClellan on a gunboat on the James River, and shortly afterwards departed for Europe, having served from the 28th of September, 1861, to the 2d of July, 1862. It is gratifying to note that, according to the testimony of all his personal friends, the Comte de Paris never for a moment, even in the darkest hours of our national trial, doubted the final triumph of the Union. The precocious maturity which his fond mother perceived and noted, many years before her death, in her letters to her friends in France, had become so marked in 1862, that many of the letters written from America by the young prince, twenty-four years of age, seem like the sentiments of a man of forty.

Soon after his return from America to England, the Comte de Paris became much interested in social science, and zealously studied everything concerning the workmen's condition. At the time of the great cotton famine, he



visited Manchester, and was in active relations with those people interested in aiding the starving poor of Lancashire. The spies of the emperor soon found out the new turn which the count's studies had taken, and watched the mails carefully to see that nothing subversive, from his pen, crept into France. When the prince decided to embody the result of his observations in an article contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in February of 1863, under the title of "Christmas Week in Lancashire," he was compelled to publish it over the name of another contributor. To have given to so noted a publication an essay filled with arguments in favor of combinations among working-men, over the signature of the Comte de Paris, would have been an unpardonable offense in the eyes of the Emperor Napoleon. The article was signed by Eugène Forçade, but all the friends of the Comte de Paris knew that he was the author. It attracted great attention both in England and France, and encouraged the prince to other studies. In company with Jules Simon, he again visited Manchester; carefully investigated the origin and purposes of the famous society of the "Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale," and made the acquaintance of many of its founders. For several years he devoted a great portion of his leisure to excursions among the working people of England, and kept up an extensive private correspondence on the subject of workmen's unions, and their benefits, with the people interested in the same matter in America, England, and on the Continent.

In 1868 his attention was drawn to the voluminous reports published by the English Parliament under the name of "Blue Books," which contain such treasures of in-

formation on the special matters of which they treat. His bookseller had sent him one of these "Blue Books" containing a portion of the report of the sessions of the royal commission established to inquire into the condition and working of the trades' unions. He read this eagerly, and awaited the others impatiently. When they came, and he had devoured their contents, he found himself possessed of a lively desire to know some of the persons who had played the most important rôles in the commission. He met and had many interviews with Thomas Hughes, who was a member of the minority favorable to the continued existence of the unions. In the course of a third visit to Manchester, he encountered Maudley, an old workman, who lived in an obscure cottage in one of the dreariest suburbs of Manchester, but who had great influence over the trades' unions in Lancashire. Maudley was a logical, honest, straightforward representative of the better type of his class, by no means embittered against society, which he desired to aid in reforming rather than in destroying; and the heir to the French throne and the humble workmen spent many afternoons together, comparing theories and discussing plans for the amelioration of the lower classes.

The result of all this study—this close attention to the subject for nearly six years—was the publication, early in 1869, by the Comte de Paris, of a compactly written and intensely interesting little volume, entitled "Workingmen's Associations in England." The book was at first published anonymously, and obtained a gratifying success. The Imperial censors of course found out with no loss of time who the author was. After peering into the pages

to discover any infernal machine which might lie hidden there, and finding none, they opposed no hindrance to its sale, and it ran through numerous editions. It is filled with information calculated to be serviceable to the French working classes; and a spirit of liberality and even enlightened republicanism is breathed throughout the work. The count was reproached because he did not draw any definite conclusions, but he showed by powerful reasoning that the working classes cannot expect to be happy in a country where the liberty of the press, of public assembly, and of association is denied them. He hinted that a system of industrial partnerships might aid in solving the grievous problem, whose solution has always been so far beyond the French mental grasp, and he was of course attacked by hostile critics who were perhaps paid to cry down any work which came from the pen of an Orléans.

The count is a good pamphleteer, and his essays on "The New Germany in 1867," and "The Spirit of Conquest in 1871," attracted much attention in France. The latter was published shortly before the distinguished author was recalled from exile. He also published in 1868 a noticeable article on "State Church and Free Church in Ireland." In his writings on Germany, he gave to his countrymen a clear and admirable view of the progress of centralization in that country. He was admirably qualified for this work by the numerous sojourns and journeys which he had made in the German States when young.

His private life, after his return from America, was singularly happy. In 1862, during the Universal Exhibition at London, he and the other members of the family were constantly fêted and acclaimed by pilgrims from France,

who did not hesitate to tell them that they looked forward with impatience to the time when the Comte de Paris should grace the throne from which Louis Philippe had stepped down. In 1863 the count went to Spain, where, in 1859, on the occasion of a brief visit, he had seen and admired his cousin-german, the Princess Isabelle, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. He found her, on his second visit, an accomplished and elegant lady, and a family council demanded her hand for him. The count took his charming cousin to England, where they were married, in the Catholic chapel of Kingston, in 1864.

The years from 1864 to 1870 were comparatively uneventful for the Comte de Paris. The death of his devoted mother, in 1866, was a sad blow to him ; their association had always been tender and intimate ; and the vicissitudes through which she had been compelled to pass when he was young had intensified his affection for her. In 1867 he returned to Spain for a short time, after which he established himself near Twickenham, at York House, in England. His home was very modest compared with the superb residence of the Duc d'Aumale at Twickenham, but it was charmingly situated in one of the most delightful suburbs of London, and there the count devoted himself to study and to the education of his children, until the downfall of the Empire made a way for his return to France.

A demand for the abrogation of the laws of exile, which hung over the heads of the Orléans family, was repulsed by the Corps Législatif in June of 1870. Three months later the Empire no longer existed. The Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville were in Brussels, as near the theater

of the war as they could safely get, but the Comte de Paris was condemned to remain in England, lest his journeys at such a time might be attributed to a policy of action. He sent from York House a demand to the French Government to be allowed to take up arms in defense of his country ; but his efforts were vain. At last came the law abrogating the laws of exile—voted by the National Assembly—and the count returned to France to find it as when he left it, in disorder and revolution. He made a pilgrimage to Dreux, to the tombs of his ancestors, then went to Paris, and walked among the smoking ruins of the palace which he had once, a royal infant, inhabited.

The Comte de Paris is to-day installed with the Duc d'Aumale, his uncle, in a superb mansion in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. He keeps a keen eye on the political situation ; is by no means entirely hostile to the Republic, and it was even rumored in the early autumn of 1875 that he and the other members of the family were inclined to rally to the support of the new government. He devotes himself with the same assiduity which characterized him in Germany, in England, and in the United States, to the study of social and economical questions. He is now thirty-seven years of age ; a tall, robust, and gracious personage, noble in aspect, and the observed of all observers, even when surrounded by celebrities. He wanders about the industrial quarters of Paris, and enters into conversation with the workmen ; passes his mornings in his library, and his evenings with his children or in society, and travels enough every year to keep his cosmopolitan spirit out of the Paris ruts. He has three children, one

of whom, the Duc d'Orléans, gives promise of decided genius.

The latest work from the pen of the count, the "History of the Civil War in America," has hardly yet been published long enough to have received a final verdict. It has evidently been a labor of love, and is written in a sympathetic spirit. In this work the author has rather boldly declared principles which can be called by no other name than republican, and which reflect the highest honor upon his head and heart.



## ERNEST PICARD.

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**T**HE deputies in the National Assembly never shuffled their feet when M. Picard was in the tribune. They were always compelled, by the magic of his voice, to listen and to be silent. However much they might disagree with what he had to say, they were careful, as a rule, not to cry out against him; and had he been offended at anything like a lack of attention, and taken them to task, they would have been terrified.

M. Picard, who began his political career in the early days of the Second Empire, and who has combated the principles of that government from first to last, is to-day a lively, rotund, humorous, polished, accomplished politician, of democratic manners and matchless address. He was born in Paris in December of 1821; studied law, and entered the bar with great promise. He became the secretary of the brilliant and celebrated M. Lionville, and finally married the daughter of that distinguished personage. In 1851 he was accumulating a fine practice, and was already among the legal celebrities of the city. Re-

ardless of consequences, he protested loudly against the infamy of the coup d'état, and then opposed the Imperial intrigues by every means in his power. He became a member of the Administrative Council of the *Siècle* newspaper, and in this position was able to administer some hard knocks to his adversary. His voice was heard in all the political meetings decrying the policy of abstention, with which so many of the Republican leaders endeavored to content themselves in those days. In 1858 he was elected to the Corps Législatif as the candidate of the Democratic opposition. He rushed into the political arena with frantic force, which, as he became more accustomed to the kind of warfare required, settled into calm and continuous effort. He was one of the most useful of the famous group of "the Five" who dared to stand up in the legislative hall, and to say to all the world that the government of Napoleon III. was a tyranny founded on fraud and violence, and that it was the duty of the French people to overturn it. In questions of finance, of internal policy, and of exterior relations, he was an acknowledged leader in the Republican ranks, and he never hesitated to say exactly what he thought, no matter into how great rage it might throw the Imperial party. He was the sworn enemy of Haussmann and his administration of the Department of the Seine, from the very moment of the appointment of that functionary. He made the prefect uncomfortable, for he unveiled the corruption which existed in those days, and showed such a rotten condition of affairs that he thus had one of the most effective arguments possible against the Empire. His raillery, his scorn, and his exposés won him the distinction of being very closely



espied. But he was never troubled, even when the cloak of his inviolability as a deputy was thrown aside.

Picard did the French good service in making every possible effort to hinder the foolish Mexican expedition. He was re-elected to the Corps Législatif in 1863, and it was shortly after his re-election that he made numerous earnest and eloquent speeches against the Imperial policy with regard to the American continent. The people who refused to believe him in those days have had a profound respect for his judgment ever since. In 1869 he was elected by both the Departments of the Seine and the Hérault, and chose to represent the latter. He was firmly opposed to the Imperial *plébiscite*, which he rightly considered a trap set to catch the unwary; and as the Empire became, in outward appearance, more and more inclined to make liberal concessions, he became all the more its avowed enemy. In his electoral circular of 1869, he stated that his policy was that of the Liberal Union, which had aided in his nomination, and whose aim was the overthrow of the emperor's personal power. He added: "I am for the Republic which is willingly accepted, rather than for the Republic by right divine."

The portfolio of finance was given to M. Picard when the Government of National Defense was formed, and he kept it until the Assembly met at Bordeaux, when he was elected a deputy from the Department of the Meuse. M. Thiers insisted that he should become Minister of the Interior in the first Cabinet which he formed, and Picard occupied that important post until June, 1871. He then resigned, and refused at the same time an appointment as governor of the Bank of France, which Thiers had of-

ferred him. He said that he preferred to consecrate himself to his duties as deputy. A few months later, however, he accepted the mission of minister plenipotentiary to Brussels, but kept up his work as a legislator all the time. When any important question in which he was interested came up for discussion, he took the train from Brussels to Versailles, attended the debates, and then returned. His friends everywhere called him the deputy-minister. His enemies dreaded his sudden entrances into the legislative hall, and always endeavored to postpone the discussions at which he had come to assist. M. Picard resigned his ministerial position as soon as M. Thiers had fallen from power, and at once became one of the most active members of the Centre Left.

As a deputy in the Assembly, his *rôle* in initiating measures was quite important. He proposed the law for placing the Department of the Seine-et-Oise in a state of siege, at the time that the Assembly intended to remove from Bordeaux to Versailles. When General Ducrot made his noted speech against the "men of the Fourth of September," using the term as one of reproach, Picard, who was at that time Minister of the Interior, made a superb speech, in which he hurled back upon the unsuccessful general all the calumnies which had been uttered by him. "Do you know, gentlemen," he cried, addressing the deputies, "who they are who should rightly be called the men of the Fourth of September? They are, above all, those who, against all right and all patriotic endeavor, blindly obeying the Imperial power, voted a declaration of war which was fatal to the country—a declaration which we resisted until the very last minute!"

One day, when dissension was more painful than usual, he cried out, "France is not lost, but she will be, if such divisions, such fatal differences inflame our debates daily."

Picard voted for the abrogation of the laws of exile, as did his friends Favre, Lefranc, and Simon. He did not show himself liberal toward the press. By a decree of the 10th of October, 1870, the Government of the National Defense had suppressed the odious and onerous system of caution-money, which had done so much to break down the independence of journalism in France. Picard, although an ex-member of that same government, proposed, in the National Assembly, the abrogation of the decree, and obtained it. He was very severely criticised for this illiberal measure, and was at a loss to explain satisfactorily why he wished to put the "caution" at work once more. Probably he fancied that much was to be gained by muzzling the monarchical press. In this matter, and in the determined opposition which he made to certain projects of decentralization, claiming that they would tend to destroy the national unity, his conduct seems really inexplicable. No one can doubt his sincerity as a lover of freedom, but he seems anxious, like so many other Frenchmen, to be personally the judge of what that freedom shall be.

In December, 1871, M. Picard, in a committee meeting of the Centre Left, offered a proposition inviting the Assembly to put an end to the provisory régime by proclaiming the republic as the actual government of France; and by creating two chambers in the place of the one huge and unwieldy body of nearly eight hundred members. At that time the proposition was judged inopportune, and was laid

aside, although it was admitted by all the friends of republicanism that it was right in theory. Picard showed then, as now he shows, his determination to be contented with nothing less than a republican government, as he has conceived it. If he is no longer as ardent in his opinions as he was in 1858, he is none the less sincere in his desire for constitutional, and, above all, for good government. As a moderate, he of course receives many hard blows from the radicals, who would be glad to get him out of the way; standing, as he does, in their way, and hindering many of their maddest schemes, he perhaps serves France much more effectually than he could in any other manner, unless it be in the occasional luminous explanation of those financial questions which the other deputies willingly leave to his attention.



## HENRI ROCHEFORT.

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**T**HE name of Henri Rochefort is not often spoken, of late, in France. The once famous author of *La Lanterne*, the fiery editor of the *Marseillaise*, the proscribed politician, the escaped convict, the man on whom every eye was fixed in 1869, is now almost forgotten in his native land. From time to time, when Cassagnac challenges him to a duel, when he ventures on to French territory and is in imminent danger of arrest, or when he narrowly escapes drowning in the lake near Geneva—a city which he has chosen as his future place of residence—there is a murmur concerning him; then it dies suddenly away. Even *Figaro*, the brilliant and sprightly journal, to whose columns he once contributed so many leading articles, no longer visits periodically upon him the petty vengeance of its insults, or the gnat-like stings, of its small scandals. He has won the only prize for which he could possibly have hoped; the happy lot in which he is free, and for the time forgotten. Those of his enemies who fancy that he suffers keenly because debarred from

the privilege of re-entering France ; those who misunderstand him so woefully as to suppose him a disappointed and venomous being, whose only ambition is to pull down society, feast on the spectacle of political anarchy, and revenge himself on the powers that be ; and those who imagine him a plotting conspirator, coldly concentrating his intelligence upon plans for some chimerical government ; all these are alike mistaken. Rochefort is neither dangerous, demented, nor soured. The terrible events through which he has passed since 1870, have naturally left ineffaceable scars upon his heart and his memory. But those who know him best and judge him most fairly, affirm that his temper has lost none of the sweetness, once one of his chief charms. He has been chastened, not embittered ; no man has ever been more willing to recognize his grave faults, and to endeavor under the eye of God and man to atone for the gravest of them, than Henri Rochefort. His wild youth—a youth of passions, reverses, remorse, afflictions, triumphs social and professional, duels, imprisonments, hair-breadth escapes, voyages around half the world, and controversies which would have struck a chill to the hearts of men less courageous—has left him in a calm which has something very like apathy in it. Perhaps he will one day arise and enter the field of journalism again, and do battle as of old ; perhaps, on the contrary, his life-work is over, and the Rochefort of the future will content himself with the curious reputation of the Rochefort of the past.

It is not entirely singular that there are no impartial French biographies of Rochefort in existence. The hundreds of pamphlets and newspaper articles purporting to

give the true story of his early life and subsequent career, which appeared when he stepped from the humble position of a writer in the controversial press to the proud post of an opposition deputy in the Corps Législatif, were all either wretchedly untrue, or so distorted by prejudice and hate, as to be totally unreliable. Time was when any penny-a-liner, who could invent a lie about Rochefort was sure of his market in a dozen of the principal editorial rooms of Paris ; when it was the fashion to revile the man who had so recently been the "confrère" and the "distinguished" collaborateur. People who should have blushed to engage in such contemptible employment, ransacked the past for items which should tell against Rochefort or his family. The journalist-politician groaned as he saw what a curse his popularity had become to him, and doubtless reflected now and then, with woe-begone expression, on the fickleness of "friends."

From sources believed to be authentic, we get the statement that Henri Rochefort was in Paris, in July, 1832, at a time when the cholera was sweeping off hundreds of victims weekly. The child's parents were of aristocratic descent, although their fortune was beginning to fail, and they were very near the bottom round of that ladder which the old French families have been so steadily descending ever since '93. These parents gave their children the title of Count, and the name of Victor Henri de Rochefort-Luçay. Although the cholera did not seem inclined to meddle with the infant, it was feared that his life would be short, as nature had provided him with such an enormous head, that his body seemed hardly competent to support it. The doctor called the baby-count a young monster, but

ended by consoling the parents, and prophesying that the head would in due time become better adapted to the body.

The child grew up to youth a timid, awkward, lank fellow, whose sleeves were never long enough for his arms, and who almost died of fright and bashfulness whenever his parents took him into company. Some of his timidity was banished by the time he was ready to enter the college of Saint Louis in Paris, where he was educated. There he showed decided political tendencies; received plenty of compliments from his rhetorical professor, and wrote one or two excellent sonnets to the Virgin, which his Catholic adversaries are fond of quoting against him since he has become a "free-thinker," and has condemned the Church *in toto*. At the age of sixteen, Rochefort was exceptionally pious, and his devotion, so marked for a time as to render him liable to a suspicion of bigotry, is said to have been the fruit of an excellent sermon preached one afternoon at Notre Dame by Father Lacordaire. The wicked and false biographers, with malice which has an exclusively French savor, announced that a lady relative, very rich and *dévoté*, had promised her fortune to the young collegian, if he would persist in treading the narrow ways of goodness. The sonnets to the Virgin are to be seen to-day in the Archives of the Academy of Floral Sports at Toulouse. In 1869, when Rochefort was a candidate for the Corps Législatif, the Paris *Sixième* fished out of oblivion and printed these pieces of verse. Their resuscitation undoubtedly cost Rochefort many hundreds of votes.

While Rochefort was at college he took much interest in the course of politics, and avowed himself, even at that



early age, an ardent and earnest Republican. His mother had imbued him with her liberal convictions, and he felt an intense interest in the fate of the oppressed masses, and a supreme scorn for the aristocrats and *parvenus*, who professed to see nothing but anarchy possible as the result of an attempt at free government. The mother was so much in earnest in her liberalism, that she refused to have a priest at her bedside when she was at the point of death ; and this refusal she insisted upon, although her son himself is said to have asked her to receive the consolation and the absolution offered by the representative of Holy Church.

In 1848, Rochefort, like most other young Frenchmen of talent, did some foolish things. He talked wildly in the Robespierre vein, and threatened all tyrants with instant immolation. This fever did not last long ; but he grew steadily in radical feeling. In the same revolutionary year of 1848, an archbishop, who had recently received his promotion, because his predecessor had been killed at the barricades, invited to a grand breakfast the most studious and promising pupils from all the Paris *Lycées*. Rochefort was not only among the number, but was appointed by his professor of rhetoric to read a cantata in honor of the new archbishop. The young poet carefully kept his poem in his desk until the day for the reading came. Then he horrified the professors, shocked his fellow-pupils, and maddened the archbishop by a series of allusions to political events—allusions which, whether or not they were in good taste, were certainly cutting. Rochefort at once lost favor with his professor.

At the age of eighteen our hero contemplated the study

of medicine, and forthwith became a noticeable figure in the Quartier Latin. Student life in that peculiar section of one of the most peculiar of cities is a madness which does not last long, but which is acute while it endures. The victims of this insanity look back with a species of stunned wonder at a later period of their existence, upon their frolics, their caprices, and their sins in Bohemia. Rochefort was as mad as all the others; he was more steady in his attendance upon the Bullier ball than on medical lectures; he wrote roystering songs for the companions of his joyous existence; was a prominent member of the "processions" whose exploits sometimes brought them into unpleasant contact with the police; hissed and broke up benches when anything displeased him and his fellows at the Odéon Theater; challenged enemies with alarming recklessness, and fought duels with a gay *abandon*, which gave him a dubious reputation throughout Paris. He did not go to his examinations; knew very little of the inside of the books which he was supposed to be studying, and was leading a round of jovial dissipation, when he woke up one morning to learn that his family no longer possessed a sou in the world, and that he must go to work.

He put away his books and his songs, and began a career as teacher, in a small way, for the moderate sum of thirty sous daily.

Now, thirty sous, as the French say, "is not the sea to drink up," and Master Rochefort found that the "Psalm of Life" is a very somber kind of song. But his joyousness never deserted him; he was always hoping for an agreeable to-morrow, and would have starved with supremest

contempt, had not Charles Merruan, an ex-journalist, who had an affection for the young count, and who was just then an official in the office of the Préfecture of the Seine, found for him and offered to him a steady position, worth twelve hundred francs per year. Rochefort accepted and for some time worked well. But the life of a hack in the cells of administration is rather demoralizing from the very routine, and the youth soon found it convenient to make occasional visits to a neighboring café during office hours, and to play piquet, and, perhaps, to write a sonnet now and then on the marble-topped tables. This conduct soon brought reproof from his superior officer upon him, whereupon he waxed wroth, and sent a challenge to the superior. Rochefort's protector succeeded in securing his protégé's pardon for these eccentricities, and found him a new place in the Bureau of Archives. This was another species of living burial. Rochefort, after some vain efforts to endure it, rebelled. He was then sent to the Auditor's Office. Here he began to understand a little better how to conduct himself, and his long head was seen bent over his desk every moment in office hours. But he was not engaged in doing extra work for the Government; on the contrary, he was busy writing Vaudeville farces, and small comedies for the minor theaters. Commerson, of the *Tintamarre*, was a co-laborer, and the two turned out some curious work. Not much of it is alive to-day. When Rochefort had too much to do, he gave his office work to his neighbor clerk, who cheerfully performed it, taking his pay in theater tickets, of which the budding dramatist always had his pocket full. The pieces which Rochefort and Commerson jointly evolved from their seething brains

were nearly all produced at the Vaudeville and the Palais-Royal, where excellent acting contributed to help out a success which would have been far from certain with different accessories. The young dramatist-clerk wrote one or two buffooneries for the Variétés Theater, and at times worked in company with Pierre Véron.

While he was thus auditing accounts and writing for the theater, he was miserably poor, and was constantly looking about for some means of increasing his slender income. The first journal, a small gazette devoted to the theaters, to which he applied, sent him speedily about his business, strongly hinting that it had but small opinion of his talents. But he speedily proved his right to the title of an author by writing some articles of contemporary biography, which were very striking, and which made his name generally known. He next began writing for the *Charivari*, a grotesque journal, whose popularity is mainly due to its excellent caricatures. While engaged on the staff of this paper, he had a quarrel with one of the editors of the *Gaulois*, and an "encounter" was the result. Rochefort was slightly wounded, and, the evening after the duel, the loungers in the three thousand *cafés* of the city all had his name upon their lips. He naturally neglected his hack-work in the office of the auditor, and in process of time came the demand for his resignation. He gave it, but the prefect of the Seine hearing that Rochefort's ancient protector had deserted him, called that individual into his cabinet and said :

"What have you done to that poor Rochefort? I am going to offer him the post of assistant inspector of fine arts, with three thousand francs salary."

A few months previously, Rochefort would gladly have accepted such an offer ; but he was daily becoming more famous in journalism, and he felt it his duty to refuse. He left the halls of administration, and looked about him for new adventures in the dangerous field of literature.

Aurélien Scholl was at that time making strenuous endeavors to rival the *Figaro*, and had decided to found a critical and satirical journal called the *Yellow Dwarf*. He offered Rochefort an editorial post ; the latter accepted, did some exceedingly good work, and was, consequently, bought up in a short time by *Figaro*. Villemessant, the ambitious editor of the last-named sheet, gave Rochefort five hundred francs monthly for a weekly article. Rochefort wrote well, whatever his enemies may to-day say to the contrary ; he was the sensation of the time, and *Figaro* gained immensely in circulation. He was constantly in trouble, because he wrote with a sharp pen. His victims sent him their cards and their seconds. Their challenges were never kept waiting in the ante-chamber. Now it was a Spaniard, who fancied that the ex-Queen Isabella had been insulted, and who demanded reparation ; now, a Frenchman, who supposed that some covert allusion had been made to his political sentiments. Rochefort never offered any excuses ; he sharpened his pen and wrote again, and fought as long and as often as his adversaries could desire.

By-and-by a banker, who was a little envious of *Figaro's* power, and who, like so many other unfortunate wights, fancied that journalism is an easy game to play at, founded the *Soleil*. No sooner had the beams of this new intellectual luminary begun to be felt in Paris, than

the founder offered Rochefort fifteen hundred francs monthly, for a bi-weekly chronicle of events. This was superb payment. Rochefort accepted; but *Figaro* captured him anew next year by offering him two thousand francs monthly, and a bonus of three thousand francs. New duels succeeded each other rapidly; princes and parvenus measured swords with this lively Gaul, whose lean and sinewy form, when he was wielding his rapier upon the turf, face to face with his antagonist, reminded the lookers-on of Don Quixote doing deeds of valor for some imaginary good cause. Rochefort came to blows with Paul de Cassaignac, the latter being possessed of an amiable desire to kill a journalist who was already beginning to be troublesome for the Imperial ring. Cassaignac was the insulter; the young men went to Belgium to settle their differences, but there they met some grave-looking gendarmes, who sneered at their ferocity, and conducted them to the frontier. They then betook themselves to a plain near Paris, where Rochefort received a bullet wound, and Cassaignac professed himself, for the time, satisfied.

Underneath the current of Rochefort's curious and excited existence all this time, ran a current of intense contempt for the corrupt and ignoble people whom he pilloried from week to week. He had, long before the power of the spell which the Second Empire had cast over France had begun to wane, dared to speak out boldly and emphatically against certain abuses practiced by the Imperial party, and he was usually on the side of truth in his accusations. When Napoleon arrived at the zenith of his power, in 1867, and when the gilded bubble of the

Empire was attracting the attention of the whole world, that bubble received a sharp stab from Rochefort's dangerous pen. The popular chronicler, who might have contented his readers and continued to earn his splendid salary by simply winking at political hypocrisy and wickedness in high places, had the courage to say to the French people that they were worshipping an odious sham. The first articles in the columns of *Figaro* which had a tendency to throw discredit upon the Imperialists were passed over in silence. But at last came one signed "Henri Rochefort," which drew the attention of the judges. The *Figaro* was at that time only a literary journal by name, and was, therefore, not obliged to deposit caution-money. But, as soon as Villemessant, the editor, received a notice that his paper had offended the "superior authority," he at once deposited the sum necessary as a kind of bail, and *Figaro* became political. Rochefort renewed his attacks on the Empire and the emperor. The editor-in-chief of *Figaro* was summoned to a ministerial cabinet, and explanations were demanded. A few days thereafter, it was announced that Rochefort was no longer a member of the editorial staff.

The *Lanterne* was then created. Rochefort put his lance in rest, and ran at full tilt against the government. The appearance of a little pamphlet, in red covers, with a lantern engraved upon them, with Rochefort's name as the author, and with a heavy caution-deposit behind the enterprise, one day startled all Paris. The promenaders on the boulevards grew pale as they read the audacious accusations which a simple citizen hurled at the head of the emperor. The *bourgeois* shopkeeper put up his shutters

earlier than usual. The excitable working-men gathered in groups, and, despite the spies sent among them, discussed the new sensation. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of the pamphlets were scattered throughout France ; they were seized in one place and burned, but were speedily heard of in another. The Imperial family at first smiled at the venture ; then, as the *Lanterne* beamed more brightly week by week, and as its flame seemed to grow more and more lurid, they were annoyed. Soon they became frightened, and then the Empire's agents began to take decisive measures. Rochefort, intoxicated with the exercise of the strange power which fate or hazard had placed in his hands, grew careless. He wrote too freely ; his flippant remarks concerning the empress procured him condemnations which made it necessary to leave France. The *Lanterne* was compelled to shed its beams upon the frontier-wall. The circulation of the pamphlet, which at one time had been as much as one hundred and twenty thousand copies weekly, fell to four thousand. Not a copy was allowed to enter France through the post-office, and travelers carrying the fiery document in their luggage were rendered liable to heavy fines. Rochefort, weary, and smarting under a sense of temporary defeat, did not write as well as usual, and his daring literary-political adventure came to an end after a few weeks of existence.

Meantime, the man who had dared to beard the emperor was sought out during his exile by other exiles, who perceived what a powerful engine Rochefort's pen had become, and how strong it would be in aiding to produce the desired upheaval in France. The wags, who are never weary of making jokes about Victor Hugo, related that



the great poet was dining one day in the midst of his family, in the house which he had taken at Brussels, when Rochefort's card was sent in.

“Henri Rochefort?” said Hugo, “I don't know any M. Rochefort. Here is my son Charles—here is my son François. I have a third married—Henri. Let my son Henri come in.”

Thus adopted, Rochefort laid his plans for the future before M. Hugo. At this very first interview, the creation of the *Rappel*, a daily ultra-republican paper in Paris, was decided upon. In a short time, François and Charles Hugo, Auguste Vacquèrie, and Paul Maurice began work, swearing to Rochefort that they would open the doors of the Corps Législatif to him, and that the population of Paris would see to it that he was safely placed in his seat, if elected.

The *Rappel* was founded, most of its editors remaining in Brussels. It was a lively newspaper, filled with little illustrations, between the paragraphs, of drummers violently beating revolutionary drums. The Hugos helped it speedily to an immense circulation. There were persecutions, condemnations, months in the prison of Saint-Pelagie for those of the editors who were to be reached; but they did their work well. They proposed Rochefort as a candidate for legislative honors. The boldness of this proposition took even the emperor by storm. Napoleon saw that the opposition to his policy and to his dynasty, begun in 1868, had increased ten-fold in 1869; and now came the proposal that the enemy whom he had compelled to retreat into exile, under the shower of a score of legal condemnations, should become inviolable in the per-

son of a deputy. It frightened him, as it was an unmistakable sign of approaching revolution ; but he carried his policy of bravado to the extreme, and even then contemplated a general amnesty act, permitting Rochefort and others to return to France. But Rochefort's candidacy, proposed to the people in May, 1869, against that of Jules Favre in the seventh Paris circonscription, was a failure. The June elections gave him only a few thousand votes, and induced some small rioting, which did the Republican cause in France much more harm than good. The Imperialists breathed freer after Rochefort's defeat, and when asked if they did not dread him in the future, replied by the Amnesty Act, which the emperor fancied would do much toward winning him back his lost popularity. Rochefort was once more endowed with his rights of citizenship, of which a sentence had deprived him, because of his conduct while editing the *Lanterne*.

Rochefort came back to Paris soon after the declaration of the amnesty. He was arrested on the frontier, but was at once released. An attempt was made to show that the empress had interfered in his behalf, but he wrote a letter denying this, and saying that he did not wish to be safe. He added, in the closing paragraphs of this epistle : " My ingratitude is more radical than ever." It was evident that he had not returned to his native country in a thankful mood. On the evening of his arrival from Brussels, he appeared in the court-yard of the Grand Hotel in a sack-coat and a rather dilapidated wide-awake. The " soft hat " is an emblem of Republicanism in the eyes of the Paris bourgeois. The next day Rochefort was set down as a " child of the people," " one of the masses," an " en-

*fant du boulevard*," and, by his enemies, a demagogue. Wherever he appeared in public, an immense crowd followed him. He was hailed by working-men, and acclaimed by thousands, who looked upon him as one of the many who were doing their best to bring on the great struggle.

The young politician soon appeared again before the people as a candidate for the Corps Législatif. In November, 1869, he was frequently seen at mass-meetings or "electoral réunions," as they are called in France. These meetings were usually held in some of the large public halls which abound in the remote quarters of the city, or in the suburbs, and which serve for ball-rooms on Sunday evenings, and for conferences now and then. None except voters were expected to attend, and the police were very strict in their examinations of applicants for admission at the doors. If Rochefort were announced to speak at an electoral meeting on the Boulevard de Clichy, at some distance from the city's center, the moment that his carriage left the boulevard it was as closely watched by police as though it contained some great criminal, whose escape would be a public disaster. On the platform at all those meetings appeared the Imperial police commissioner, who had the right to disperse the assemblage, and arrest the orators if anything occurred to displease him.

On one occasion, at a meeting in Belleville, the police commissioner and Rochefort had quite a controversy. Rochefort began a brief, but carefully prepared harangue, in which a sentence ended with the word "Republican."

"Don't use that word, if you please," said the commissioner.

But Rochefort, being a notoriously bad speaker, had learned his words by heart, and could not change them readily. He very soon came to another sentence in which the forbidden word occurred.

The police commissioner advised him not to be the means of dispersing the meeting, and insisted that the word should not be used.

Rochefort angry was a much better speaker than Rochefort tranquil. He turned fiercely upon the unhappy official, and gave him such an oratorical scorching as he did not soon forget. He analyzed the obnoxious word, and the reason why it was tabooed under the Empire; then repeated it, ending a third sentence with it.

The commissioner pronounced the customary formula, declaring the meeting adjourned without day, and stalked out of the hall, accompanied by barkings and mewings from the audience. The session was recklessly continued for an hour, but the police did not think it prudent to interfere.

The ex-editor of the *Lanterne* found his popularity increasing. On the second evening after his arrival from Brussels, his carriage had been dragged through the streets by the populace; and he now found himself the pet of the people of the revolutionary faubourgs. He was called upon for many disagreeable and dangerous missions; he presided at meetings of workmen who were on strikes, and the writer once saw him on the platform at a réunion in the cock-loft of a manufactory at La Villette. The great beams of the loft, from which hung a few lanterns dimly lighting up the shadows, were decorated with *gamins*, whose shrill voices and comical comments were irresistible.

Rough wooden seats had been improvised for the two thousand people who crowded the uncomfortable place. Most of the people were intelligent middle-aged men, who had their wives and children with them. Outside there was a tumultuous crowd, bullying the police and threatening to break their heads if not allowed to enter.

The elections of November, 1869, gave Rochefort a seat in the Corps Législatif, at the hands of the voters of the First Paris *Circonscription*. The conservative press was highly disgusted; the radical world was in ecstasy. Gloomy prophecies of coming anarchy were indulged in by all the monarchical and imperialist papers. Rochefort, meantime, founded a journal called the *Marseillaise*, almost as outspoken against the Empire as the *Lanterne* had been. As soon as elected, he naturally gave the chief editorship of this paper into the hands of one of his friends, as he did not wish to take advantage of the inviolability of his person as a deputy to write against his political enemies.

Rochefort's entrance into the Corps Législatif was a memorable occasion. On "opening day," there was a brilliant audience of ladies and gentlemen in the galleries. The "opposition" members marched in a solid body, but Rochefort was not among them. Just as an impatient murmur was heard, however, the young journalist stepped coolly into the hall, made a gentle bow which answered for everybody, as he stood for a moment under the glare of hundreds of unsympathetic eyes, then walked slowly to his seat, stopping a moment to shake hands with his venerable republican colleague Raspail. The ladies present said afterwards that Rochefort wore red gloves.

The career of Rochefort in the Corps Législatif was short. He felt himself out of place ; was not even quite aggressive enough to satisfy the electors of the "eccentric quarters ;" and the absence of his impassioned denunciation from the columns of the *Marseillaise* was daily felt.

Among the editors of the *Marseillaise* was a young man named Victor Noir. He was enthusiastic and talented, lacking possibly in that fine range of reading which might have softened his mode of expression ; but wonderfully clever. He was brought up in the streets, and at twenty-two united to the natural wit of the *gamin* an extraordinary physical strength, and a fine presence. Victor Noir had himself, once upon a time, published a little journal printed in red ink, and called *The Pillory*, which was merciless for political offenders, and was consequently hunted and suppressed by the police.

Rochefort received early in January of 1870 a furious letter from Prince Pierre Bonaparte, endeavoring to provoke him to a duel. The young deputy had not yet made his answer public, when on the morning of the 10th of January, Victor Noir and another gentleman called upon Prince Pierre in his residence in Auteuil, and sent in their cards. On being received, they announced that they came on the part of their friend Paschal Grousset, whom the prince had some time before grievously insulted. The prince, having read the letter which Noir and his companion had brought him, turned very pale, tore up the missive, and said :

"I am concerned with Rochefort, and not with his hangers-on."

The gentlemen answered that they had been requested by their friend to bring the letter, and that they had nothing to do with the Rochefort affair.

The prince then said : " I have provoked Rochefort, because he carries the flag of the *canaille*. As to M. Grousset, I have nothing to say. Are you then, the sustainers of these blackguards ? "

" My dear sir," said Noir's companion, " we come here loyally and courteously to fulfill the request of a friend."

" But are you supporters of these miserable wretches ? "

Victor Noir answered, " We stand by our friends."

Prince Pierre then struck young Noir a furious blow in the face, and immediately afterwards drew a pistol and fired at Noir's breast.

The journalist threw up both hands, ran out, and fell before the door. In a few moments he was dead.

The prince afterwards alleged that Noir first struck him, but this version of the story was universally discredited.

The news electrified Paris ; shops were at once closed ; police thronged the streets ; but the evening passed without any manifestations. The next morning the *Marseillaise* appeared bordered with mourning, and in its columns it was strongly hinted that Prince Pierre had endeavored to entice Rochefort into his house for the purpose of killing him ; but that he had contented himself with the slaughter of Noir. There were other violent articles which the government chose to construe as an appeal to arms ; the *Marseillaise* was seized, and the presses were put under lock and key.

In the Corps Législatif, as soon as the session was

opened, Rochefort ascended the tribune, and cried out, "Yesterday a young man, covered by the sacred protection of second in an affair of honor, was assassinated. The assassin is a member of the Imperial family. The assassinated is a child of the people."

These words produced a tremendous sensation ; Rochefort proceeded to demand that a jury be drawn from the people, to sit in judgment upon Prince Pierre. The president ordered him to leave the tribune, whereupon Rochefort invited all good citizens to arm and take justice into their own hands. But the majority were already preparing a scheme for the impeachment of Rochefort, for his articles in the *Marseillaise*, as having incited to revolt and civil war. The daring deputy was escorted to his lodgings by a determined-looking crowd of workmen, who sang the *Marseillaise* with an emphasis which made the old Imperialists ominously shake their heads.

Prince Bonaparte was sent to prison. In the Conciergerie he heard vague rumors that riots were beginning in certain quarters, and announced his desire to be given the command of a regiment of *gendarmérie*, that he might go out and quell the disturbance. The funeral of Noir was celebrated on the Wednesday following the Monday of the assassination. All the workshops in the popular quarters were closed, and the workmen, with their wives and children, came in thousands to be present at the little cemetery of Neuilly. By eleven o'clock at least two hundred thousand of the common people were on foot, marching in serried ranks, and making few noisy demonstrations. Regiments of regular troops were massed in the Bois de Boulogne. By-and-by came long processions singing



revolutionary songs. Thousands of persons stood patiently for six hours in the same place that they might cast flowers upon the coffin as it was borne in front of them. Women fainted or wept from excess of emotion, and comments upon the murder drew down most unqualified malediction upon the Bonaparte dynasty.

Toward four o'clock, the old guardian of the little Neuilly cemetery struggled through the crowd and opened the gate. Down the avenue to the entrance, amidst silent thousands and a storm of *immortelles*, marched sixteen bare-headed men, brother journalists of young Noir, bearing on their shoulders the bier. At their head marched Rochefort, pale but resolute. At the grave he fainted, but speedily recovered, and disappeared while the crowd was wildly shouting "*Vive Rochefort!*" and dispersing to the tune of the *Marseillaise*.

January of 1870 was a troublous month for the Imperialists, and they attributed all their embarrassments to the influence of Rochefort. The people were ripe for riot. On the night of the execution of Troppmann, a noted assassin, the town was filled with troops. The execution took place in front of the prison of the condemned, in one of the quarters inhabited mainly by workmen, and it was feared that the passions of a great assemblage before the guillotine might be kindled into such a rage that the mob would march upon the Tuileries. Paris, in those tumultuous January days, was more like a fortified camp than a metropolis.

Early in February, the chamber having authorized the prosecution of Rochefort because of his supposed revolutionary language on the occasion of Noir's assassination,

the famous deputy was excluded from the political world. The Empire's supporters felt that they must act with vigor, and they therefore ran the risk of riots. One evening, a mass meeting in an obscure quarter was announced, with Rochefort as president. Several police agents posted themselves outside the building in which the electors were assembled, and, when Rochefort arrived at the door, he felt a hand laid on his arm. It was that of a quietly dressed gentleman, who invited him to accompany him to the neighboring police station. Rochefort looked around, saw at once that he was surrounded, and offered no resistance. In twenty minutes he was at Sainte-Pélagie, the prison of political offenders.

Inside the great ill-lighted hall, where the uncouth audience was crowded, breathlessly listening to an excited speaker who was filling the place of the belated Rochefort, loud cries were suddenly heard :

“ Rochefort is arrested ! ”

“ They are going to assassinate him ! ”

“ To arms ! Down with Napoleon ! ”

Gustave Flourens, who had, it was said, endeavored to incite a revolt on the day of Noir's funeral, drew a revolver, and, crying to others to follow him, rushed out of doors. Many of the workmen also drew pistols ; others were armed with guns, mysteriously brought to them at a moment's notice ; still others had clubs. The mob hastened out into the night ; erected barricades ; broke open armorer's shops, and bonneted policemen. In due time these rioters were dispersed, only to be followed by others, who made formidable demonstrations, even on the central boulevards. Rochefort, imprisoned in Sainte-Pélagie, cre-

ated more disturbance in Paris than Rochefort in the office of the *Marseillaise* or Rochefort in the Corps Législatif. Hundreds of policemen swarmed in the streets, and troops of cavalry patrolled the narrow avenues leading to La Villette, where the troubles had begun. People were everywhere so apprehensive and nervous that the slightest unusual sound frightened them. An awning, insecurely fastened in front of a *café*, fell, on the second evening after Rochefort's arrest. There was, of course, some confusion; the passers-by interpreted it as a riot, and there was a veritable stampede before the real facts were made known to the crowd. A grim-looking *sergent-de-ville* mounted a chair. "It is only an awning, and not the Empire," he said, "that has fallen."

Rochefort was active during his imprisonment. A few days after his arrest he showed that he intended still to take a part in the business of the Corps Législatif, and he sent by one of his deputy friends a project for the impeachment of the Government and the ministry, which he tried to have read in his name. The failure of this scheme did not discourage him. He was taken from prison to serve as a witness before the high court of justice, assembled at Tours, to try Prince Pierre Bonaparte. There Rochefort won golden opinions from all by his gentlemanly carriage and his great moderation of language.

He remained prisoner for six months. There were previous sentences against him, and when the time came for his release from the sentence for the offense of "appeal to arms," the minister of justice insisted that he should serve out his other terms. A short time before this he had announced that he had concluded to publish the *Mar-*

*seillaise* no longer at that time, but that it would re-appear "when Rouget de l'Isle's hymn—for the moment Bonapartist and official—should have become seditious and Republican." He thus alluded to the efforts which the Empire was then making to break down political opposition to it in presence of the foreign enemy, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.

The revolution of the Fourth of September opened the doors of Rochefort's prison, and enabled him to write once more in the *Marseillaise*. It was indisputable that he had contributed very largely to the downfall of the Empire, and he was at once made a member of the Government of National Defense. He won, in many respects, the esteem and friendship of his colleagues, and would have, doubtless, remained associated with them had not an article written by General Cluseret, and reflecting severely on the Government of National Defense, unaccountably found a place in the columns of the *Marseillaise*. Rochefort disclaimed all knowledge of the article; himself criticised it as odious and improper, and at once gave notice that he should thenceforth have nothing further to do with the editorship of the *Marseillaise*. Late in September, when the Prussians were beginning to be very aggressive at the gates of Paris, Rochefort was made president of the "Barricade Commission." A short time afterwards, when he was strongly urged by Flourens and others to give his resignation, he replied in a very remarkable letter, in which he expressed his determination to keep his place until the Prussians should retire from before Paris. M. Jules Favre, in his "Simple Recital" of the events during the siege, thus speaks of Rochefort :

“Our colleague, M. de Rochefort, had not appeared on the day of the 31st.” (This was the 31st of October, when the first communal insurrection occurred.) “The next morning he was present at the council held in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs ; then he ceased to come to our sessions, and a few days thereafter he sent in his resignation. Up to that time his attitude towards us had been perfectly satisfactory. He manifested an extreme deference and a respectful confidence for General Trochu. Some other members of the Government were scarcely able to flatter themselves that they filled him with the same sentiments toward themselves, but all found him invariably courteous and conciliatory ; and it was for them a subject of no small astonishment to find him in our daily relations so entirely unlike the politician whose pamphlets had given him such an unsavory reputation.”

The truth is, that the ex-editor of the *Lanterne* was not at the meeting of the Government of National Defense on the 31st of October, for the reason that he was at the Hôtel de Ville trying to dissuade the unhappy Communists from persevering in their mad attempt. He labored for more than twelve hours in endeavors to calm the excited crowd, and dissuaded them from proceeding to any extreme measures. Some of the madcaps had already placed his name on a hastily extemporized list of members of a “Committee of Public Safety.” He committed a great imprudence, however, on that day : he promised the mob that the municipal elections for which they were clamoring should be held without delay. The Government did not feel itself in a position to fulfill this promise, and M. Rochefort thereupon resigned. After order had been restored,

he was urged to withdraw his resignation. He steadfastly refused to do this, but remained at the head of the "Barricade Commission," and made many patriotic appeals to the population, which were not without good results.

In February of 1871, Rochefort founded in Paris a new journal, called the *Mot d'Ordre*, which was as aggressive and brilliant as his other newspapers had been, and which gave Gambetta vigorous support in all his undertakings. When the elections for the National Assembly were held, he was elected a member from the department of the Seine, the sixth in rank out of forty-three, and had one hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and seventy votes out of three hundred and twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and seventy. He was but little heard of during the process of reconstruction at Bordeaux, save on one occasion, when in a brief speech, he declared that this time the "republicans would not allow themselves to be cheated out of the Republic." He voted against the measures preliminary to peace; and when they were adopted, he resigned. He was at this time much broken in health, on account of the excitements and hardships through which he had passed; but at the outbreak of the Commune, in March, he was in Paris, battling against the Assembly in his *Mot d'Ordre*, which had already once been ordered to suspend publication.

The mad epoch of passion and destruction began, and Rochefort did not seem as anxious as in the previous October to avert disorder. He defended many of the measures of the famous "Central Committee" of the insurrections; but took no active part in the revolt, and refused to become a member of the Commune. It was he who suggested

the destruction of the mansion of M. Thiers ; who counseled resistance to the last, and who wrote much which, in a variety of ways, contributed to embitter the quarrel. He was not of the Commune, yet was a powerful aid to it. The Communal authorities found that he occasionally criticised them severely, and they therefore persecuted his journal from time to time. At last he announced that "in presence of the situation created for the press by the Commune, the *Mot d'Ordre* believed it necessary to its dignity to cease to appear." He then, a few days before the troops from Versailles succeeded in entering Paris, left the city, hoping to regain Brussels, but was arrested at Meaux on the 20th of May, and taken to Versailles, where he was thrust into prison.

Rochefort remained several months in confinement, awaiting his trial, and suffering from a very grave cerebral malady, which at times threatened to destroy him. During his imprisonment, he legalized his children by marrying their mother when she was at the point of death. In September of 1871, he was condemned before a court martial, upon nine different indictments, and sentenced to transportation with confinement in a fortress. The commission on pardons rejected his appeal, and, although Victor Hugo and others made pressing and pathetic requests for a commutation of sentence by M. Thiers, the old President remained firm. Rochefort, after weary transfer from one fortress to another, was sent to New Caledonia. At the date of his departure from France, he was declared a victim of heart disease, and his enemies confidently expected that he would die during the long and cruel voyage. His judges forgot him, and the public ceased to

think of him, for New Caledonia is many thousands of miles away.

The story of his romantic escape from that terrible Nouméa, of which, since his return to Europe, he has given the world such startling pictures, is familiar to all. Rochefort, with two companions, succeeded in getting away from the island where he was a prisoner, and put to sea in an open boat. Picked up by a passing ship, the refugees were carried into Sidney, whence, after a brief sojourn, they made their way to the United States, *via* the Sandwich Islands. The ex-editor of the *Lanterne* staid in New York only long enough to give a lecture to his countrymen. He appeared at the Academy of Music, and gave a brief account of his sufferings and those of his fellow exiles, after which he went to London and Geneva. In the latter city he at present lives, with his daughter, devoting a portion of his time to literature. He has written a novel since his return, and publishes a *Lanterne* which, although forbidden in France, is said to find quite a circulation in that country.

This clever Frenchman, who has been so much the creature of circumstance, and has been buffeted and tossed about by variable fortune from his early youth, is tall, angular, and reserved in appearance. His high forehead, crowned with springy hair, which nothing can keep down, is now furrowed with wrinkles of care and sorrow. His whole manner is tranquil and sober; he has been toned and mellowed by misfortune and the hundred dangers through which he has passed. He wields the same brilliant and facile pen as of old. Sometimes the old Rochefort crops out, as in the letter of challenge which he recently sent to Paul



de Cassaignac. But his life is no longer a perpetual defiance. He is in the attitude of waiting, and he seems to have learned that

“ They also serve who only stand and wait.”



## CASIMIR PÉRIER.

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**C**ASIMIR PÉRIER will always be gratefully remembered by lovers of liberty in France, because, in times when men were timid and distrustful, he had the courage and good sense to avow his faith in the Republic. After his mind was once made up that the moment had arrived when France should be free, he worked faithfully and unfalteringly, as he still works, to secure the most liberal institutions possible. He cares little what men say of him ; he is not irritable and petulant like his brother-in-law, the Duc D'Audiffret-Pasquier, nor does he halt between two opinions until he can decide which is likely to be the most popular. He has never, for an instant, associated with the radical and arbitrary party. In the days when Broglie and his men were engaged in toppling down Thiers and his ministry, and accused them of not being able to maintain order, M. Périer, who was then the Thiers Minister of the Interior, expressly stated that neither he nor the gentlemen associated with him in the Cabinet had ever manifested any intention of affiliating

with the "radical party." As a conservative republican, he has had immense influence during the battles which have been fought over the constitutional laws. Early in 1873 he had already become convinced that monarchical restoration was impossible, and, in a public letter, he demanded the "end of a provisional and precarious régime, and, in its stead, institutions which would give to the government the force it needed to reassure all interests by the exercise of a firm and clear policy." He pointed out in this letter; which contributed much toward forming public sentiment at the time, that the future would naturally inspire more confidence when the public powers, properly organized, were no longer daily questioned, and when "everything should not appear to rest upon the shoulders of one man." It was nothing less than the definite organization of the Republic which Casimir Périer demanded long before many of his colleagues dared to ask for it.

This honest and unwavering man is the son of the celebrated statesman and minister under the July monarchy, who died in 1832. Auguste Victor Laurent Casimir Périer was born in Paris on the 10th of August, 1811. He was a promising and ambitious youth, and, at the age of twenty, had not only achieved a remarkable education, but, as first secretary of the Embassy at Brussels, had entered a diplomatic career. He rose rapidly in this profession, for the exercise of which he had most brilliant endowments. He was successively *chargé d'affaires* at Naples and at St. Petersburg, and minister at Hanover, and held secretaryships in London and at the Hague. He left diplomatic life after a few years of experience in it, and, in

1846, was elected to the chamber among the liberal conservatives from the first Paris district. After the February revolution, he returned to his estate in the department of the Aube, where he remained until early in 1849, when he was sent to the Assembly by the electors of the Aube. There, he associated and voted constantly with the Right.

The advent of the Empire was not without its trouble for Casimir Périer. He was at the meeting of deputies in one of the Paris mayoralties, where an energetic protest was made against Louis Napoleon's perfidy on the day of the *coup d'état*. He was arrested, like the others, and thrown into a dungeon in Fort Valérien, where he was kept in close confinement for some days. As there was no direct accusation against him, he was liberated, and, inspired by a profound contempt for the Empire and the chain of circumstances which had rendered it possible, he retired to his château of Vézille, a charming retreat among the green fields and rich forests of the Isère. There he devoted himself to agricultural improvement, and to occasional ventures into literature, such as his article on the finances of the Second Empire, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—an article which created a profound sensation. He had been notably prominent in the Assembly of 1849, as a member of that group which sustained the policy of Napoleon and his allies until a short time before the formation of the ministry which preceded the *coup d'état*; and his words of criticism upon the Empire had much weight. The Imperialists learned to dread him, not merely because he wrote them steadily and sternly down, but because an annoying liberalism pervaded his writings on co-operative

societies and on financial reform. His various essays on these subjects secured him a membership in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. When he returned to the political field in 1869, he was one of the best-known men in France, and the Imperialists determined that he should not be elected, and allowed to oppose them openly. M. Casimir Périer presented himself in the Department of the Aube as an independent candidate for the Corps Législatif. But he was beaten by the Empire's official candidate, M. Argence, who was helped to his triumph by most scandalous intrigues, which contributed much towards disgusting honest folk with the reign of Imperial corruption.

M. Périer was quietly reposing on his literary laurels at his home near Pont-sur-Seine, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. During the invasion he was captured by the Prussians and was taken to Germany as a hostage. He remained there until the signature of the armistice, when he returned at once to France, and soon took his seat in the Assembly as a member elect from three departments. He chose the Centre Left as his position, and gave an earnest support to Thiers' policy. As he was one of the most competent authorities on finance in the Assembly, he was chosen reporter-general of the budget, and, on the death of Lambrecht, Minister of the Interior, he received the portfolio of that office. He was in this position as liberal as Broglie was subsequently repressive and arbitrary. He signalized his first week of office by sending to the prefects of all the departments in France a circular, in which he explained the principles of government in a really free country, and gave his own adhesion frankly to a Republic

—not “one that should be exclusive and intolerant, but one in which the way should be open to all men of good will.” He gave all functionaries a strong intimation, in this circular, that it was their bounden duty to see that the Republic was respected, a duty which has been but poorly performed since that time. “In a Republic,” he wrote, “the vigorous repression of an attack upon the State is all the more obligatory, because it is not the interests of dynasty, person, or party which are to be defended, but the sacred weal of all public peace and labor.” At the epoch of the elections he also showed his wisdom and liberality by issuing the following instructions: “Above all, let every citizen, under the inspiration of his own conscience, deposit his own vote independently in the electoral urn.” He warned the Republic against the danger and shame of copying the Imperial tactics with regard to “official candidates.”

A curious obstinacy on the part of M. Casimir Périer, with regard to the location of the National Assembly after it left Bordeaux, was the cause of his resignation from the ministerial post which he occupied with so much honor. M. Périer insisted that the return to Paris was indispensable to public order and to the transaction of National business. He probably saw, later, that it was well that his opinion did not prevail. But, at the time that the question was under discussion, he was so firmly convinced that he was right, that he made a speech in which he declared the impossibility of conducting the administration at Versailles, and when the Assembly refused to return to Paris, he, on the 4th of February, 1872, resigned. It was considered a somewhat ungracious resentment on his

part, as he had been solicited by hundreds of the deputies to remain in power.

He had no sooner left the ministry than he endeavored to form a league of conservative Republicans, which was to serve as a means of alliance between the Centre Right and the Centre Left in the Assembly. In this he did not succeed at all. A few members of the Centre Left were at first attracted by his proposition, but speedily resumed their places. Renouncing this enterprise without manifesting any special disappointment, M. Casimir Périer devoted his whole time and energy to solidifying the Republic. He wrote an explanation in the newspapers in May, 1872, of the process of reasoning by which he, who had been long and ardently attached to the ideal of constitutional monarchy, had been led to "pronounce boldly and without reservation for the Republican form of government." He asserted his belief that it is the only government which "seems to-day destined to preserve France from a crisis of anarchy, the certain prelude of some form of despotism, without speaking of exterior dangers."

Thiers called M. Casimir Périer into the Cabinet again as Minister of the Interior on the 19th of May, 1873. His ministry this time lasted scarcely a week. On the 24th he was defeated, in company with his venerable chief, after having presented and defined, with zeal and eloquence, the conservative Republican policy which he had intended to carry out. He could have been of incalculable service to the cause of liberty, had he been allowed to remain in office for a year or two after May, 1874.

The name of Casimir Périer would always have been

associated in France with ideas of liberty and honor, had not the noble convert to Republicanism crowned his fame by proposing, on the 15th of June, 1874, in the name of the Centre Left, his proposition in favor of the definite establishment and organization of the Republic. This frank demand, coming, as it did, on the heels of the failure of attempts at a "Restoration," produced a powerful impression. At one time, when a majority was obtained on a vote of urgency, it was thought that M. Périer would carry his point; but the proposition, although sustained by both himself and Dufaure in earnest addresses, was rejected. It is pleasant for Casimir Périer to know, however, that, despite the meager success attendant on his first attempt, he is considered as mainly instrumental in the success of the constitutional laws, and the foundation of the Republic, without bloodshed or relapse into anarchy.

Casimir Périer is English in feature; he has blue eyes, blonde whiskers, and sedate ways. He is cool, self-reliant, earnest; a man who loves truth and hates shams. He never stifles his political conscience by "expedients;" he loves difficult situations, because he finds truth and progress beyond them. He has published a number of volumes on commercial and agricultural subjects, and since 1844 has been a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. He is rich, and is beloved by his constituents and an immense circle of friends. Out of fifty-six thousand four hundred and eighty-four voters in the Aube he received thirty-eight thousand five hundred and forty-eight votes in 1871. This will serve to illustrate his popularity. His example in frankly accepting the Republic has been of



great profit to France. It is not unwise to predict that there will yet be found many other distinguished Frenchmen willing to follow in his train, admitting that one must not

“Attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key.”



## JULES FERRY.

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**J**ULES FERRY was always an uncompromising enemy of the Empire, and has ever been a true and consistent friend of freedom. M. Thiers thought him a good enough man to send to Washington, to represent the new French Republic there; but Ferry's enemies said No! They did not like to think that he whom they had so earnestly endeavored to overturn, was to hold a great and responsible position, in which he could do much to further the interests of the new republican government of his country; and the venerable statesman yielded to their prejudices. Despite these efforts to prevent his progress, Ferry received an appointment as ambassador to Greece, and satisfactorily fulfilled his duties there, with the same lack of affectation, and the same force which had characterized him when he was one of the leading orators of the irreconcilable faction in the Corps Législatif.

M. Ferry made his *début* in the law in Paris, and won rare honors at an early period of his career. He was born at Saint Dié, an old monastery town in the department of the Vosges, in April, 1832, and his youth was uneventful,

although filled with struggles for a livelihood and for fame. He was ambitious and laborious in his profession, but he found time to devote himself now and then to politics, as the doings of the Imperial party filled him with disgust and horror. He was no sooner admitted to the bar than he joined the daring group of young lawyers who aided the deputies in maintaining constant opposition to the Empire ; and he was one of those condemned in the famous trial of the "thirteen." This little taste of Imperial correction only made him all the more anxious to keep up the battle. He wrote well ; he began to take an interest in journalism, and played at that dangerous game for many years. In 1863, he published "The Electoral Contest," in which he boldly and admirably exposed the shameful manner of electing official candidates, so persistently practiced by the Empire. This made him a marked man ; he was thenceforth dogged by spies and was otherwise the object of the government's solicitude. He joined the staff of the *Temps*, the best evening paper in Paris, in 1865, and there won new renown for himself by contributing a series of articles on current politics, as well as by the terrible analysis which he bestowed upon the accounts of Prefect Haussmann, who was then occupied in rebuilding Paris, and consequently handled very large sums of money. These latter articles were published in a volume called the "Comptes Fantastiques d'Haussmann," and gave the Empire and its adherents new reasons for disliking M. Ferry.

The young writer's attempt to secure his election to the Corps Législatif in 1863 did not succeed. He retired before M. Garnier-Pagés. But in 1869 he was better known, and after a few speeches at political meetings, in which he

eloquently announced his programme of fighting the Empire to the death, he was elected by twelve thousand nine hundred and sixteen votes from the Sixth Paris *circonscription*. One of his opponents had been a representative of the clerical party, to which, it is hardly necessary to say; M. Ferry, has always been hostile. His nomination had, therefore, a double character. It was anti-clerical and democratic. There were some faint-hearted people who fancied that Ferry, once comfortably seated in a deputy's chair, would subside into a voting member, and would leave the risks of a career of opposition to some one else. But he did not justify these suspicions. He became one of the recognized chiefs of that small but resolute party of men who would have succeeded in overthrowing the Empire had it not fallen before a foreign enemy's bayonets. He was never the dupe of those clever people who projected the "reform movement," although his attacks were not at first violent, after the promises of Emile Ollivier; he gave no confidence to the Imperial programme for the "crowning of the edifice," and was not long in discovering that a determined and vigorous policy was the only one to pursue at this period. He was one of the deputies who demanded the dissolution of the Corps Législatif, on the ground that it no longer represented the majority in the country. On the occasion of that demand, he engaged in a heated discussion with Emile Ollivier, in which he reproached the latter for having dishonored his father's name, and for having brought discredit upon republican fidelity. He foresaw clearly that the war with Prussia would be disastrous, and voted against the fatal declaration.

The Fourth of September made him a member of the government of the National Defense. He was at once appointed secretary, and the administration of the Department of the Seine came into his hands. Paris, in its complete disorganization, and the war-stricken country round about the great city, comprised a section by no means easy to administer ; and it is not astonishing that there were many criticisms and expressions of dissatisfaction. He did the work of ten men every day, and showed great talent in the manner in which he entered into the details of the equipment of the National Guard, the creation of ambulance corps, and many other organizations rendered necessary by the state of siege. He was an innovator ; he made some important changes in the service of the department, changes which were not sustained by his successor.

When the communal insurrection of October, 1870, occurred, M. Ferry was the hero of some very strange adventures. His energetic qualities were shown to great advantage in the contest between the Communists and the forces loyal to the government of National Defense. After he discovered that parley with the insurgents would be of no avail, he placed himself at the head of the column which was to charge the rioters. At ten o'clock on the evening of the famous 31st of October, he began to take active measures to subdue the revolt. The gas-lights in the streets were extinguished ; musket-shots were heard in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville ; the populace was rapidly becoming panic-stricken, believing that the long-dreaded Commune had really at last arrived. Ferry, with his little band, picked his way through the darkness to the

Hôtel de Ville and summoned the rioters lodged there to retire. His summons received no response. The gates of the hotel were forced, and Ferry began an attack. Presently Delecluze and other of the commanders in the movement appeared, and wished to discuss the situation. They offered to retire, provided their lives and those of their men might be spared. Desirous of avoiding bloodshed, M. Ferry consented to allow those of the rioters who were in the Hôtel de Ville to leave it, and at once took possession. But the rioters did not leave, and M. Ferry was somewhat surprised when they cleverly turned the tables by arresting him. This movement, which was ridiculous, inasmuch as the Communists had not the force to sustain it, resulted in convincing Ferry that he must fight, if necessary ; and, released from temporary custody by the National Guard, who came pouring in to help him, he soon banished all the insurrectionists. He was afterwards accused of having been too lenient and of parleying too much with the leaders, but this charge he fully disproved. He was lenient merely in allowing some two hundred foolish people, who had been taken prisoners during the disturbances, yet who had nothing whatever to do with the insurrection, to go free. Had it not been for his promptness, bravery, and energy, the Commune might have then succeeded in obtaining a firm foothold in Paris, and in maintaining it throughout the siege.

M. Ferry was conspicuous in the succeeding months of trial for his good sense and his activity. He was the delegate of the Government at the central mayoralty at Paris, and presided over the Assembly of Mayors, who came every morning loaded with complaints from the twenty wards of

the city, whose administration was intrusted to them. He found food when all others despaired of finding it; he was fertile in expedients. In January, 1871, he was a second time called upon to resist a body of insurgents who, maddened by the defeat of the French arms in the disastrous sortie of the 19th of January, attacked the Hôtel de Ville, with the intention of overthrowing the Government of National Defense. His coolness and bravery, and his stern command helped to save the situation. He exercised the difficult functions of Prefect of the Seine until the successful outbreak of the Commune in March, 1871, and resumed them again for a few days in June, after the entry of the Versailles troops.

This time, however, he remained in office only ten days, as he was much criticised, and was not sorry to yield his difficult and almost thankless functions into the hands of M. Léon Say. His appointment to Athens gave him an opportunity for repose, but he improved it only for a short time. He was elected a deputy from the Department of the Vosges, and as politics at home grew interesting, he hastened back to throw himself with ardor into the battle. His nervous but logical oratory has frequently been of great service in the Assembly on important occasions. M. Ferry was for a long time the president of the group of deputies known as the "Union of the Left." He was one of the deputies who voted for the return of the Assembly to Paris, and against the abrogation of the laws of exile.







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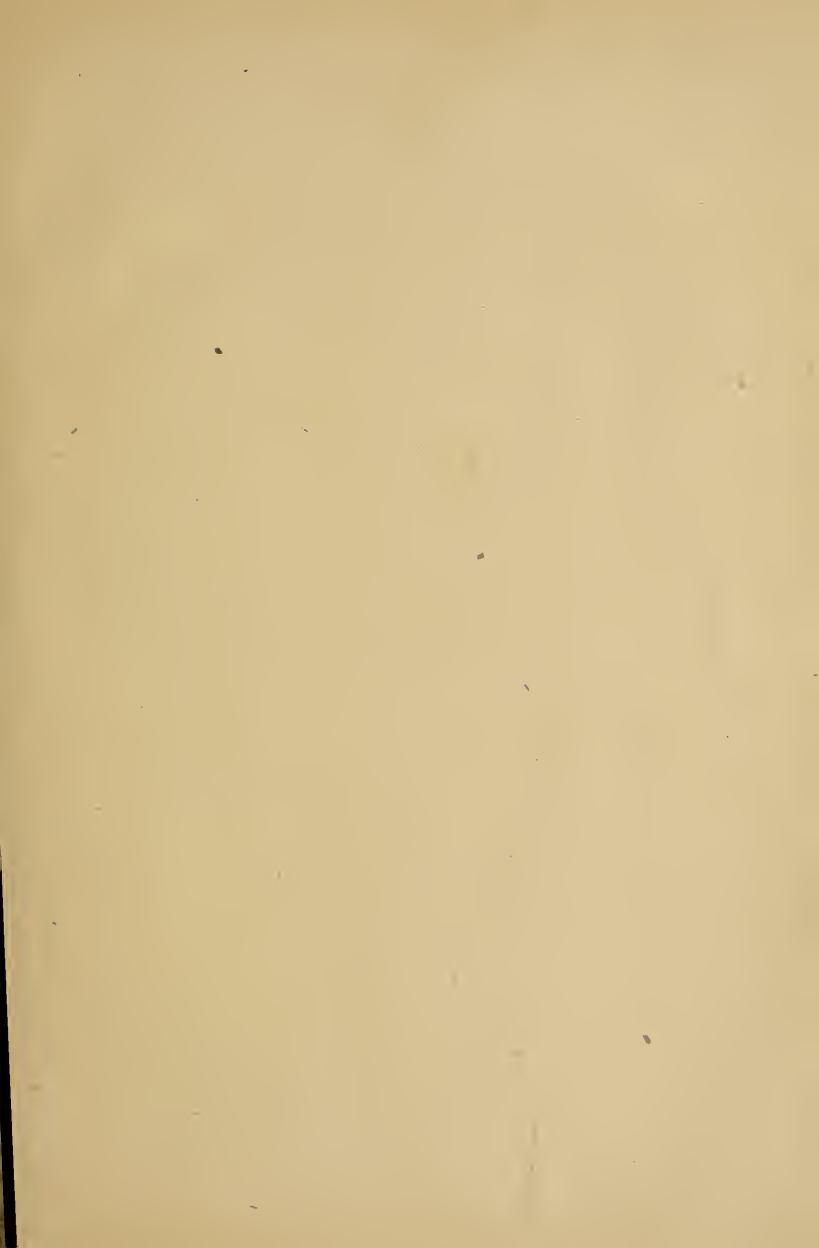
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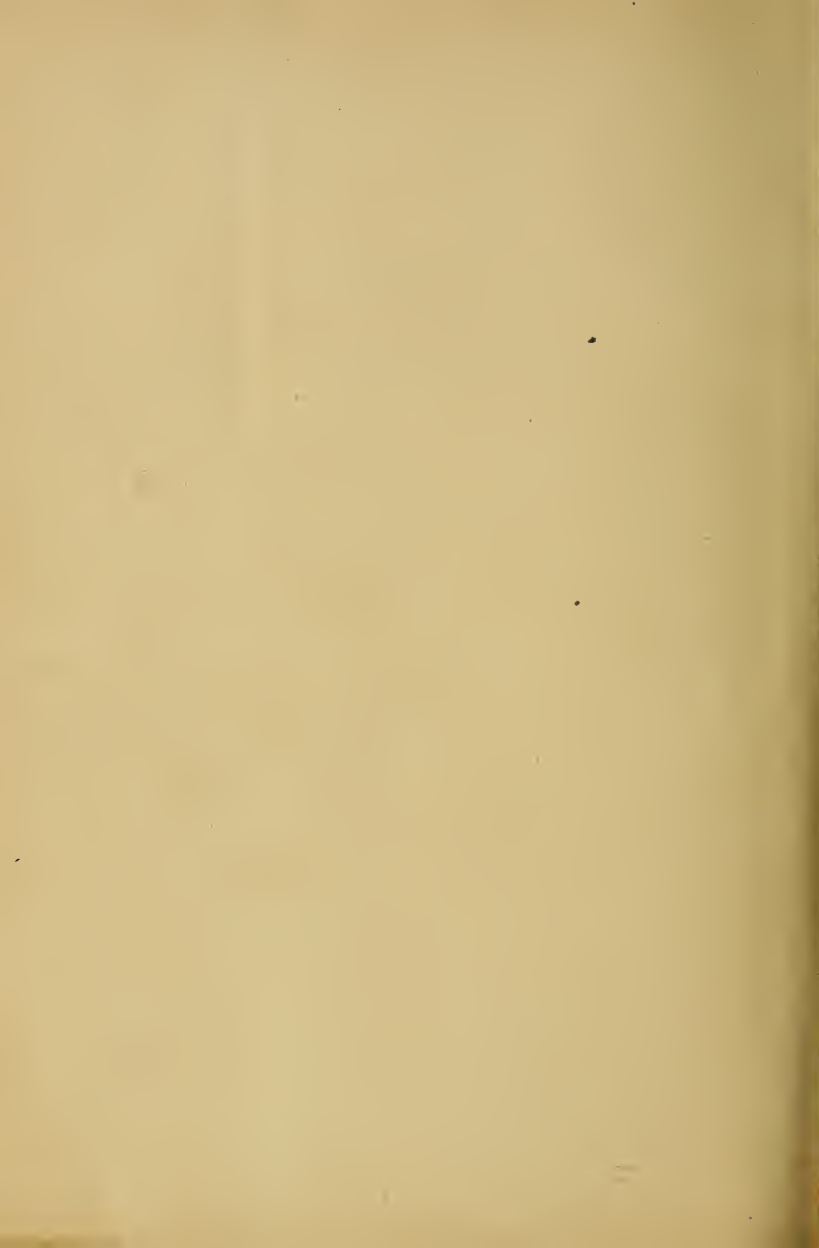
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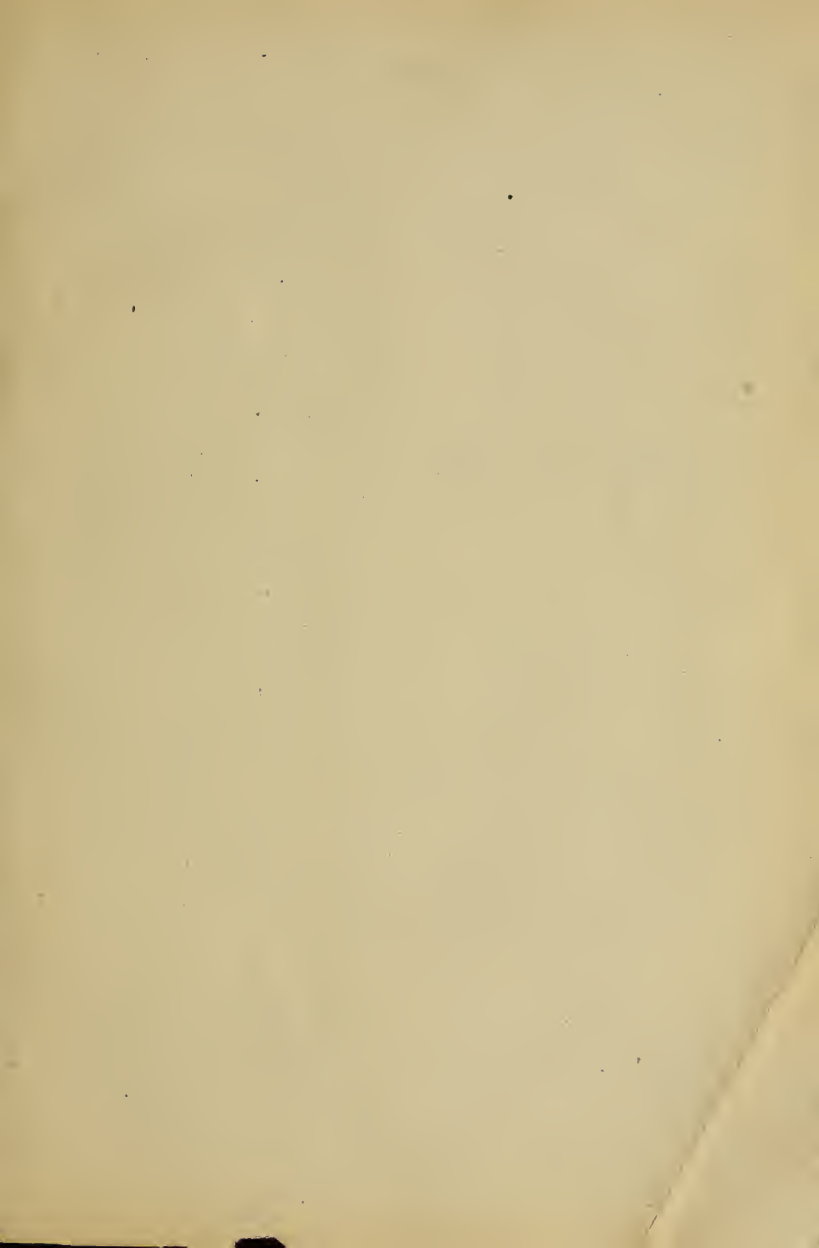
















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